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THE DRAMAS  
COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED  
OF  
VICTOR HUGO









Moreau de Tours inv.

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G. A. Manchon sc.

VICTOR HUGO

DRAMAS

VII

THE BURGRAVES  
AMY ROBSART

TRANSLATED BY

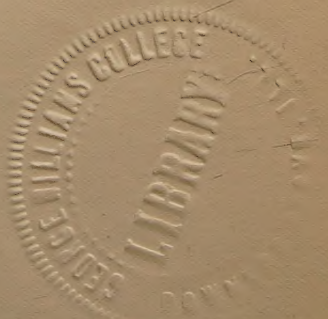
I. G. BURNHAM



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## PREFACE

In the time of Æschylus, Thessaly was in very bad repute. There had been giants there ; now there were phantoms. The traveler who ventured beyond Delphi, and traversed the forests which covered the dizzy heights of Mount Cnemis, fancied, when night came on, that he saw on every side the eyes of the Cyclops buried in the marshes of Sperchius open and shoot forth flames at him. The three thousand weeping Oceanides would appear to him in a body in the clouds above the Pindus ; in the hundred valleys of the Æta he would come upon the deep, ghastly imprint of the elbows of the hundred-handed men who long ago fell upon those cliffs ; he would contemplate with religious awe the marks of Enceladus' nails upon the side of Pelion. He would not discover the huge form of Prometheus, lying along the horizon, like a mountain upon a mountain, about whose summits tempests raged, for the gods had made

Prometheus invisible ; but through the boughs of the aged oaks, the groans of the colossus would reach his ears as he passed ; and at intervals he would hear the monstrous vulture wiping his brazen beak upon the sonorous granite cliffs of Mount Othrys. From time to time a peal of thunder would issue from Mount Olympus, whereupon the terrified traveler would see the shapeless head of the giant Hades, god of darkness, arise in the north, in the clefts of the Cambunian Mountains ; in the east, beyond Mount Ossa, he would hear the groaning of Ceto, the female whale ; and in the west, above Mount Callidrome, across the Halcyone Sea, the wind would waft to his ears from far-off Sicily the terrible, life-like baying of the whirlpool of Scylla. The geologists of to-day see in the irregular, confused mass called Thessaly, nothing more than the effects of earthquakes and the passage of the waters of the Flood ; but in the eyes of Æschylus and his contemporaries those devastated plains, those uprooted forests, those displaced, broken masses of rock, those lakes changed to swamps, those mountains overturned and deprived of all semblance of

form were something much more awe-inspiring than a tract of country swept by a flood or upturned by volcanic action; they formed the dread battlefield whereon the Titans fought against Jupiter.

The inventions of fable are sometimes reproduced in history. Fiction and reality often startle us, by the striking parallelisms which they present. For example—and provided always that we do not seek, in those countries and those events with which history deals, the supernatural effects and fantastic exaggerations which the eye of a visionary imparts to facts purely mythological; admitting, if you please, the legend, but preserving the foundation of human probability which is lacking in the gigantic paraphernalia of the fables of the ancients, there is to-day in Europe a locality, which is to us from a poetic standpoint what Thessaly was to Æschylus, a memorable, awe-inspiring battlefield. The reader will divine that we refer to the shores of the Rhine. There, as in Thessaly, everything is blasted, devastated, torn asunder, destroyed; everything bears the marks of a desperate, deadly, implacable conflict. Not a



cliff which is not a fortress, not a fortress which is not a ruin: extermination has passed that way, but the extermination has been so complete, that we feel that the conflict must have been titanic. In truth, six centuries since, other Titans did contend on that battlefield against another Jupiter. Those Titans were the burgraves; that Jupiter was the Emperor of Germany.

He who writes these lines—and he craves forgiveness for setting forth here his thought, which has been so well understood elsewhere that he is almost reduced to-day to the necessity of repeating what others have said before him, and much better than he can say it:—he who writes these lines had for a long time dimly realized that there was much that was new, extraordinary and deeply interesting to us, who are born of the Middle Ages, in this war of the modern Titans, less marvelous, but quite as grand perhaps as the war of the ancient Titans. The Titans are myths, the burgraves are men. There is a deep chasm between us and the Titans, sons of Uranus and Gæa; between us and the burgraves there is only a series of generations; we, of

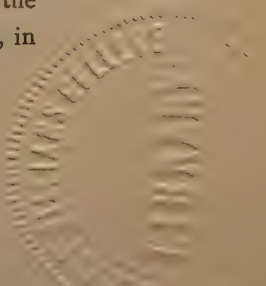
the nations that live along the Rhine, descend from them; they are our fathers. Thence arises that intimate, although distant, connection between them and ourselves, the result of which is that, while we admire them because they are great, we understand them because they are real flesh and blood. The feeling of reality which arouses the interest, the grandeur which awakens the poetic instinct, the novelty which stirs the passions of the vulgar, such is the threefold aspect in which the struggle between the burgraves and the emperor appeals to the imagination of a poet.

The author of the following pages was already absorbed in this great subject, which, as we have said, had been for a long time knocking at the door of his thought, when chance led him to the banks of the Rhine a few years since. That portion of the public which condescends to follow his works with some interest may have read the book entitled *Le Rhin*; and, if so, they know that this journey of an obscure traveler was nothing else than a long, random excursion of an antiquarian and dreamer.

The life led by the author in those souvenir-haunted regions can be readily imagined. He lived much more among the monuments of the past than among the men of the present. Every day, with the passionate interest which archæologists and poets will understand, he explored some old ruined edifice. Sometimes it was in the morning; he would climb the mountain to the foot of the ruin, crush the thorns and thistles under his feet, put aside with his hand the curtains of ivy, scale the fragments of the old wall; and there, alone and lost in thought, seated upon some moss-covered rock, or buried up to his knees in the tall dewy grass, oblivious of everything amid the song of birds, in the rays of the rising sun, he would decipher a Roman inscription, or jot down the dimensions of an ogive window, while the flowering shrubs with which the ruin was overgrown, waving joyously in the wind above his head, rained blossoms down upon him. Sometimes it was at evening; just as the twilight transformed the hills into shapeless masses, and gave to the Rhine the sinister whiteness of steel, he would take the path to the mountains, crossed




here and there by a rough stairway of lava or slate, and would climb to the dismantled castle at the summit. There, alone as in the morning, yes, more utterly alone—for no goatherd would dare venture into such places at the hour which is held in fear by every superstitious person—lost in the gathering gloom, he would give way to that profound melancholy which invades the heart when one stands at nightfall upon some lonely mountain-top, between the stars of God which shine resplendent over our head, and the paltry stars of man which twinkle in the darkness through the windows of their miserable cabins beneath our feet. The hours would fly by, and sometimes midnight, striking upon all the church-bells in the valley, would find him still there, standing in the breach of a ruined donjon, reflecting, gazing, examining the condition of the ruin, studying, too inquisitively perhaps, the silent work of nature in the solitude and darkness; listening, amid the crawling and creeping of the animals that go abroad at night, to all the strange sounds in which legend hears voices; watching the shapes vaguely outlined in the moonlight, in



the corners of the rooms and in the dark corridors—shapes in which legend sees spectres. As will be seen, his days and nights were filled with the same thought; and he sought to bear away from these ruins all the information that they can impart to a thinker.

It will readily be understood that the memory of the burgraves came to the mind which was absorbed in contemplation and reveries of this nature. We say again that what we said, in the beginning, of Thessaly may be said of the Rhine; there were formerly giants there, to-day there are phantoms. These phantoms appeared to the author. From the castles which sit upon those hills, his thought passed to the chatelains who live in the old chronicles, in legend and in history. The edifices were before his eyes; he tried to imagine the men who lived in them; from the shell we can reproduce the mollusk, from the dwelling we can conjure up the man. And what dwellings were these castles on the Rhine! and what men the burgraves! Those giants had three suits of armor; the first was made of courage, their heart; the second of



steel, their clothing; the third of granite, their fortress.

One day when the author had paid a visit to the crumbling citadels which cover the Wisperthal, he said to himself that the moment had come. He said to himself without attempting to deceive himself as to his own paltriness and little worth, that that journey of his must give birth to a work of his brain, that from that store of poetic suggestions he must extract a poem. The plan which came to his mind was not, he thinks, altogether without grandeur. It was this:

To reconstruct in imagination, in all its amplitude and strength, one of the castles, in which the burgraves, equal to princes, lived an almost royal life. "In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," says Kohlrausch (Vol. I., 4th Epoch, House of Suabia), "the title of burgrave ranked immediately below the title of king." To exhibit in the castle the three things which it comprised: a fortress, a palace, a cavern. Within the castle, thus thrown open to the wondering eye of the spectator, to represent four generations living together:

the grandfather, the father, the son and the grandson ; to make of this whole family the complete living symbol of expiation ; to brand the grandfather with the crime of Cain, to plant in the father's heart the instincts of Nimrod, and in the son's the vices of Sardanapalus, and to let it be seen that the grandson may some day commit a crime, through passion like his great-grandfather, through ferocity like his grandfather, through corruption like his father. To depict the grandfather's submission to God, and the father's to the grandfather ; to raise the former by repentance, the other by filial veneration, so that the grandfather may still be august and the father great, while the two generations which follow them, weakened by their growing vices, plunge deeper and deeper into the shadow. To display thus before all, and to render visible to the public this great moral ladder of the degradation of families, which should be a living example constantly held up to the gaze of all men, and which hitherto, alas ! has been discerned by none but dreamers and poets ; to give reality to this teaching of the sages ; to make of this



philosophical abstraction a dramatic, palpable, impressive, useful truth.

Such was the first part, the first face, so to speak, of the plan which took shape in his mind. Let it not be thought, however, that he is presumptuous enough to set forth this plan as what he believes that he has done ; he confines himself to an exposition of what he sought to do. That said, once for all, let us go on.

That the lesson to be drawn from such a family, developed as we have described, and held up for the public to gaze at and reflect upon, may be complete, two great and mysterious powers should intervene—fatality and Providence ; fatality, which seeks to punish, Providence, whose mission it is to forgive. When the plan we have unfolded came to the author's mind, it immediately occurred to him, that this twofold intervention was essential to the moral teaching of the work. He said to himself that it was essential that in this frowning, impregnable, joyous, lordly palace, peopled with men of war and men of pleasure, overflowing with princes and soldiers, the towering figure of servitude should stalk, amid

the carousals of the young, and the gloomy musing of the old ; that this figure must be a woman, for woman alone, dishonored in the flesh as in the soul, can fitly represent absolute slavery ; and that this woman, this slave, old, haggard, laden with chains, wild as the landscape upon which her gaze is constantly fixed, cruel as the vengeance which she dreams of by day and night, having in her heart the passion of the regions of darkness, that is to say hatred, and in her brain the science of the regions of darkness, that is to say magic, should personify fatality. He said to himself, from another standpoint, that if it was essential that the figure of slavery should be represented as trampled under foot by the burgraves, it was equally essential that the sovereign power should be represented as towering above their heads ; that an emperor must be brought upon the stage among these princely bandits ; that, in a work of this nature, if the poet has the right, in order truly to depict an epoch, to borrow the teaching of history, he has an equal right to resort to legend for the motives which actuate his characters ; that it might, perchance, be well

to awaken for a brief space and summon from the mysterious depths in which he is shrouded the glorious military messiah, whose second coming Germany still awaits, the imperial sleeper of Kaiserslautern, and to cast into the midst of the giants of the Rhine the terrible *Jupiter tonans* of the twelfth century, Frederic Barbarossa. Finally, he said to himself that there was perhaps some grandeur in the design that an emperor should personify Providence, while a slave represented fatality.

These ideas took root in his mind, and he thought that by disposing in this wise the figures by which his thought would be translated, he might lead up to what seemed—in his eyes at least—a grand, moral dénouement, wherein fatality should be overcome by Providence, the slave by the emperor, hatred by pardon.

As in every work, however sombre its theme, there should be a ray of light, that is to say, a ray of love, he thought further that it was not enough to depict the contrast between fathers and children, the struggle between the burgraves and the emperor, the meeting of fatality and Providence ; but that

he must also depict two hearts which loved each other ; and that a chaste and pure, devoted and touching couple, placed at the heart of the work and casting light upon it from beginning to end, would give life and soul to the whole plot.

For in our opinion this is an indispensable requisite. Whatever be the drama, whether it contain a legend, a chapter of history, or a poem, let it also contain first of all nature and humanity. Let statues walk through your dramas, if you please—it is the poet's sovereign right—or let tigers crouch therein ; but, between the statues and the tigers, place men. Depict terror if you will, but do not omit compassion. Beneath those feet of stone, those claws of steel, let it be the human heart that is crushed.

Thus it was that history, legend, fable, reality, nature, the family, love, pure morals, savage faces, princes, soldiers, adventurers, kings, patriarchs as in the Bible, hunters of men as in Homer, Titans as in Æschylus, all crowded at once upon the dazzled imagination of the author in this vast tableau, and he felt irresistibly drawn toward the work of

which he was dreaming, troubled only by his consciousness of his own littleness, and regretting that this great subject should not be dealt with by a great poet. For surely there was an opportunity for a majestic creation; in treating such a subject one could add to the delineation of an old feudal family the delineation of an heroic society, touch at the same time the sublime and the pathetic, begin with the epic and end with the drama.

After he had in the manner indicated, and with full consciousness of his inferiority, sketched the outline of this poem in his thought, the author asked himself what form he should give to it. In his view the poem should have the same form as the subject. The rule: *Neve minor, neu sit quinto*, etc., has only a secondary value in his eyes. The Greeks did not suspect it, and the most imposing *chefs-d'œuvre* of tragedy, properly so-called, were born outside the limits of that pretended law. The real law is this: Every work of the intellect should come into being with the special form and the special divisions which logically consist with the idea it is intended to enforce. In this work, what the



author wished to bring out in bold relief, at the culminating point of his work, between Barbarossa and Gnanhumara, between Providence and fatality, was the personality of the centenarian burgrave. Job, the accursed, who, standing on the brink of the tomb, has nothing in his heart with its incurable melancholy save the threefold sentiment: home, Germany, family. This threefold sentiment divides the work naturally into three parts; therefore the author determined that his drama should be so divided. If we replace for a moment in thought the actual titles of these acts, which express only their external aspect, with more metaphysical titles, which would disclose the thought which is embodied in them, we shall see that each of these three acts corresponds to one of the three fundamental sentiments of the old German knight: home, Germany, family. The first act might be entitled, *Hospitality*; the second, *Fatherland*; the third, *Paternity*.

The division and the form of the drama once determined upon, the author resolved to write upon the frontispiece of the work, when it should be completed, the word *Trilogy*.

Here, as elsewhere, the word signifies only and essentially a poem in three cantos, a drama in three acts. But the author's purpose in using it was to bring to life a glorious memory, to glorify so far as in him lay, by this unspoken homage, the old poet of the *Orestes*, who, unappreciated by his contemporaries, wrote with proud melancholy: "*I dedicate my works to posterity;*" and also, perchance, to suggest to the public by this reminder, which may invite comparisons most unfavorable to himself, that what grand old Æschylus did for the Titans, he, a wretched scribbler of far too little capacity for the task, has dared to try to do for the burgraves.

However, the public, and the press, which is the voice of the public, have generously given him credit, not for any talent displayed, but for his praiseworthy intent. Every day the sympathetic and intelligent audience, which throngs so eagerly to the glorious theatre of Corneille and Molière, seeks in this work, not what the author has succeeded in expressing therein, but what he has tried to express. He is proud of the

persistent and serious attention which the public is pleased to accord to his works, however trivial they may be, and, without repeating here what he has said elsewhere, he feels that this attention places a heavy burden of responsibility upon him. To strive constantly to attain the great, to offer to the intellect what is true, to the soul what is beautiful, to the heart love, and never to offer the multitude a play which does not inculcate an idea—such is the poet's duty to the people. Even comedy should teach some useful lesson, and have a philosophy of its own. In our day the public is great; to be understood by it the poet should be sincere. Nothing is more closely connected with greatness than honesty.

The stage should make of thought the bread of the audience.

One word more, and he has done. The *Burgraves* is not, as some intelligent critics have thought, purely a work of fantasy, the product of a capricious flight of the imagination. Far from that. If so incomplete a work were worth the trouble of discussing from that point of view, many people would

be surprised perhaps to learn that the author's choice of a subject was by no means a mere caprice of the imagination, and he may be allowed to add that the same is true regarding his choice of every subject that he has treated up to this day. There is to-day a European nationality, as there was in the days of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides a Greek nationality. The whole domain of civilization, whatever it may embrace, has always been the true fatherland of the poet. For Æschylus, it was Greece; for Virgil, it was the Roman world; for us, it is Europe. Wherever there is enlightenment, there intelligence feels, and is, at home. And so, if the author may be allowed to compare small things with great, if Æschylus, in narrating the fall of the Titans, produced what was for Greece a national work, the poet who to-day narrates the fall of the burgraves, produces what is equally for Europe a national work, using the word in the same sense. Despite momentary antipathies and frontier jealousies, all civilized nations revolve about the same centre, and are united to one another by a secret, deep-seated affinity. Civilization



gives us all the same vitals, the same mind, the same purpose, the same future. Furthermore, France, which loans to civilization its universal language and its all powerful initiative,—France, even when we join hands with Europe in a sort of all-embracing nationality, is nevertheless our first fatherland, as Athens was of Æschylus and Sophocles. They were Athenians as we are Frenchmen, and we are Europeans, as they were Greeks.

This line of thought is worth the trouble of developing. Some day perhaps the author will develop it. When he has done so, the *ensemble* of all the works he has hitherto brought forth will be more readily understood; the thought which runs through them all will be grasped, and their cohesion appreciated. This bundle of twigs is bound together. Meanwhile, he repeats, and he is happy to repeat it, that the whole civilized world is the poet's fatherland. It has no other frontier than the dark, fatal line where barbarism begins. Some day, let us hope, the whole globe will be civilized, every region inhabited by human beings will be enlightened;

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then will come true the splendid dream of the enlightened mind: to have the world for one's country, and the human race for one's countrymen.

MARCH 25, 1843.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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JOB, Burgrave of Heppenheff.

MAGNUS, Son of Job, Burgrave of Wardeck.

HATTO, Son of Magnus, Marquis of Verona, Burgrave of Nollig.

GORLOIS, Son of Hatto (illegitimate), Burgrave of Sareck.

FRIEDRICH VON HOHENSTAUFEN.

OTBERT.

GERHARD, Duke of Thuringia.

GILISSA, Margrave of Lusatia.

PLATON, Margrave of Moravia.

LUPUS, Count of Mons.

CADWALLA, Burgrave of Okenfels.

DARIUS, Burgrave of Lahneck.

COUNTESS REGINA.

GUANHUMARA.

EDWIGE.

KARL,	}	students.	}	Slaves.		
HERMANN,						
CYNULFUS,						
HAQUIN,	}	tradesmen				
GONDICARIUS,						
TEUDON,					}	and
KUNZ,						
SWAN,						
PEREZ,						

JOSSIUS, An old soldier.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CASTLE.

A SOLDIER.

*Scene—Heppenheff, 120 . . .*

## PART FIRST

### THE GRANDFATHER

The gallery of family portraits in the Castle of Heppenheff. This gallery, which was circular in form, surrounded the great donjon, and communicated with the other parts of the castle by four great doors at the four cardinal points of the compass. As the curtain rises a part of the gallery is seen, and passes out of sight around the circular wall of the donjon. At the left is one of the four great doors leading to the other parts of the castle. At the right a high, broad door communicating with the interior of the donjon, at the top of a flight of three steps and with a smaller door beside it. At the back of the stage, a semicircular Roman promenade, with low pillars, the capitals of which are carved in strange designs, supporting a second story (made to be used), and communicating with the gallery by a broad flight of six steps. Through the wide arches of the promenade can be seen the sky and the main body of the castle, over the highest tower of which an immense black flag is waving in the wind. At the left near the great door is a small stained-glass window. Beside the window an arm-chair. The whole gallery wears a dilapidated, uninhabited aspect. The walls and the stone arches, upon which can be distinguished some vestiges of obliterated frescoes, are green with mould from the constant leaking in of the



rain. The portraits hanging against the panels of the gallery all have their faces turned to the wall.

Night is coming on as the curtain rises. That portion of the chateau which can be seen through the arches of the promenade seems to be brilliantly illuminated inside, although it is still broad daylight. From that direction comes the sound of trumpets and clarions, and at intervals loud singing to the accompaniment of clinking glasses. Nearer at hand can be heard the clanking of iron, as if a number of men in chains were going and coming in that portion of the promenade which cannot be seen.

An aged woman, half hidden by a long black veil, dressed in a ragged gray cotton gown, fettered by a chain running from a ring at her waist to a ring upon her bare foot, and with an iron collar about her neck, is leaning against the great door, and apparently listening to the trumpets and singing in the neighboring apartment.

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## SCENE I

GUANHUMARA (alone, listening).

### SONG WITHOUT.

When civil war is raging,  
The Burgrave's reign begins.  
—A fig for all their cities,  
And a fig for all their kings!

The Burgrave lives in clover,  
He rules the land by terror.  
—A fig for the Holy Father,  
A fig for the emperor!

By sword and fire reign we ;  
We fear not knight or clod.  
—A fig for the devil, burgraves !  
Burgraves, a fig for God !

(Trumpets and clarions.)

GUANHUMARA.

The princes are in joyful mood. The feast  
it seems is not yet ended.

(She looks toward the other side of the stage.)

Since dawn the captives have been toiling  
'neath the lash.

(She listens.)

Yonder the sound of revelry :—and here  
the clank of fetters.

(She fastens her eyes upon the door at the right leading  
to the donjon.)

Yonder the father and the grandfather,  
with wrinkled brows, bending beneath the  
weight of many winters, seeking the darksome  
traces of their evil deeds, and meditating on  
their lives and on their progeny, alone, and  
far from yon triumphant shouts of laughter,  
contemplate their crimes, less hideous to gaze  
on than their children. In their prosperity,  
unbroken to this day, great are the bur-  
graves. Lords of the marches, sovereign  
counts and dukes, descendants of the Gothic

kings, bow down before them till they reach their level. Resonant with clarions and songs and noise, their castle rears its head among the clouds: on all sides soldiers without number, fierce-eyed bandits, watch with bow and lance in hand, and sword between the teeth. This inaccessible retreat by everything is sheltered and defended. All alone, in a deserted corner of the frowning castle, old and sad, unknown, with bended knee, chains on her feet, and carcan round her neck, in rags and veiled, a slave doth drag herself along. But tremble, O ye princes! that slave's name is hate!

(She goes to the back of the stage and ascends the steps of the promenade. A party of slaves in chains enters by the gallery at the right, some chained together, and all carrying implements of toil, pick-axes, sledge-hammers, etc. Guanhumara leans against one of the pillars and watches them with a pensive expression. By the soiled and torn garments of the slaves, their former occupations can be distinguished.)

## SCENE II

## THE SLAVES.

KUNZ, TEUDON, HAQUIN, GONDICARIUS, burghers and tradesmen, with gray beards; HERMANN, CYNULFUS, KARL, students of the University of Bologna, and the college of Mayence; JOSSIUS, an old soldier; SWAN, tradesman of Lubeck.

(The slaves come slowly forward in separate groups, students with students, burghers and tradesmen together, the soldier alone. The old men seem overdone with fatigue and pain. During the whole of this scene and the two which follow, the blare of trumpets, and the voices singing are heard from time to time in the neighboring apartment.)

TEUDON (throwing down the tool he has in his hand, and sitting down upon the stone steps which lead to the double door of the donjon).

The time to lay aside our work has come, at last! Oh! I am weary!

KUNZ (rattling his chains).

Once I was free and rich! and now!

CYNULFUS (looking after Guanhumara, as she walks slowly across the promenade).

I would like well to know whom yonder hag doth spy upon.

SWAN (in an undertone, to Cynulfus).

Last month she, with the tradesmen of Saint-Gall, was taken by the people of the castle, execrable brood! I know no more than that.

CYNULFUS.

It matters not. But we are bound, while she 's left free!

SWAN.

She did cure Hatto, eldest of the grandsons, of a deadly fever.

HAQUIN.

Burgrave Rolf was bitten by a serpent in the heel not long ago. Him too she cured.

CYNULFUS.

Is 't so?

HAQUIN.

Upon my soul I do believe that she 's a sorceress.

HERMANN.

Bah! she 's a lunatic.

SWAN.

She knows a thousand secrets. Not only Rolf and Hatto has she cured, but Eloy, Knud and Azzo, the three lepers who were shunned by everyone.



## TEUDON.

The woman 's working at some deep-laid plan. Dark schemes are being hatched 'twixt her and the three lepers who are her devoted slaves. At every turn, in every corner they are found in company. They 're like three curs following at the heels of yon she-wolf.

## HAQUIN.

They were all four together in the cemetery where the lepers dwell, last night, working among themselves. The men were nailing boards upon a coffin ! she, with sleeves turned back, was shaking up and down an earthen vessel, singing low the while as one would sing to lull a child to sleep, compounding some vile philter with the dead men's bones.

## SWAN.

Last night they strayed about. The starry night, the three masked lepers and this black-veiled hag ; why, Kunz, 't was horrible. I could not sleep, and so I saw them all.

## KUNZ.

'T is my belief they have some hiding place among the caves. The other day the old

nun and the lepers were passing at the foot of a high wall, a gloomy and forbidding group. I turned my eyes and they had disappeared. They must have walked into the wall.

HAQUIN.

These men, bedeviled, leprous wretches, with whom we are thrown, do much disquiet me.

KUNZ.

'T was near the Lost Cave. Do you know the place?

HERMANN.

These lepers—and 't is right they should—serve her who cured their leprosy. Sure, naught could be more natural than that.

SWAN.

But, Kunz, instead of lepers, and of Hatto, villain that he is, she who stands most in need of cure in all the castle is that lovely child, the niece of Burgrave Job, and who 's betrothed to Hatto.

KUNZ.

Regina! God be with her! She 's a very angel!

HERMANN.

She is dying.

KUNZ.

Ah! 't is sad indeed. Yes, horror for Hatto, deathly weariness, a crushing weight, are killing her. She 's failing day by day.

TEUDON.

Poor child !

(Guanhumara appears again at the back of the stage,  
and walks slowly across.)

HAQUIN.

The old witch comes again. In truth she frightens me. Her air, her ghastly melancholy and her piercing glance, at times so withering, her boundless learning, everything about her makes my flesh creep.

GONDICARIUS.

My curse upon this castle !

TEUDON.

Prithee, peace !

GONDICARIUS.

Why, no one comes into this gallery. Our masters are carousing, we are far from them. They cannot hear us.

TEUDON (lowering his voice, and pointing to the door of the donjon).

They are both yonder !

GONDICARIUS.

Who ?

TEUDON.

Peace, I say ! The two old men, father and son. I have it from the nurse Edwige that, save Fraulein Regina, who comes here to pray with them, and Otbert too, the young adventurer, who came last year to take service at the Burg of Heppenheff, although a novice still, and whom the grandfather, chastised in his posterity, loves for his youth and loyalty—save these two, no person ever passes through yon door, or enters here. The aged bird of prey is all alone there in his den. But now, at the whole world he hurled defiance. Twenty counts and twenty dukes, his sons and grandsons, generations five, whose ark is here upon his mountain, did surround the bandit patriarch as if he were a king. But age doth shatter him at last. He holds aloof. Yonder he sits beneath a brocade canopy. His son, old Magnus, stands and holds his lance. For months he opens not his mouth to speak ! and

when night comes, o'erdone and pale, he creeps into a secret passageway, to which he only has the key. Where does he go?

SWAN.

This old man has strange woes to bear.

HAQUIN.

His sons do weigh upon his conscience like his evil angels.

KUNZ.

Not in vain were curses launched at him.

GONDICARIUS.

So much the better!

SWAN.

His last son was born when he was very old. He loved that child. 'T is God's will that the gray beard always loves the fair-haired babe. When he was but a year old the child was stolen.

KUNZ.

By a gipsy.

CYNULFUS.

In a field of grain.

HAQUIN.

I know that this old castle, built upon the summit of a mountain, having been witness long ago, 't is said, of a most heinous crime, remained long uninhabited, and then was razed by the Teutonic Order. Lapse of time, neglect were wearing fast away all vestiges of its existence, when one day the master, an extraordinary man, who 'd changed his name as one would change his mask, returned. Since then yon black flag always floats above this castle.

SWAN (to Kunz).

Son, hast thou observed, at the round tower's base, above the mountain stream which flows through the ravine, a narrow window with three bent and twisted bars?

KUNZ.

'T is the Lost Cave. I spoke of it but now.

HAQUIN.

A grewsome spot. 'T is said a ghost doth dwell there.

HERMANN.

Nonsense !



CYNULFUS.

One would say that blood had trickled down the wall at some time long ago.

KUNZ.

'T is certain that the secret of the entrance to the cave is lost. The window is the only part of it that can be seen. No living person ever enters it.

SWAN.

At nightfall I go to the corner of the cliff, and every night I hear the sound of footsteps there.

KUNZ (with something very like terror).

Nay, are you sure?

SWAN.

I am indeed.

TEUDON.

Come, Kunz, a truce to this. To hold our peace would be more prudent.

HAQUIN.

A black mystery enshrouds this castle. I give heed to all I hear, for there is food for thought in everything.

TEUDON.

Talk we of other things, what say you?  
God alone can see what is to happen.

(He turns toward a group, who have thus far taken no part in what is taking place at the front of the stage, and who seem deeply interested in what a young student is saying.)

Come, Karl, let us hear what thou hast to tell.

(Karl comes forward; all gather around him and the two groups of slaves, old and young, form one large group to listen.)

KARL.

Yes. But do not forget that 't is a fact well known, that 't was last month that the affair occurred, and that . . .

(He seems to be searching his memory for an instant.)  
near twenty years have passed, mein Gott!  
since Barbarossa died in the crusade.

HERMANN.

'T is well. And so thy Max was in a very uninviting place?

KARL.

Yes, Hermann, a most doleful place. A spot much feared. A flock of terrified, ill-omened ravens fly constantly in circles round

about the mountain. And when night comes on their ghastly cries do so alarm the over-weening hunter that he turns and flies, nor stops until he reaches Lautern. From the brow of this terrific cliff great drops of water fell like tears from some grim, awe-inspiring face. A dark and horrifying cavern opened out of the ravine. But Count Max Edmond did not fear to enter the dark bowels of the mountain old. He ventured in beneath the frowning crypt, and on and on he walked. A faint reflection of the light of day relieved the darkness. Suddenly—'t was in the cavern's deepest depths—he saw, sitting upon a chair of bronze, in shadow, 'neath a vaulted arch, his feet enveloped in the folds of his long robe, having the sceptre in his right hand, in his left the globe, an aged man of terrifying aspect, motionless and bent, arrayed in purple with a crown upon his head. His elbows rested on a table fashioned from a block of lava and his head upon his hands. Albeit Max is a most valiant youth and has seen service under John the Paladin, he felt the blood flow from his cheeks at sight of that gray-bearded giant, almost buried 'neath the

grass and moss and ivy, for it was the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa. He was sleeping—'t was a weird and mystifying sleep. His beard, once golden, now snow-white, was wound thrice round the table. Long white lashes hid his drooping eyes. A heart empierced was bleeding on his gilded shield. From time to time, he stirred uneasily, and carried his hand vaguely to his sword. What was he dreaming then? God only knows.

HERMANN.

And is that all?

KARL.

No. Listen to what follows. At the footsteps of Count Max in the dark gallery, the man awoke! he raised his venerable head, and, opening his slumber-laden eyes, said with a wild glance at Max: "Sir Knight, have all the ravens flown away?" "No, sire," Count Max replied. Whereat the old man without further speech did drop his head, and Max, in dire dismay, watched while the phantom emperor fell asleep once more!

(While Karl is speaking all the prisoners stand in a circle about him and listen with constantly growing interest. Jossius draws near at the first mention of the name of Barbarossa.)

HERMANN (laughing aloud).

In sooth, a charming tale.

HAQUIN (to Karl).

If common rumor is to be believed, Friedrich was drowned in face of the whole army in the Cydnus.<sup>1</sup>

JOSSIUS.

He was carried under by the current. I was there. I saw it all. 'T was terrible and grand. The memory will never vanish from my heart. Otto von Wittelsbach hated Barbarossa ; but when he saw his emperor at the mercy of the waves, and the Turks casting javelins, Otto von Wittelsbach, Palatine of Baiern, urged his coal-black steed into the river, and offering his body as a target to the darts that rained down furiously, cried: "Let us save the emperor first of all!"

HERMANN.

'T was vain.

JOSSIUS.

In vain the flower of the army hastened to his aid. Of soldiers sixty-three, and two counts met their deaths endeavoring to save him.

KARL.

That 's no proof that his ghost does not haunt the valley of the Malpas.

SWAN.

I've been told,—the field of fable has no limits!—that he did escape as by a miracle, turned hermit and is living to this day.

GONDICARIUS.

God grant it may be so ! and that he will deliver Germany before twelve hundred twenty ; a fatal year, so 't is said, wherein the empire will fall in pieces.

SWAN.

Our grandeur is already waning everywhere.

HAQUIN.

Were Friedrich living,—yes, I often think on 't—to rescue us, his loyal subjects, from this awful plight, he would begin anew his war upon the burgraves.

KUNZ.

Slaves, the whole world is suffering as we are. Germany is leaderless and Europe without curb upon her passion.

HAQUIN.

Bread is scarce.



GONDICARIUS.

Along the Rhine one sees on every side,  
black swarms of brigands springing into life  
once more.

KUNZ.

The electors feed upon intrigues among  
themselves.

HERMANN.

Cologne 's for Suabia.

SWAN.

Erfurt is for Brunswick.

GONDICARIUS.

Mainz elects Berthold.

KUNZ.

Triers will have Friedrich.

GONDICARIUS.

Meanwhile, everything is going fast to ruin  
and decay.

HAQUIN.

The city gates are closed.

SWAN.

One cannot travel save in parties, armed.

KARL.

The people are ground down by petty  
tyrants.

TEUDON.

Four emperors! It is too many. And  
't is not enough. One king, thou seest, Karl,  
is much to be preferred to four.

KUNZ.

We need a strong right arm to struggle and  
to fight. But Barbarossa's dead, alas! yes,  
Swan, quite dead!

SWAN (to Jossius).

Pray, did they find his body in the Cydnus?

JOSSIUS.

No. The current carried it away.

TEUDON.

Swan, dost thou know the prophecy, made  
at his birth?

“This child, whose laws the world shall  
follow, twice shall be thought dead, and twice  
shall come to life.”

The prophecy, though it be laughed at or  
forgotten, seems to have been in part fulfilled.

HERMANN.

Innumerable tales are told of Barbarossa.

## TEUDON.

I do speak whereof I know. I saw, about the year ninety, in the hospital for lunatics at Prague, a very old Dalmatian gentleman, by name Sfrondati, who 't was said, was mad. This man declared to all who chose to hear, that in his youth, at the age when chance doth guide our steps, he was equerry in the service of Duke Friedrich, Barbarossa's father.<sup>2</sup> The duke was all aghast to hear the fate predicted for the new-born babe. Moreover the poor child was nurtured for inevitable war. His father Ghibelline,<sup>3</sup> his mother Guelph, both factions might some day lay claim to him. At first the father reared him in a tower, far from every eye, and kept him there invisible, as if to hide him from his fate till the last moment. At a later day he sought a surer refuge. By a damsel nobly born he had a bastard, born among the mountains, and who knew not that his father was the Duke of Suabia, a famous chieftain, but knew him by no other name than Otto. The good duke concealed his name and station from that son, for fear, so ran the story, that the bastard might aspire to be a prince, and carve a

principality out of some corner of his duchy. This bastard in his mother's right possessed a castle whereof he was suzerain and burgrave, a bandit's haunt, an eagle's nest, a veritable lair—'t was near the Rhine. This castle seemed to the poor father a most excellent asylum for his son. He visited the burgrave and consigned the child by an assumed name to his care. "My son," said he, "this is thy brother." Then he took his leave. But no one can avoid his destiny. The duke believed his secret and his son well guarded, for the child himself knew nothing of himself. Young Barbarossa thus attained his twentieth year in the burgrave's household. It chanced upon a certain day that in a thicket at the foot of a high cliff, upon the bank of a swift stream which bathed the castle walls, some shepherds who were passing in the early morning found two naked, bleeding bodies, quivering still—two men stabbed in the castle without noise, and then at night tossed down into the foaming torrent, and who were not dead. A miracle, I say! These men, whom God saved by a miracle, were Barbarossa and this same Sfrondati, who alone knew his name.

They both were cured. Then with the greatest mystery, Sfrondati took the child back to his father, who, by way of payment, cast Sfrondati into prison. The duke kept his son, it was the wiser course, and had thenceforth but the one thought, to stifle the affair. He never saw his bastard son again. But when he felt that death was drawing near, he called his son, and bade him kneel and kiss a crucifix; and Barbarossa, bending with respect over the bed of death, swore never to his brother to reveal himself, and not to seek to be revenged upon him till that brother should have rounded out his hundred years,—never, that is to say, though God is king!—so that he of the bar sinister died without knowing that his father was a duke, his brother emperor. Sfrondati became livid with dismay and horror when 't was sought to probe this family secret. The brothers were in love with the same maid. The elder fancied that he was betrayed, so slew the other and then sold the maiden to some execrable bandit, who pitilessly made her wear a yoke, as if she were a man, and lashed her to the boats which ply from Ostia to Rome. A shocking fate! Sfrondati said:

'T is all forgotten. But everything was chaos in his mind, and naught survived the wreck ; he could not tell the bastard's name, nor could he tell the woman's. He knew not where. He knew not how. I saw the man at Prague imprisoned as a madman. He has since died.

HERMANN.

From this thou dost conclude ?

TEUDON.

I reason. If these facts are true the prophecy 's to be believed. For in good sooth we may make bold to say, that, once fulfilled, it may be twice fulfilled, and Barbarossa, who was in his youth once left for dead, may have been born again once more.

HERMANN (laughing).

Bah ! wait until he 's born again.

KUNZ (to Teudon).

That tale was told to me long since. Donato was the name of Friedrich Barbarossa in that castle. The bastard was called Fosco. The fair one was a Corsican as I recall. The lovers hid their loves in a mysterious



cave, whereof the entrance, known to them alone, was their sweet secret. There one evening Fosco, jealous heart and reckless hand, surprised them, and their idyl ended in a tragedy.

## GONDICARIUS.

The thought that Friedrich, having reached the highest pinnacle of greatness, never sought the woman he had loved, would tear my heart for his renown, if I believed a word of your whole story.

## TEUDON.

Yes, my friend, he sought her high and low. For thirty years with his strong right arm he searched the haunts along the Rhine. The bastard . . .

## KUNZ.

Fosco !

## TEUDON.

Left his castle and the mountain fortresses, to serve in Brittany. Not for a long time after, so 't is said, did he return. The emperor invested woods and mountains, laid siege to the castles, rooted up the burgraves, but could find no trace.

GONDICARIUS (to Jossius).

Were you of those who followed him? Did you fight under him against these miscreants? Do you remember?

JOSSIUS.

Those were wars of giants! The burgraves all bore aid to one another. Each wall and doorway must be carried by itself. Above, below, riddled with shot and bathed in blood, the barons fought, and, with wild shrieks of laughter 'neath their ghastly masks, allowed the oil and molten lead to rain down on their heads. Without, to lay siege, and within to struggle hand to hand, to hew with swords and bite with the teeth—such was our daily task. Ah! God! the fierce assaults! Often it happened that the castle, forced to yield at last, would fall in with a crash upon the conquerors amid the darkness and the smoke. 'T was in those wars that Barbarossa, masked, but with the crown upon his head, one day was fighting by a tower's base, alone, against a bandit, who, driven to bay, did brand him with a red-hot iron trefoil on the right arm. Said Friedrich to the Count of

Arau: "I will have the hangman pay my debt to him for that, my friend!"

GONDICARIUS.

Was the man taken?

JOSSIUS.

No. He cut his way through our whole force. His visor hid his face. The emperor kept the trefoil on his arm.

TEUDON (to Swan).

'T is my belief that Barbarossa's living.  
Thou wilt see.

JOSSIUS.

And I am sure he's dead.

CYNULFUS.

But what of Max Edmond?

HERMANN.

Mere fantasy!

TEUDON.

The cave of Malpas . . .

HERMANN.

An old woman's tale!

KARL.

Sfrondati throws new light . . .

## HERMANN.

Go to ! Dreams of a fevered brain, whose faculties grow less from day to day, and through which visions pass like clouds !

(A soldier enters, with a whip in his hand.)

## THE SOLDIER.

To your work, slaves ! The banqueters to-night will visit this wing of the castle. Mein-herr Hatto is their guide ; let him not find you here dragging your chains about.

(The prisoners gather up their tools silently, fall into line in couples, and go off the stage hanging their heads, while the soldier plies his lash. Guan-humara appears on the upper gallery, and looks after them. As they pass out of sight, Regina, Edwige, and Otbert enter by the great door. Regina is dressed in white ; Edwige, the nurse, an old woman, in black ; Otbert in the costume of a captain of soldiers of fortune, with a cutlass and a long sword. Regina is very young, pale as death, listless, and hardly able to drag herself along, like a person who has been long ill and is at the point of death. She is leaning upon the arm of Otbert, who supports her, and keeps his eyes fixed upon her face with a look of agony and love. Edwige follows her. Guan-humara, unseen by all, watches them closely and listens for some few moments, then goes off on the side opposite to that on which she entered.)

## SCENE III

OTBERT, REGINA; at intervals, EDWIGE.

OTBERT.

Lean upon me. So, slowly now. Come, sit upon this chair a moment.

(He leads her to a large arm-chair near the window.)

How do you find yourself?

REGINA.

Ah! far from well. I 'm very cold. I 'm shivering. That banquet made me ill.

(To Edwige.)

Look you, and see that no one comes.

(Exit Edwige.)

OTBERT.

Fear nothing. They will drink till morning. Pray, why went you to the banquet?

REGINA.

Hatto . . .

OTBERT.

Hatto!

REGINA (soothing him).

Speak lower ! He would have forced me to. I am betrothed to him.

OTBERT.

You should then have complained to the old lord. Him Hatto fears.

REGINA.

But I am soon to die. Pray where 's the use ?

OTBERT.

Oh ! speak not so.

REGINA.

To dream, to suffer, then to die. Such is the lot of woman.

OTBERT (pointing to the window).

See yon lovely sun !

REGINA.

Ah ! yes, the west is all ablaze with light. 'T is autumn, and the evening is approaching. Everywhere the leaves are falling, and the trees become black spectres.



OTBERT.

But the leaves will come again.

REGINA.

Yes . . .

(Musing and looking upward.)

Swiftly! ah! how swiftly! Oh! 't is sad to see the swallows fly away! Toward the golden south they go.

OTBERT.

They will return.

REGINA.

'T is true. But I shall never see the birds return nor the leaves spring to life again!

OTBERT.

Regina!

REGINA.

Place me closer to the window.

(She gives him her purse.)

Otbert, toss my purse to the poor prisoners.

(Otbert throws the purse through one of the windows at the back. She continues, gazing out of the window.)

Yes, the sun is beautiful indeed. His rays — the last, — encircle with a golden halo

Taunus' brow. The river gleams, the forest is alight with splendor, and the windows of yon hamlet all aflame. How beautiful it is! how grand! how fascinating! Nature is a flood of life and light! Ah me! I have no father, and I have no mother, naught can cure me, naught can save my life; alone am I in all the world, and death, I feel, is nigh!

OTBERT.

Alone, you say! and what of me? of me who love you?

REGINA.

'T is a dream! Otbert, you love me not! The darkness rises round about me, and I soon shall fall therein. You will forget me then.

OTBERT.

Why, I would die for you, and court damnation! And I love you not! She drives me to despair! I've loved you since the day, a year ago, when first I saw you in this gloomy den amid these jealous bandits. And since then my eyes have been intent upon you, here in this dull castle, full of crimes innumerable, as upon the only lily in the black abyss, the only star in all the darkness.

Yes, I dared to love you, e'en though you were a countess of the Rhine! the promised bride of Hatto, he with heart of brass! I told you of my love; I am a poor adventurer, a lusty swordsman of uncertain origin; mayhap less than a serf, mayhap the equal of a king. But all I am or have is yours. Leave me, and I die. There are two persons in this castle whom I love. You first of all, before all, yes, before my very father, had I one,—and secondly,

(Pointing to the door of the donjon.)

yon old man, overborne by the incalculable weight of a most horrifying past, gentle and strong, unhappy ancestor of an infernal race. His joy is all in you. O noble maid, in you, his adoration, the last torch to guide his living steps; the dawn that lighteneth the entrance to his tomb! And I, the soldier, whose poor head is bowed beneath the crushing weight of destiny, do bless you both, for with you I forget; my heart, enchained by stern fatality, feels great with him, and pure with thee! My heart is bare before thee. See, I weep, and I am jealous too, and suffer bitterly. Just now Hatto was gazing at you—ah! he is

forever gazing at you !—and I felt my wrath and hate rush violently from my heart up to my face, where shone a threat'ning flame ! I held myself in check, or I must needs have broken everything within my reach !—And still I love thee not !—Child, give me but one kiss, and I give thee my blood ! Regina, tell the priest that he loves not his God, tell the free Tuscan he loves not his city, tell the seafarer he loves not the dawn after a winter's night ; go seek upon his bench the felon to whom life is a sore burden, and tell him he loves not the hand that breaks his chain ; but never tell me that I love not thee ! For in the darkness where my pathway lieth, in the net wherein my feet are caught, thou art to me far more than light or than deliverance. Thine am I evermore, I love thee madly and full well thou knowest it. Ah ! women are ever cruel, in good sooth, and nothing pleases them so well as to play fast and loose with a man's grief and with his heart ! But pardon, you are ill ; I prate about myself. God help me ! When I ought instead to kneel here at thy feet, and kiss thy hands and let thee speak, and not add fuel to the fever that consumes thee !

REGINA.

Otbert, my lot is a sad and weary one, no less than thine. For what am I? an orphan, and an orphan you; and Heaven, which doth unite us by our common sorrow, might well have made one happy lot of our two wretched ones. But . . .

OTBERT (*falling on his knees in front of her*).

But I will love thee! I will adore thee! I will serve thee! if thou diest, I will die! I will kill Hatto, if he dares offend thee! I will replace thy father and thy mother! yes, both I will replace! I fearlessly do pledge myself thereto. Thy father, with my arm; thy mother, with my heart!

REGINA.

O, thanks, my gentle friend! I see your whole great heart. To have the will to do a giant's work, and with it all to love like any woman, such a man are you, my Otbert; but, alas! you can do nothing for me.

OTBERT (*rising*).

Yes!

REGINA.

Nay, nothing. For 't is not with Hatto that the battle must be fought for me. My fiancé will have me without strife or contest, and you, so gallant and so fair to look upon, cannot defeat him, for my fiancé's the tomb! Ah! standing on the verge of that impenetrable night, I make, of all I have of value in this world, two portions, one for God, and one for you. My friend, I pray you place your hand upon my head, and at the threshold of eternity I say to you: Otbert, my soul to God, my heart to thee. I love thee!

EDWIGE (entering).

Someone comes!

REGINA (to Edwige).

Come.

(She walks toward the smaller door leading to the donjon, leaning upon Edwige and Otbert. As she is about to pass through the door, she stops and turns about.)

Oh! 't is fearful thus to die at sixteen years! When we might have lived for one another, too, beloved and happy! Otbert, I long to live! O listen to my prayer! I do

beseech thee let me not fall beneath yon icy stone! The thought of death doth make me shudder! Save me, my dear love! Say, canst thou save me, tell me truly?

OTBERT.

Thou shalt live!

(Exit Regina with Edwige. The door closes upon them. Otbert looks after her and seems to speak to her, although she has disappeared.)

Thou! die so young! so fair and pure an one as thou! No, though I have to sell my soul to Satan, thou shalt live—I swear that thou shalt live!

(He spies Guanhumara, who has been standing for some moments motionless at the back of the stage.)

Well met.



## SCENE IV

OTBERT, GUANHUMARA.

OTBERT (walking quickly to Guanhumara).

Thy hand, Guanhumara, I have need of thee. Come.

GUANHUMARA.

Go thy way.

OTBERT.

Nay, listen to me.

GUANHUMARA.

Is it thy aim to question me once more touching thy country? or thy family? But what if I have naught to tell thee? Is thy name Otbert? is thy name Yorgi? Why was thy childhood forced to share my exile? Was it in Corsica or in Moldavia that first I found thee, a mere babe, naked, alone, and struggling for life? Why did I bid thee come to this stronghold? Why did I dare to join thee here once more, enjoining on thee not to recognize me? Why, although Regina has touched our master's heart, do I still wear my chain about my neck? whence comes it that

at all times and in every place, as if to fulfill a vow, I 've worn this ring,

(Pointing to her foot.)

which thou dost see upon me still? And lastly, am I Corsican or Slav or Jew or Moor? I do not choose to answer, and I 'll tell thee naught. Betray me if thou wilt. But no, I know full well that thou wilt not betray her who did give thee suck and fill thy mother's place, e'en though she was a cruel nurse to thee. And then, death has no fears for me.

(She attempts to pass. He detains her.)

OTBERT.

But 't is not of myself that I would speak to thee. Pray tell me, thou who knowest everything, Regina . . .

GUANHUMARA.

Will be dead within the month.

(Again she attempts to go and again he detains her.)

OTBERT.

And canst thou save her?

GUANHUMARA.

What care I for her?

(Musing, and talking to herself.)

When I was in the Indies, through the woods I wandered up and down, and to and

fro, a pale, wan creature, horrible to look upon, and terrifying to the very lions, studying, in gloomy forest depths, the herbs and poisons, and the potent drugs that bring the dead to life, and make the living wear the faces of the dead.

OTBERT.

O canst thou save her? Tell me.

GUANHUMARA.

Yes.

OTBERT.

In pity's name, for love of God who hears us, by thy feet which I embrace, then save her! cure her!

GUANHUMARA.

If, a moment since, when thou wert gazing at Regina with an anxious heart, Hatto had entered suddenly, a raging tempest; if before thy face, foaming with fury and with fiendish laughter on his lips, he had stabbed her to the heart and thrown her body in the mountain stream, which roars like any tiger by the castle's foot; if, seizing thee with his assassin's hand, he had exposed thee in the town hard by, the slave's ring round thy ankle, naked, dying, tied like a chattel to the market post;

and if he had, in very truth, sold thee, a soldier, thee, a free-born knight, to draw the boats upon the Tiber ! Suppose that after such a hideous day as that death should forget you both for nigh a hundred years ; when, after wandering from shore to shore, you should return in your old age from this long slavery, what would there be remaining in your heart ? Answer me that.

OTBERT.

Revenge and murder and the thirst for blood.

GUANHUMARA.

E'en so ; I am revenge and murder. A sightless phantom I go forward to the end marked out for me ; I am the thirst for blood. What dost thou bid me do ? Have pity, and be virtuous, and save the living ? I laugh at the mere thought. Thou saidst that thou hadst need of me ? Ah ! thou art rash indeed ! Suppose that I, freezing thy heart with fear, should say that I have need of thee ? that I reared thee for my own purposes ? and that I do recoil before thy innocence ? Therefore do thou recoil before my solitude and misery,

O child whom I abandoned ! I have told thee my story. Is it infamous ? In my case 't was the lover that was slain ; the woman—'t was myself—was sold and lives. The assassin also lives ; now thou canst serve my plans. Oh ! I have groaned in spirit for a weary while. The water from the clouds has rolled in rivers down my cheeks, and I am hideous and terrible because I 've suffered so. For sixty years I have lived on that of which men die, on sorrow. Hunger, poverty and exile bowed my head. I have seen the Nile, the Indus, the ocean with its tempests, and the endless nights of the star-studded poles. Harsh iron rings have gnawed their way into my flesh ; and twenty different masters driven me, a woman, ill and cold as ice, before them with the lash. Now it is done. I 've naught that 's human left within my body.

(Placing her hand upon her heart.)

Naught I feel when I do place my hand here where my heart should beat. I am a statue, and a tomb my dwelling-place. One day not long ago—'t was at the hour when

the night was falling—I reached this cursed castle, pale and cold ; and even now I wonder that they did not hear above the uproar of the storm that bowed the branches of the trees, my marble feet draw nigh upon these fatal flags. Ah ! I, whose hate has never slumbered, have my foe within my grasp this very day, if I put forth my hand ; and if I choose to mark his hour, it needs but one word from my mouth to make him totter, but one step to cause his death ! Must I repeat it ? Thou, yes, thou alone canst give me my revenge as I would have it ; but, at the moment of attaining this dread end, I say in my own mind : “ No, no, ’t would be too horrible ! ” And though I stand upon the brink of hell, I shrink from such a step. Come not in search of me ! come not to tempt me ! For, were we to enter into such a bargain, I should demand of thee most ghastly services. Say, wouldst thou draw thy dagger from its sheath ? Wouldst thou become a murderer ? an executioner ? Thou shudderest ! Away then, feeble heart and nerveless arm ! I ’ve naught to say to thee, leave me in peace !

OTBERT (with pallid cheeks, and lowering his voice).

In God's name what wouldst thou require at my hands?

GUANHUMARA.

Remain as thou art—innocent. Begone!

OTBERT.

To save her I would give my blood.

GUANHUMARA.

Begone!

OTBERT.

I would commit a crime. Art thou content?

GUANHUMARA.

He tempts me, fiends! you see that he doth tempt me. Ah well! I lay my hands upon him!—Thou dost now belong to me. Henceforth, whatever may befall, waste not thy time in prayer to me. My heart is full of gloom; and prayers are lost unheard in its dark depths; I have already said to thee that I am without pity or remorse, unless I see him living whom I once saw dead, Donato, whom I loved! Now hearken; once again, for the last time, upon the threshold of this ghastly



road, I warn thee, and I tell thee all. Thou needs must kill, must kill upon this spot, as on the scaffold, without pity, without pardon, whom I choose and when I choose !

OTBERT.

Continue !

GUANHUMARA.

Every breeze that blows wafts thy Regina nearer to the tomb. Without my help her days are numbered. I alone can save her. See this flagon. Let her drink a drop each night of that which it contains, and she will live.

OTBERT.

Great God ! dost thou say true ? Pray give it me !

GUANHUMARA.

Nay, list. To-morrow if thou seest her, by virtue of this potion, come to thee, life beaming in her eyes, and gladness at her heart, an angel born anew, with smiling face, thou dost belong to me !

OTBERT (wildly).

So be it.

GUANHUMARA.

Swear.

OTBERT.

I swear.

GUANHUMARA.

At all events Regina will respond to me for thee. 'T would be her fate to pay for failure to keep faith on thy part. I know all the secrets of this ancient castle, and may enter anywhere at any hour.

OTBERT (putting out his hand to take the phial).

Thou sayest she will live?

GUANHUMARA.

Yes. Think on thy oath!

OTBERT.

She will be saved?

GUANHUMARA.

Yes. Think that at the moment when thou takest this, I take thy soul.

OTBERT.

I prithee give, and take.

GUANHUMARA (handing him the phial).

Until to-morrow.

OTBERT.

Yes, until to-morrow.

(Exit Guanhumara.)

OTBERT (alone).

Woman, thanks! Whatever be thy plan, whoe'er thou art, I thank thee! My Regina will not die! But I must take this to her.

(He walks toward the small door of the donjon, then halts for a moment, gazing fixedly at the phial.)

Oh! hell take my soul, but let her live!

(He rushes through the small door, which closes behind him. Meanwhile, in the opposite direction, loud laughter and singing are heard, apparently drawing nearer. The great door is thrown wide open. Enter with joyous uproar the princes and burgraves, led by Hatto, all wearing wreaths of flowers, and dressed in silk and gold, without coats of mail, or armor of any sort. Each man has a glass in his hand, and they are talking and laughing and drinking in groups; among them pages circulate, carrying flagons of wine, golden pitchers, and platters heaped up with fruits. In the background are halberdiers, standing like statues. Musicians, trumpets, clarions, heralds.)

## SCENE V

## THE BURGRAVES.

HATTO, GORLOIS, DUKE GERHARD OF THURINGIA; PLATON, MARGRAVE OF MORAVIA; GILISSA, MARGRAVE OF LUSATIA; ZOAGLIO GIANNILARO, a Genoese noble; DARIUS, BURGRAVE OF LAHNECK; CADWALLA, BURGRAVE OF OKENFELS; LUPUS, COUNT OF MONS (a very young man, as is Gorlois). Other burgraves and princes, silent characters—among others, UTHER, Pendragon of the Bretons, and the brothers of Hatto and Gorlois. A few women in rich costumes. Pages, halberdiers, officers.

## COUNT LUPUS (singing).

The winter is cold, the north-wind strong,  
It snows upon the mountains—  
We love, so what care we!  
What care we, while we love!

My mother is dead and I am damned,  
My priest is forever preaching—  
We love, so what care we!  
What care we, while we love!

Beëlzebub doth knock at my door,  
He 's waiting with all his demons—  
We love, so what care we!  
What care we, while we love!

MARGRAVE GILISSA (looking out the window at the side, to Count Lupus).

Count, we can see from here the great door of the castle and the road up the mountain.

MARGRAVE PLATON (observing the dilapidated condition of the hall).

How melancholy are the ravages of time !

DUKE GERHARD (to Hatto).

Why, one would say the place was spectre-haunted.

HATTO (pointing to the door of the donjon).

My old grandsire is there.

DUKE GERHARD.

Alone ?

HATTO.

He 's with my father.

MARGRAVE PLATON.

What was thy plan to rid thyself of them ?

HATTO.

Oh ! they have had their day. Their consciences are troubled too. 'T is more than two months since the old man spoke. The

time must come when old age hides itself away, and he has lived well nigh a hundred years. 'Faith, I have ta'en their place. They have retired.

GIANNILARO:

Of their own motion?

HATTO.

Yes, to all intent.

(An officer enters.)

THE OFFICER (to Hatto).

Mein Herr . . .

HATTO.

What dost thou wish?

THE OFFICER.

Perez, the Jew usurer, has not paid his ransom.

HATTO.

Let him be hanged.

THE OFFICER.

The burghers of Linz, half dead with fright, crave quarter.

HATTO.

Pillage! 't is conquered territory.

## THE OFFICER.

And they of Rhens?

HATTO.

Oh ! pillage them as well !

(Exit the officer.)

BURGRAVE DARIUS (approaching Hatto, glass in hand).

Marquis, this wine of thine is excellent !

(He drinks.)

HATTO.

Egad ! it well may be, 't is Scarlachwein.  
The town of Bingen, which doth fear and  
fawn upon me, every year presents me with  
two tuns.

DUKE GERHARD.

Regina, thy betrothed, is passing fair.

HATTO.

Ah ! one takes what one has. She is of kin  
to us upon our mother's side.

DUKE GERHARD.

She is to all appearance far from well.



HATTO.

'T is nothing.

GIANNILARO (in an undertone to Gerhard).

She is dying.

(Enters an officer.)

THE OFFICER (in an undertone to Hatto).

A merchant train will pass this way to-morrow.

HATTO (aloud).

Lie in wait for them.

(Exit the officer. Hatto continues, turning to his guests.)

My father would have been upon the spot, but I remain at home. In the old days they fought, but we amuse ourselves. In the old days 't was force, but now 't is stratagem. The traveler who passes curses me, and says: "Hatto and his brothers lead most shocking lives in yonder frowning castle, storm-begirt abode of mystery. Hatto gives fêtes to marquises and dukes, whereat his princely guests are served by captive princes, on whose heads his feet do trample!" Even so! 't is a desirable lot! Men fear and envy me. And

I do laugh at them! My donjon doth defy the world. Of life, till Satan comes, I make a paradise. Even as the huntsman slips his dogs upon the prey, so I my bandits, and I am content and happy. My bride that is to be is lovely, is she not? And by the way, art thou to marry soon thy Countess Isabella?

DUKE GERHARD.

No.

HATTO.

But thou didst take last year her city from her, and didst promise then to marry her.

DUKE GERHARD.

I do not know . . .

(Laughing.)

Ah! yes! they made me swear it on the Gospel!—Bah!—I let the damsel go and keep the city.

(He laughs.)

HATTO (laughing).

But what says the Diet thereupon?

DUKE GERHARD (still laughing).

It holds its peace.

HATTO.

Thy oath?

## DUKE GERHARD.

A fig for that !

(A few moments before, the door of the donjon at the right has been thrown open, disclosing several steps of a dark staircase, upon which two old men now appear. One of them is about sixty, with gray hair and beard; the other, much older, is almost entirely bald and has a long-white beard. Each of them wears an iron shirt with leg and arm pieces, and has at his side a long sword. The older wears over his armor a long white gown, lined with cloth of gold, and the other a huge wolf-skin with the yawning mouth pulled over his head. Behind the older of the two, motionless as a figure carved from stone, stands a white bearded, armor-clad squire, who holds over the old man's head a great black flag, destitute of armorial bearings. Otbert, with his eyes upon the ground, stands near, but a little behind the old man, whose right hand rests upon his shoulder. In the shadow, behind each of the two patriarchs, can be seen two squires, clad like their masters, in armor, and quite as old as they; their white beards fall below the half-lowered visors of their helmets. These squires bear, upon cushions of scarlet velvet, the helmets of the two old men, huge morions of extraordinary shape, the crests of which represent the gaping jaws of strange animals. The two patriarchs listen in silence; the younger rests his chin upon his folded arms, and his hands upon the haft of an enormous Scottish axe. The guests, interested in their conversation, do not notice them.)

## SCENE VI

THE SAME: JOB, MAGNUS, OTBERT.

MAGNUS.

In former days the oaths men swore on German soil were like the coats we wore in war; they were of steel. I think thereon with pride. An oath was a substantial thing, and noble in men's sight, nor could it be assailed without a deadly struggle: by his oath was measured a man's stature: every noble had it always present at his bedside: and 't was held good and kept, though covered with the rust of many years. The gallant dead slept in his grave, obscure but unpolluted, wrapped in his oath as in his coat of mail! and time, which eats the clothing of the dead, sometimes destroyed the armor, never the plighted oath. But in these days, good faith, honor and words have followed the new Spanish fashions. Silk and glittering tinsel! Now an oath, with witnesses or not, doth last scarce longer than a doublet, often not so long! is soon worn threadbare,

and becomes an inconvenient bunch of rags, which one destroys and casts aside, and says: "T is out of date!"

(While Magnus is speaking, all turn and gaze at him, dumfounded. There is a brief pause when he has ceased to speak.)

HATTO (bending his head before the old men).

My father . . .

MAGNUS.

You are over boisterous, young men. Pray leave your elders to their musing in the silent gloom. The glitter of your festivals wounds their unlaughing eyes. The old men listen for the clash of swords: go, clash your glasses, children, but away from us!

HATTO.

My lord . . .

(He suddenly notices that the portraits all have their faces turned toward the wall.)

Why, who, in Heaven's name . . . ?

(To Magnus.)

Your pardon, but these portraits of my ancestors! who turned them thus? Who dared . . . ?

MAGNUS.

'T was I.

HATTO.

You?

MAGNUS.

I.

HATTO.

My father ! . . .

DUKE GERHARD (to Hatto).

He is making sport of you.

MAGNUS (to Hatto).

I turned them every one against the wall,  
that they might not be witnesses of their sons'  
shame.

HATTO (in a rage).

Old Barbarossa punished his grand-uncle  
Louis for a lesser insult. Since I 'm driven to  
extremities . . .

MAGNUS (half turning his head toward Hatto).

Methinks I heard the name of Barbarossa.  
Methinks I heard the villain spoken of in  
terms of praise. Let no one ever speak that  
name before me !

COUNT LUPUS (laughingly).

What, I prithee, did he do to you, good man ?

MAGNUS.

O ancestors ! turn not your faces from the wall ! What did he do to me, my masters ! Say, didst not thou speak, thou little Count of Mons ? Descend the Rhine, from Constance to the Seven Mountains, and on thy passage count the ruined castles upon either bank ! What did he do to me ? Our sisters and our daughters in captivity ; imperial gibbets built for vultures on our cliffs, with stones from our dismantled towers ; relentless war upon us all, and bloody carnage, and carcans round the necks of all our best and noblest ; that 's what he did to me ! and what he did to you ! For thirty years, under this emperor, whose reign was one unbroken victory, fire and banishment and fetters, dangers innumerable, dungeons, tortures, clerks and judges, all these were our portion ! Gott im Himmel ! we were forced, like Jews or slaves, to undergo this long affront, this endless triumph, and our degraded sons know naught of it ! Before him every neck was bent. When Friedrich



First, with mask upon his face, but clad in gold from heel to crest, stood towering aloft in some flame-riven breach, and threw his gauntlet down to our whole army, then the coward crew trembled with fright and fled. My father only,—

(Pointing to the other old man.)

he who stands beside me here—did one day in a narrow court-yard stand across his path, and brand him on the right hand with a red-hot trefoil! O memories of bygone times! all vanished now! Our eyes no more are dazzled by the brilliant light. Fall'n are the burgraves, and the plains are strewn with ruined castles. Of the whole lordly forest but one oak still stands,

(He bows before his companion.)

and you, my venerated father, are that oak!

(He stands erect once more.)

Barbarossa! A curse upon that thrice detested name! Our blazonry is buried 'neath the grass and thorns. The Rhine, dishonored stream, flows seaward between heaps of ruins! Oh! I will avenge my race! 't will

be my glory ! Naught shall stay my avenging hand from smiting him, if he is not yet dead, or, failing him, his kindred, without ruth or mercy ! May God grant my heart this consolation ere I seek the tomb, grant that I die not till I be avenged ! For, to procure myself this last supreme delight, to leave the tomb and seize my prey once more, and to be able to return to earth when I am dead, young men, I would resort to any means, however execrable ! Yes, be it God's will or no, whichever be the door that 's closed on me, the door of Paradise, or door of hell, with head erect and steadfast heart, I 'll shatter it,

(Extending his arm.)

with one blow of this iron fist !

(He suddenly breaks off, and stands for a moment without speaking.)

Alas ! what am I saying ? I, a solitary, weak old man !

(He falls a-musing deeply, and seems entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Gradually the guests recover their spirits and their courage. The two old men are like two statues. The wine circulates, and the laughter begins again.)

HATTO (in an undertone to Gerhard, pointing to the old men with a shrug).

Old age has turned their heads.

GORLOIS (in an undertone to Count Lupus, pointing to Hatto).

Some day my father will be just like them,  
and I shall be like him.

HATTO (to Gerhard).

Our troops are all devoted to them. Ah!  
't is wearisome!

(Meanwhile Gorlois and some of the pages have gone to the window and are looking out. Suddenly Gorlois looks around.)

GORLOIS (to Hatto).

Oh! father, come and see this old white-bearded man!

COUNT LUPUS (running to the window).

How slowly he ascends the path! his head  
is bent.

GIANNILARO (looking out).

He's very weary.

COUNT LUPUS.

See, the wind blows through the holes in  
his old cloak.

GORLOIS.

'T would seem that he seeks shelter in the castle.

MARGRAVE GILISSA.

'T is some beggar.

BURGRAVE CADWALLA.

Or a spy !

BURGRAVE DARIUS.

Go to !

HATTO (at the window).

Drive off the villain instantly with stones !

LUPUS, GORLOIS, and the pages, throwing stones.

Begone, dog !

MAGNUS (as if suddenly awaking).

O Almighty God, what times are these we live in ! and what sort of men are these who live in them ? They stone an aged man who asks for alms !

(Looking them all in the face.)

In my time—and we had our follies, too, our feasts and songs ; in brief, we too, were young !—but let an old man, overcome by age and hunger, pass our door, trembling with weakness, and his hands red with cold, even

though the revelry were at its height, ceasing all idle talk upon the instant, we would fill a helmet with gold pieces, and a glass with generous wine. 'T was for the stranger, sent by God, mayhap! And then we would resume our singing and carousing, as the old man, a little wine in his heart and a little gold in hand, went smiling on his way. By what we did judge that which you now do!

JOB (straightening himself up, stepping forward, and touching Magnus on the shoulder).

Young man, be silent. In my time when we sat, drinking and singing louder than you now are singing, about a board that groaned beneath the weight of a whole ox, served on a golden platter, if an old man chanced to pass the door, poor and in rags, barefooted, craving alms, he was at once escorted to the hall; upon his entrance rang the trumpets forth; the burgraves rose; the young men, without word or song or smile, though they were princes of the Holy Empire, bowed low to him, and the old men held out their hands, and said: "Welcome, mein Herr!"

(To Gorlois.)

Go bid the stranger come!

HATTO (bowing).

But . . .

JOB (to Hatto).

Hold thy peace !

DUKE GERHARD (to Job).

Your Excellence . . .

JOB (to Gerhard).

Who dares to speak when I say : " Hold thy peace ! "

(All draw back and remain silent. Exit Gorlois.)

OTBERT (aside).

Well done, my lord ! Old lion, look with horror on these tiger-cats, thy progeny ; but, if they put a last foul insult on thee, rise and shake thy mane, and make them tremble !

GORLOIS (returning to Job).

He comes, my lord.

JOB (to those of the princes who are sitting).

Up !

(To his sons.)

Stand about me !

(To Gorlois.)

Hither !

(To the heralds and trumpeters.)

Sound, clarions, as for the coming of a king!

(Flourish of trumpets. The burgraves and princes draw up in lines at the left. All of Job's sons and grandsons are grouped around him at the right. The halberdiers in the background, with the banner high in air.)

'T is well.

(Enters, by the door at the back of the stage, a beggar, who seems to be nearly as old as Count Job. His white beard descends to his middle. He is clad in a gown of brown sackcloth, with tattered hood, and a full brown cloak, much the worse for wear; his head is bare; he has a cord around his waist, to which is attached a rosary of large beads, and cord sandals upon his feet. He halts at the top of the six steps, and stands like a statue there, leaning upon a long knotted club. The halberdiers salute him by dipping the banner, and the trumpeters with a new flourish. Meanwhile Guanhumara has appeared upon the upper floor of the promenade, and is present throughout the ensuing scene.)



## SCENE VII

THE SAME: A BEGGAR.

JOB (standing in the midst of his descendants, to the beggar motionless at the top of the stairs).

Whoe'er you be, have you not heard it said that, in the Taunus range, 'twixt Köln and Spire, upon a peak beside which other mountains are mere gentle slopes, there sits a castle famous among castles, built upon heaps of lava, and therein a burgrave famous among burgraves? Have you not heard that this crime-laden, lawless man, renowned for daring deeds, placed by the Diet of Frankfort under the ban of Holy Empire, and by the Pisan Council under that of Holy Church, alone, outlawed and excommunicated, but standing still with head erect and dauntless will among his mountains—have you not heard, I say, that he relentlessly and unremittingly insults, contends with and pursues the Elector Palatine, Archbishop of Triers, and has for sixty years past o'erturned with a sure foot the ladder of the Empire placed against his wall? Have

you not heard that there is shelter 'neath his roof for every man of heart, that he makes rich men poor, and masters slaves; and that, above the heads of dukes and kings and emperors, for terror-stricken Germany to gaze upon, he flaunts upon his tower, as it were the challenge of his hate, a summons to the fetter-laden people, a great black flag, an awe-inspiring banner, which the tempest in its fury tears to tatters? Have you not heard that he is drawing nigh his hundredth year, and that, since first he raised his head upon his castled crag, defying Heaven and laughing destiny to scorn, not bloody war, tearing the castles from their lofty seats, nor the omnipotent and frantic emperor, nor Rome, nor the dull crushing burden of advancing years, not one nor all of these have ever conquered or subdued or bent in any wise this aged Titan of the Rhineland, Job, the excommunicate? Do you know that?

THE BEGGAR.

I do.

JOB.

You are beneath his roof, and I am he whom men call Job th' Accursed. Welcome, my lord.

(Pointing to Magnus.)

My son here at my side.

(Pointing to Hatto, Gorlois and the others.)

And my son's sons, who are less great than we; and so it is that frequently our hopes are disappointed. My old sword I hold from my dead father, from my sword a name that is much feared, and from my mother's family this manor and this burg of Heppenheff. Name, sword and burg, all are at your command, my guest. Now raise thy voice and freely speak thy thoughts.

#### THE BEGGAR.

Counts, lords and princes—and you, slaves—I enter and salute you, and I tell you this: if peace reigns in your consciences, if naught, as you reflect upon your past, disturbs the calm contentment of your hearts, as spotless as the sky is blue, then live and laugh and sing. If not, then think on God! Young men, and you, to whom is given length of days, you, crowned with flowers, you, with years crowned, if there be evil in the lives you lead beneath the vault of heaven, look forward and reflect. Brief and uncertain are

these flying moments; old age is in store for some, for others the grave yawns. Wherefore, young men, exulting in your strength and power, think of the old; and you, who are already old, think of the dead! Above all things be hospitable; 't is the law of love. Who knows whom one repels when turning from one's door a way-worn traveler? Who can say whence he comes? Though you were kings, the poor should be held sacred in your sight! Sometimes Almighty God, who with a breath uproots the centenary oaks, fills with momentous facts, with lightning flashes and with thunder, grumbling in the distance even as we speak, the hand a beggar hides beneath his rags.



## PART SECOND

### THE BEGGAR

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#### THE HALL OF PANOPLIES

A door at the left. At the back of the stage a crenellated gallery, through the openings of which the sky can be seen. The general aspect of the place is very rough and severely plain. Full stands of armor against all the pillars.

As the curtain rises, the beggar is standing at the front of the stage, leaning upon his staff, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and apparently absorbed in painful meditation.

#### SCENE I

##### THE BEGGAR (alone).

The time has come to strike the blow. I may save everything, but I must take all risks. What matter, if I have God's help! O Germany, my fatherland! how are thy children fallen! by what deadly blows laid low, alas! do I, returning from my exile, find thee. They have slain Philip, banished Ladislas, and poisoned Heinrich! and with

unruffled brow they have sold Cœur-de-Lion as they 'd sell Achilles! What a ghastly, horrifying fall! What depth of degradation! Unity is known no more. The knots that bound the states together are untied. In this land, once the home of brave men, now I see Flemings, Lorrainers, Saxons, Franks, Bavarians, Moravians, but not a German. Each one quickly learns his trade, in very sooth! The monk to chant, the priest to preach, the page to bear his master's lance, the baron to pillage, and the king to sleep. The few who do no pillage can do naught but groan, and, trembling as men trembled under the Salic emperors, adore a shrine, and kiss the sacred relics! Every man 's a savage or a coward, a viper or a villain. The Count Palatine, as Lord Grand Carver, has the first vote in the college, after him of Triers, and he sells his vote. The truce of God is disregarded; and the Bohemian king, a Slav! is an elector. Every man is seeking to stand up to his full height. On every hand the law that might makes right prevails, and violence and horrors do abound. The ploughshare 's metamorphosed into lance-heads: the scythes are hot



for war and leave the crops ungathered. On every side are flame and smoke. The gipsy, as he passes, singing gaily, over the threshold of the peasant's cottage, hides his flint and steel beneath his cloak. The Vandals have Berlin. Ah! what a spectacle! Pagans at Dantzic! Moguls at Breslau! 'T is all borne in upon my mind, pell-mell, at the same moment; oh! 't is horrible! . . . O shame! No money in the treasury. Towns, cities, states, all dead! How will the Strasbourg arrow be completed? By whom are the banners of the cities borne? By Jews enriched in the late civil wars. Humiliation! Once the empire was upheld by sturdy pillars; Holland, Luxembourg, Cleves, Juliers and Guelderland. All crumbled now! No Poland and no Lombardy! For our protection when we are attacked we 've Ulm and Augsburg with their paltry ramparts! The work of Charlemagne and Pious Otto is no more. Our western frontier is retreating, for the Counts of Alsace have High Lorraine, and Low Lorraine the Counts of Louvain. The Teutonic Order is no more. Gauvain has now of knights but twenty-eight, and men-

at-arms five score. Meanwhile the Dane is threatening: England is sowing strife 'twixt Guelph and Ghibelin: Lorraine is treacherous: Brabant is muttering: a conflagration is all ready to burst forth at Turin: Philip-Augustus is an indomitable foe: the Genoese are clamoring for money: the interdict is pending still: at Rome the Holy Father sits in his chair and dreams, with hesitating mind and haughty brow: and in the face of such a crisis in our destiny, great God! no leader! The electors scattered here and there, and probing each his wound, bestow the crown on him who pays them most; and like the tortured, bleeding wretch, torn slowly by four horses limb from limb, they parcel out the empire to four emperors, from Ratisbon to Anvers, from Lubeck to Spire. O Germany! O Germany! Alas! Alas!

(His head falls upon his chest; he walks slowly toward the back of the stage. Otbert, who has entered a few seconds before, looks after him as he passes out of sight under the arches of the gallery. Suddenly Otbert's face lights up with an expression of joyous surprise. Regina appears on the opposite side to that on which the beggar went off; she is apparently in radiant health and spirits.)

## SCENE II

OTBERT, REGINA.

OTBERT.

What do I see? Regina! Can it be that  
it is thou?

REGINA.

Otbert! Otbert! I live, I breathe, I speak  
once more! My feet can walk, my lips can  
smile; my pain and fear alike have gone from  
me; I live and I am happy, and I am all  
thine!

OTBERT (*gazing fondly at her*).

O bliss!

REGINA.

Last night I slept, but had no fever. When  
I spoke, my lips could form no name but  
thine. Such peaceful sleep! indeed, I suffered  
not at all. When the sun rose and wakened  
me, Otbert, it seemed to me that I was born  
again. The sparrows twittered joyously  
beneath my window, and the flowers spread  
their petals, sending their sweet perfume

heavenward ; my heart was filled with joy, and eagerly I gazed on all that wafted up to me so pure a breath, and all the birds that sang in the broad landscape ; and I whispered softly, with tears streaming from my eyes : “ O gentle birds, ’t is I ! yes, ’t is I, lovely flowers ! ”—Ah ! Otbert mine, I love thee !

(She throws herself into his arms : then takes the phial from her bosom.)

Life itself is in this phial. Thou hast cured me, Otbert ! thou hast snatched me from the jaws of death, my love. Protect me now from Hatto.

OTBERT.

O Regina, O my radiant star of beauty and of joy ! Yes, I shall find a way to finish what I have begun ; but do not think too highly of me, for I am not brave or virtuous ; I ’ve nothing but my love. Thou livest ! a new day doth dawn for me. Thou livest ! a new heart I feel within my breast. Pray look me in the face ! Ah ! God, how fair she is ! ’T is true that thou art not in pain ?

REGINA.

No, not at all. The pain has gone.

OTBERT.

I bless thee, O my God !

REGINA.

My Otbert, I bless thee !

(They remain for a moment, silent, clasped in each other's arms. Then Regina tears herself from his embrace.)

But good Count Job awaits me. O my dearest treasure ! I but wished to tell thee that I love thee. Fare thee well.

OTBERT.

Return !

REGINA.

Yes, very soon. But I must fly, he waits for me.

(Exit Regina.)

OTBERT (falling on his knees, and raising his hands).

O Lord, I thank thee for that she is saved !

(Guanhumara appears at the back of the stage.)

## SCENE III

OTBERT, GUANHUMARA.

GUANHUMARA (laying her hand upon Otbert's  
shoulder).

Art thou content?

OTBERT (in dismay).

Guanhumara !

GUANHUMARA.

I have kept my promise as thou seest.

OTBERT.

I will keep my oath.

GUANHUMARA.

Wilt keep it without pity?

OTBERT.

Without faltering.

(Aside.)

And then I 'll kill myself.

GUANHUMARA.

Some one will look for thee to-night. At  
midnight.

OTBERT.

Where?

GUANHUMARA.

Before the tower where the black flag flies.

OTBERT.

It is a grewsome spot, and no one passes there. 'T is said that on the rock there is a ghastly stain . . .

GUANHUMARA.

A blood-stain, running from a window down the wall to the torrent's brink.

OTBERT (in a horrified tone).

'T is blood ! Thou seest how blood stains and burns.

GUANHUMARA.

Blood cleanses and slakes thirst.

OTBERT.

Go to ! Command thy slave. Whom shall I find at the appointed spot?

GUANHUMARA.

Thou 'lt find a masked man there—alone.

OTBERT.

And then?

GUANHUMARA.

Thou 'lt follow him.

OTBERT.

'T is said.

(Guanhumara suddenly seizes the dagger which Otbert carries in his belt, draws it from its sheath, and glares fiercely at the blade ; then lifts her eyes.)

GUANHUMARA.

O fathomless expanse of heaven ! O sacred depths of space ! O azure vaults serene ! O night, whose melancholy has so much of majesty ! And thou, from whom in my long exile I have never parted, my chain's old ring, thou faithful comrade ! All of you I take to witness !—and you, walls and citadel, and oaks who cast your shadows at the traveler's feet, hear what I say : to this avenging knife I destine Fosco, lord of forest, cliff and plain, as dark as thou art, night,—as old as ye, great oaks !

OTBERT.

Who is this Fosco ?

GUANHUMARA.

He who is to die by thy hand.



(She returns the dagger.)

Till to-night.

(Exit by the gallery at the back of the stage, without seeing Job and Regina, who enter at the side.)

OTBERT (alone).

Great Heaven !

## SCENE IV

OTBERT, REGINA, JOB.

REGINA. (She runs upon the stage, then turns back to Count Job, who is following her slowly.)

Yes, I can run. Look you, my lord.

(She draws near Otbert, who seems to be still listening to Guanhumara's last words, and has not seen them enter.)

Otbert.

OTBERT (as if suddenly awakened).

My lord—countess . . .

JOB.

This morn I felt my melancholy grow apace.  
The words my beggar guest of yesterday let  
fall flashed through my mind incessantly,

(To Regina.)

and then I thought of thee, dying before  
my eyes, and of thy mother's spirit hovering  
about us.

(To Otbert.)

Suddenly the child herself appeared before  
me, fresh and rosy-cheeked, with beaming  
face and a triumphant air. A miracle! I

laughed and wept and tottered to my feet. She said to me : “ Come, thank Herr Otbert.” “ Hasten we and thank Herr Otbert,” I replied. We made our way through the deserted castle . . .

REGINA (*gaily*).

And here we are, both running !

JOB (*to Otbert*).

But what mystery is hidden here ? Regina cured ! Thou must not keep aught from me ; what didst thou do to save her thus ?

OTBERT.

A secret sold me by a slave, a philter . . .

JOB.

The slave is free ! A hundred pounds of gold I give to him, and fields and vineyards, too. All those condemned to death, who in the castle do bewail their fate, I pardon. To a thousand peasants, at Regina’s choice, I give their liberty.

(*He takes a hand of each.*)

My heart is filled with joy !

(*Gazing fondly at them.*)

’T is all I ask, to see you both before me.

(He steps forward toward the front of the stage, and becomes deeply absorbed in his thoughts.)

Yes, I am alone and old and melancholy, and accursed ! I hide myself in the old donjon where my ancestors abode, and sitting there, mute, frowning and depressed, gaze pensively about me in the shadow. Everything is very black, alas ! I cast my eyes on Germany, and see none there but tyrants, envious minions and assassins, a hideous rivalry in madness and in crime ; poor country, driven on toward the abyss by many hundred arms, and soon to fall therein, if God doth not put in her way some giant to put forth his hand and save her from the fall ! My country makes me sick at heart ! I turn my eyes upon my family, my household, my own progeny. Hate, villainy and shamelessness ! Hatto 'gainst Magnus : Gorlois against Hatto : even now the cub is gnashing his young teeth beneath the wolf. My offspring drive me mad. I look within myself.—My life, O God !—I tremble and turn pale at what I see, for every memory my terror doth evoke assumes a hideous mask on passing 'neath my gaze. Yes, all is black and hopeless. Demons in

my devastated fatherland, grim monsters in my family, and spectres in my soul! And so, when at the end my anxious eyes, haunted by this threefold vision of the darkness, I slowly raise in search of life and God, 't is very sweet to me, on coming forth from the abyss, to find you by my side like two pure rays of light, like two angelic apparitions at the gates of hell, you, children in whose eyes the light of truth doth shine—thou, a brave-hearted youth, and thou, a lovely maiden. When your eyes are fixed on me, you seem like two indulgent angels, bending in pity over Satan's head!

OTBERT (*aside*).

Alas!

REGINA.

O good my lord!

JOB.

Come, children, let me clasp you both within my arms.

(To Otbert, gazing affectionately into his eyes.)

Thy glance is open as the day. One feels that thou 'rt a loyal youth and faithful to his word, as eagle to the sun, as steel to magnet. What the boy promises to do that does he,

(To Regina.)

does he not ?

REGINA.

I owe my life to him.

JOB.

Before my fall, I was like him ! as staid and pure and chaste and proud as any virgin, or as any sword.

(He goes to the window.)

The air is soft, the bright sun comforts me and heaven smiles upon me.

(Returning to Regina, and pointing to Otbert.)

Look, Regina mine, that noble face reminds me of a child, my poor last-born. When God sent him to me, I thought I was forgiven. 'T will soon be twenty years since that day. A son in my old age ! Ah ! what a gift from Heaven ! I hovered round his cradle constantly. Even when he slept I often spoke to him ; for when one 's very old, one 's very much a child. At night I held the fair-haired babe upon my knee. I speak now of a time when thou wert not yet born. Already he could lisp a few short words whereat we laughed for joy. He was not yet a year old,

but knew me well. I cannot tell thee all. He smiled at me, and when I saw him smile, the sun shone on my poor old heart ; I wished to make of him a gallant warrior, a conqueror ; I called him George. One day—O bitter thought !—when he was playing in the fields, —ah me ! when thou 'rt a mother, do not let thy children play away from thee !—they took him from me. Jews, a woman ! Why ? To sacrifice him, so they say. I weep still after twenty years as if it were but yesterday. Alas ! I loved him so ! He was my little king ; and I was mad, yes, I was like a drunken man, and felt within me all that a heart feels in which Heaven overflows, whene'er his tiny hands touched my white beard ! I never saw him more ! My heart is breaking !

(To Otbert.)

He would be of thine age. He would have thy fair brow, and would be innocent as thou art. Come ! I love thee.

(Guanhumara has entered some moments before, and is watching them, herself unseen, from the back of the stage. Job clasps Otbert to his heart, and weeps.)

Sometimes, when my eyes fall on thee, I say, 't is he ! By a strange miracle, and

pleasant as 't is strange, thy eyes, thy voice, thy manner, thy simplicity, and everything about thee, by recalling that dear son of mine to this enfeebled mind, make me forget him, even as they bring him to my mind. Be thou my son !

OTBERT.

My lord !

JOB.

Be thou my son. Dost understand ? Thou gallant youth, in love with honor and with virtue, lowly born, I know, and fatherless and motherless, but with a noble heart filled with a noble quest, when I say : "be my son !" dost thou know what I mean and what I say ? I mean—mark well—that for a lovely girl and comely youth to pass their days beside a poor old man, whose face is toward the tomb, to live from morn till eve as if in prison, would be odious, unnatural and frightful, if they could not now and then look in each other's eyes and smile a little, even in this dark room, and though the old man sees their game. I say the old man's heart is touched, I see that you do love each other well—and you shall marry !



REGINA (beside herself with joy).

Heaven !

JOB (to Regina).

'T is my purpose to complete thy cure.

OTBERT.

What say you ?

JOB (to Regina).

Thy mother was my niece, and to me she bequeathed thee. She is dead. Alas ! seven of my sons, the bravest of them all, perhaps, I have seen disappear like her, and George, my precious child, forever lost to me† and my last wife, and everyone I loved ! It is the penalty imposed on those who live beyond the allotted term, to have death follow death unceasingly, as surely as the months roll by, and mourning garb invade the household ! Thou, at least, be happy ! Children, I will join your hands in marriage ! Hatto would crush thee, poor, dear cherished flower ! When thy mother died, I said to her : “ Die in peace ; thy daughter is my child, and if need be, I ’ll give my blood for her.”

REGINA.

O my dear father !

JOB.

Yes, I swore it !

(To Othbert.)

Thou, my son, grow to be a mighty captain. Thou hast nothing : but for marriage portion I give thee my fief of Kammerberg, dependency of Heppenheff. March on, like Nimrod, Cæsar, Pompey. I have two mothers, my mother and my sword. I am the bastard of a count, and lawful son of my own exploits. Thou must do as I have done.

(Aside.)

Alas ! that 's near to crime !

(Aloud.)

My child, be brave and honest. Many days this marriage has been in my mind. Sure it is that Othbert the free lance may seek alliance with the free knight, Job. Thou saidst in thine own mind : " O shame ! I shall be always the old lion's dog, the old count's page ; his captive, while he lives ! " Upon my soul ! but I do love thee, child, but for thyself, not on my own account. We old men are less vile than we are thought to be. We will arrange it all. But silence ! I fear

Hatto. Have no quarrel here. Swords would be drawn too hastily.

(Lowering his voice.)

A passageway leads from my donjon to the castle moat. I have the keys. Otbert, to-night, you both shall leave this place with a strong escort. What comes after that is thy affair.

OTBERT.

But . . .

JOB.

Dost thou refuse?

OTBERT.

Count! ah! you open Paradise to me!

JOB.

Then do as I do bid thee. Say no more. When the sun sets you will take flight at once. I will inhibit Hatto from pursuing you; and at Caub you may be married.

(Exit Guanhumara, who has overheard the whole conversation. Job puts Otbert's and Regina's arms through his, and gazes affectionately into their faces.)

Tell me, my lovers, that you 're happy. I shall be left alone.

REGINA.

My father!

JOB.

You must give me one last loving word and one last smile. Alas! what will become of me when you are gone? And when my evil past and all my crushing griefs fall back upon me?

(To Regina.)

For, my dove, I raise the weight a moment from my mind, then back it comes again!

(To Otbert.)

Gunther, my almoner, will bear you company. All will go well, I hope. And then you will return to me—some day. Weep not! leave me my courage. Yours is a happy lot. What matter that one old man weeps when two young hearts like yours love? You are but twenty! As for me, it cannot be God's will that I shall suffer long.

(He tears himself from their arms.)

Await me here.

(To Otbert.)

Thou knowest the door. I go to bring the keys to thee.

(Exit by the door on the left.)

## SCENE V

OTBERT, REGINA.

OTBERT (looking after Job with a bewildered air).

Just Heaven! my brain is in a whirl. Fly with Regina! leave this desolate old castle! Ah! if I dream, have pity on me, do not waken me. 'T is really thou, my soul! Angel, henceforth thou dost belong to me! Fly we before to-night—at once! If thou couldst know! A radiant Eden opening before, behind me the abyss! I fly toward happiness, away from crime!

REGINA.

What sayest thou?

OTBERT.

Have no fear, Regina. I will fly. Great God! my oath! Regina, I have sworn a solemn oath! What matters that? I'll fly. I will escape. Just God, be thou my judge. This old man is most kind and worthy of respect, and I do love him.

Come, 't is time ! The very stars fight on our side, and naught can now prevent our flight.

(While he is speaking Guanhumara appears upon the gallery at the rear of the stage. She is leading Hatto, and points to Othert and Regina, who are embracing. Hatto waves his hand, and all the princes, burgraves and soldiers crowd in behind him. Hatto points to the lovers, who are so absorbed in gazing into each other's eyes, that they neither see nor hear anything. Suddenly, just as Othert turns, leading Regina, Hatto appears in front of him. Guanhumara has disappeared.)

## SCENE VI

OTBERT, REGINA, HATTO, MAGNUS, GOR-  
LOIS, BURGRAVES, PRINCES, GIANNILARO.  
Soldiers. Afterward THE BEGGAR; afterward  
JOB.

HATTO (to Otbert).

Thou think'st so?

REGINA.

Heaven! Hatto!

HATTO (to the archers).

Seize yon man and woman.

OTBERT (drawing his sword, and waving the soldiers  
back with a gesture).

Marquis Hatto, I know that thou art nothing more than a vile ruffian. I know that thou 'rt an impious, execrable and low-minded traitor. And I seek to know if there is not, within thy despicable heart, that sewer of abominations, unmanly fear, the slimy ooze deposited by vice. Between ourselves 't is my belief that thou art naught but a rank poltroon! and that all these nobles—better men than thou art,—when I 've shaken off thy bogus coating of audacity, wilt see thy

cowardice shine forth in every feature! By her sovereign choice, I represent Regina here, a maid of noble birth and countess of the Rhine. Prince, she rejects thy hand, and me she marries. Hatto, I challenge thee to meet me forthwith on the sward beside the Wisper, three miles from this spot, and with such arms as thou mayest choose, with helmet if thou wilt upon thy head, but with uncovered face, to fight me to the death upon the river bank; the one who 's beaten to be tossed into the stream. Slay or be slain.

(Regina falls in a swoon. Her women carry her off. Otbert holds off the archers who are about to approach him.)

Let no one move! I 'm speaking to my lords.

(To the princes.)

Take heed, all ye, who 've come into these mountains, Duke Gerhard, Burgrave Darius, Burgrave Cadwalla, and Uther Pendragon of Bretagne, before your eyes I smite this burgrave here; and I invoke herein, in order that I may chastise his evil deeds, the right of a free archer in the presence of free counts!

(He throws his glove in Hatto's face. Enters the beggar, and mingles with the throng.)



HATTO.

I have let thee speak !

(In an undertone to Zoaglio Giannilaro, who is standing near him in the throng of noblemen.)

God knows, Giannilaro, how my sword doth tremble in its sheath !

(To Otbert.)

Now, hark ye ! who art thou, my gallant knight ? Art thou a king's son, or a sovereign duke, or margrave, that thou durst defy me ? Tell me but thy name. Dost know it ? Thou sayest that thou art the archer Otbert.

(To the nobles.)

But he lies.

(To Otbert.)

Thou liest. Thy name 's not Otbert. I will tell thee whence thou comest, and thy origin ! Sirrah, thy name is Yorghì Spadaceli. Thou art not nobly born. Go to ! I know thee well. Thy grandfather was Corsican, thy mother Slav. Thou art a vile impostor, nothing more, a slave and a slave's son. Avaunt !

(To the others.)

My lords, there are among you princes. If they take his part, I 'll fight them all, here,

foot to foot, or in the avenue, dagger in hand,  
and with uncovered breast!

(To Otbert.)

But thou, vile brigand, hunted from thy  
lair in Corsica,

(He bestows a contemptuous kick upon Otbert's glove.)  
go cast thy gauntlet to the footmen.

OTBERT.

Villain!

THE BEGGAR (stepping forward, to Hatto).

Marquis! I'll measure swords with you,  
though I have passed my ninety-second year.  
A sword!

(He throws down his staff, and takes a sword from one  
of the stands of arms against the wall.)

HATTO (laughing uproariously).

We lacked a fool to make the fête complete,  
and here he is, my lords. Whence comes  
this gentleman? A gipsy first and then a  
beggar.

(To the beggar.)

Thy name?

THE BEGGAR.

Friedrich von Schwaben, Emperor of Ger-  
many.

## MAGNUS.

Barbarossa !

(General stupefaction. All draw back and form a sort of great circle around the beggar, who takes from beneath his rags a cross hanging from a chain about his neck, and holds it up with his right hand, the left resting upon his sword, which is stuck into the ground.)

## THE BEGGAR.

Here is the cross of Charlemagne.

(All eyes are fixed upon the cross. Silence for a moment. He resumes.)

I, Friedrich, lord of the mount where I was born, King of the Romans by election, and crowned Emperor, King of Burgundy and Arles, and sword-bearer of God, did violate the tomb where Charlemagne was sleeping. I did penance, and for twenty years, on bended knee, I wept and prayed and fasted in the desert, living on water from the sky, and on the grass that grew upon the cliffs, a phantom, whose approach the shepherd dreaded. All the world believed me to be numbered 'mongst the dead. But when I hear my country calling me, I come forth from the darkness, where, self-exiled, I was dreaming. 'T is full time for me to show

my face above ground. Do you recognize me?

MAGNUS (approaching).

Show thy arm, thou Roman emperor !

THE BEGGAR.

The trefoil dost thou seek, which one of you did brand upon my hand? Look.

(He offers his arm for Magnus to inspect. Magnus stoops and scrutinizes the arm closely, then stands erect again.)

MAGNUS.

I do here affirm, compelled thereto by truth, that this man is the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa.

(The stupefaction of the assemblage reaches its climax. The circle widens out. The emperor, leaning upon the great sword, glares around upon the nobles with a terrifying expression.)

THE EMPEROR.

You heard me long ago march through these vales when golden spurs were clashing at my heels. You recognize me, burgraves. 'T is the master. He who subjugated Europe and restored the Germany of Otto, calm-visaged queen of nations ; he, whom three kings at Mersebourg, and two popes at Rome chose for

their sovereign judge, as one who was a virtuous emperor and gallant gentleman ; he who did give the crown to Sueno<sup>4</sup> and to Victor the tiara,<sup>5</sup> touching their foreheads with his golden sceptre ; he who did overturn the old throne of the Hermanns ; who overcame, in Thrace and in Iconium, the Emperor Isaac and the Caliph Arslan ;<sup>6</sup> he who, repressing Genoa and Pisa and Milan<sup>7</sup> with heavy hand, putting an end to wars, complaints, deeds of violence and shameless treachery, did take in his broad palm all Italy with all her hundred cities ; he it is who speaks to you. He stands before you !

(He takes a step forward. All shrink back.)

I have judged kings ere this, and I can track the wolf. I hanged the chief men of the seven Lombard cities ; Albert the Bear<sup>8</sup> marched out ten thousand halberdiers against me, but I crushed him ; everywhere my foot-prints can be seen. Henry the Lion<sup>9</sup> with my own hands I despoiled of all his provinces and duchies, and with what was left made fourteen principalities ; and lastly, with my iron fingers, stone by stone, I razed your donjons in the Rhineland to the ground, for forty years ! Ah ! you recognize me, bandits !

I am here to say to you that, moved to pity by the empire's suffering, I mean to strike you from the list of living men, and cast your execrable bones to the four winds of heaven!

(He turns to the archers.)

Your troops will listen to me. They are mine. I count upon them. They were upon the road to glory ere they fell into this shameful path. They served with me before these ghastly times, and more than one of them remembers his old emperor. Am I not right, my gallant veterans, my comrades?

(To the burgraves.)

Felons! miscreants! marauders of small villages! My death gave you new life. Pray touch and look and hear! 't is I in very truth!

(He strides in among them. All draw aside as he approaches.)

Doubtless you think that you are worthy knights! you say: "We are the sons of mighty barons and great noblemen. We follow in their footsteps." You? God save the mark! Your fathers, always proud of their renown, made war like giants! when they

took the field, if bridges were destroyed they strode across the streams, confronted foot and horse alike, and to the blare of trumpets challenged a whole army to do battle with them. Howsoever high the mountain, they had need, to take the stronghold at its top, of naught beyond a wooden ladder, bending 'neath their weight, set up against the walls, down which the brimstone poured upon their heads; or of a knotted rope, which, in the darkness of the chasm, held these warriors dangling, less men than demons, and frequently dashed by the wind at night against the mountain-side! If they were censured for these night-assaults, the hardy wights defied the emperor to meet them in broad daylight on the level ground, then waited, standing in the shadow, one against twenty, till the dawn came, and the emperor appeared! 'T was thus that they gained castles, cities and estates; and so it was that after thirty years of war, when one looked round about in search of all these doers of great deeds, the smaller ones were dukes, the great ones kings! But you—like jackals and like vultures, hiding in hedges and in

osier-beds, or crouching silently, dagger in hand, along the roadside in some filthy pool, fearing the sharp teeth of a passing dog—do lie in wait to hear a traveler's footstep, or the tinkle of a pack-mule's bell; a hundred of you scarce suffice to seize one poor man's collar; when 't is done, you hasten to your haunts. And you dare talk about your fathers! Why, your fathers, bravest of the brave, and great among the best, were conquerors; but you are thieves!

(The burgraves hang their heads dejectedly, with indignation and terror depicted on their faces.)

If you had hearts, if you had souls, then one might say to you: "In sooth you are too infamous! What moment do you choose, emboldened by your very cowardice, to ply your trade of brigandage? The moment when our Germany is dying!" Ignominy! Thankless sons! thus to despoil our common mother in her agony! She weeps, and, raising heavenward her stiffening arms, says in her feeble voice: "Be ye accursed!" What she says 'neath her breath, with the death-rattle in her throat, I cry aloud. I am your emperor, your guest no longer. Be accursed! To-day



I reassume my rights, and, self-chastised, may chastise others.

(He spies the two margraves, Platon and Gilissa, and walks up to them.)

Margrave of Moravia and Margrave of Lusatia, you here upon the Rhine! is this your place? The while these bandits entertain you at their joyous fêtes, horses are neighing in the Orient. The hordes of the Levant are at Vienna's gates. To the frontiers, my lords! begone! Remember Henry Longbeard, Ernest the Armor-clad. We guard the bastions; look you to the moat. Begone!

(He notices Zoaglio Giannilaro.)

Giannilaro, thy face angers me. What dost thou here? Return to Genoa, thou Genoese!

(To the Pendragon of Bretagne.)

What is Sire Uther's will? What! Bretons too! All the adventurers on earth are here!

(To the Margraves Platon and Gilissa.)

The margraves will pay each a hundred thousand marks by way of fine.

(To Count Lupus.)

Thou 'rt very young, but more perverse  
than young. Henceforth thou 'rt nobody!  
thy city is made free.

(To Duke Gerhard.)

The Countess Isabelle has lost her county.  
Thou, duke, art the thief! Thou 'lt go to  
Basle; we will convoke the imperial chamber  
there, and there, in public, thou wilt walk a  
league and carry in thy arms a Jew.

(To the soldiers.)

Release the slaves! and let them with their  
hands attach their fetters to the necks of these  
burgraves!

(To the burgraves.)

Ah! you did not foresee such an awakening,  
is it not so? The praise of love and banquets  
you were singing, glass in hand; with joyful  
clamor you were burying your nails in your  
poor victims; you were tearing limb from  
limb my people, who are dear, so dear to me,  
and parceling their flesh among you; when,  
suddenly, here in this inaccessible retreat, the  
avenger, wrathful, shuddering and terrible,

appeared. The emperor puts his foot upon your towers, the eagle lights amid the flock of vultures!

(The whole assemblage seems transfixed with consternation. While the emperor is speaking Job enters and joins the throng without speaking. Magnus alone shows no sign of mental disturbance while listening to the emperor, and does not take his eyes from his face while he is speaking. When he has finished Magnus gazes at him from head to foot, and his face assumes a sombre expression of joy mingled with rage.)

MAGNUS (with his eyes fixed upon the emperor).

Yes, it is he indeed! and living!

(With a powerful gesture he thrusts aside soldiers and princes, strides to the rear of the stage, leaps up the six stairs in two bounds, seizes the supports of the gallery with both hands, and shouts in a voice of thunder to those inside.)

Triple the sentinels! Archers to the donjon! slingers to both wings! Up drawbridge! down portcullis! Charge the mangonels! A thousand men to the ravine! A thousand to the battlements! Soldiers! to the woods and bring the largest blocks of stone, the tallest trees, and here, upon this mountain, which spreads terror through the world, erect a gibbet worthy of an emperor!

(He returns to the front of the stage.)

He has betrayed himself into our hands.  
He 's taken in the snare!

(Folding his arms, and looking the emperor in the  
face.)

I do admire thee! Where are thy people?  
Where the commissaries of the empire? Shall  
we soon hear the trumpets sound? Is it thy  
plan to sow amid the ruins of this donjon  
keep, which thou wouldst level with the  
ground, salt as at Lubeck, as at Pisa, hemp?  
But what is this? do I hear nothing? Can it  
be that thou art here alone? No army, Cæsar,  
at thy heels? I know that 't is thy wont  
and that 't was in this wise that thou, alone,  
with sword in hand, shouting thy name aloud  
and bursting in a gate, didst take Cori and  
Tarsus. But one step, one shout sufficed to  
impose thy yoke on Utrecht, Genoa, and  
degenerate Rome. Iconium bent the knee,  
and trembled Lombardy what time she saw the  
tree with iron leaves in Milan shiver beneath  
thy breath from hell; we know all that; but  
knowest thou who we are?

(Pointing to the soldiers.)

I listened to thee speaking to these men a

moment since, calling them “veterans” and “comrades!” Well and good! Not one among them budged. The reason is that here thou art of no account. My father is the man they fear and love. To Burgrave Job they yield obedience in preference to God himself! The guest alone is sacred, Cæsar, in the bandit’s eyes, and thou no longer art our guest, thyself didst say it.

(Pointing to Job.)

Hark ye, this old man’s my father. He it was who branded thee with the hot steel, and thou canst be identified more surely by the mark of that affront than by the consecrated oil, no longer visible upon thy brow! The hatred ’twixt you two is old as you are. Thou didst put a price upon his head, he puts a price on thine; he has thee on the hip. Thou art alone and naked in our midst. Friedrich von Hohenstaufen! look upon us all! Rather than have stepped—for in good sooth thou movest me to pity—within this silent circle of ferocious knights, Cadwalla, Darius, Gorlois, Hatto, Magnus, beneath the roof of the puissant Job, Burgrave of Taunus, well had it

been for thee—thou King of Burgundy and Arles, thou emperor who dost not even know to whom thou speak'st, and whom by nothing else than this mad freak a fool might recognize—well had it been for thee, if, rather than come hither, thou hadst made thy way, at night, into some cavern in the wilds of Africa, and there, O king! hadst seen lions and tigers suddenly spring out upon thee from the darkness that enveloped thee.

(While Magnus is speaking, the circle of burgraves slowly closes in around the emperor. Behind them three lines of soldiers, armed to the teeth, have silently taken their places; above their heads floats the great banner of the castle, half red and half black, with a silver axe embroidered on a field gules, and this legend beneath the axe: *MONTI COMAM, VIRO CAPUT*. The emperor, without recoiling a step, imposes respect upon them. Suddenly, when Magnus has ceased to speak, one of the burgraves draws his sword.)

CADWALLA (drawing his sword).

Cæsar, give us back our citadels!

DARIUS (drawing his sword).

Our castles, which are naught but swallows' nests!

HATTO (drawing his sword).

And our dead friends, who haunt our donjons when the night wind sighs among the reeds!

MAGNUS (seizing his axe).

Aha! thou hast returned to earth from out the sepulchre! So be it. I do send thee thither once again, in order that, at the same moment when the world shall hear ten thousand voices shout in ecstasy: "He lives!" echo shall answer: "He is dead!" So tremble, madman, who dost dare to threaten us!

(The burgraves, brandishing their swords, advance upon Barbarossa with threatening cries. Job comes forth from the throng and raises his hand, whereupon every voice is hushed.)

JOB (to the emperor).

Sire, my son has spoken truthfully. You are my enemy. 'T was I, who long ago, an angry soldier, raised my hand against your Majesty. I hate you. But I do not choose that Germany shall cease to hold a place among the nations of the world. My country's hovering upon the brink of utter darkness. Save her! Here I fall upon my

knees before my emperor, led back to us by  
God !

(He kneels before Barbarossa, then turns toward the  
burgraves and princes.)

To your knees all ! Throw down your  
swords !

(All except Magnus drop their swords and prostrate  
themselves. Job, on his knees, addresses the  
emperor.)

Your guiding hand is necessary to the  
downtrodden nation. You alone can save  
us ! Without you the state is on the verge of  
dissolution. There are in Germany two Ger-  
manys : you and myself.—You and myself, no  
more is needed, sire. Reign !

(Waving his hand toward the others.)

As for these youths I let them have their  
say. Forgive them. They are young.

(To Magnus, who is still on his feet.)

Magnus !

(Magnus hesitates for a moment. His father makes an  
imperative gesture, and he falls upon his knees. Job  
continues.)

Barons and serfs, helmeted heads and shoe-  
less feet, hunters and laborers, have always  
been at enmity ; the mountains constantly



make war upon the plains; you know it well. But I do, in this presence, freely say, the barons have done ill, the mountains have been in the wrong.

(He rises. To the soldiers.)

Set free the captives.

(The soldiers obey in silence, and remove the chains from the prisoners, who have come on the stage during the scene, and are standing in a group in the gallery in the background.)

Burgraves, assume their irons and their fetters, 't is the emperor's will.

(The burgraves spring to their feet indignantly. Job looks at them with a commanding expression.)

I, first of all.

(He motions to a soldier to place one of the iron rings about his neck. The soldier hangs his head and turns his eyes away. Job motions to him again. The soldier obeys, whereupon the other burgraves submit unresistingly to have the fetters placed upon them. Job, with the ring about his neck, turns to the emperor.)

Behold us now as thou wouldst have us, mighty emperor! Old Job in his own palace is a slave, and brings his head to thee. And now, if heads on which full many a storm has spent its force, deserve compassion, listen to me, O my master. When you go forth to fight on

the frontier, allow us—grant us this last favor, we implore—to follow you, armed and yet prisoners. We still will wear our chains; but place us face to face with the most barbarous and most intrepid of your enemies; and whosoe'er they be, Hungarians, Magyars, Vandals, be they more numerous than rain-drops in the spring or winter snow-flakes, and thicker than the grass upon the plain, and you will see us then, with downcast eyes, hearts overflowing with the vain regret which changes into wrath, laden with chains, but drenched with blood and terrible to see, sweep back the savage hordes before you—felons by the carcans round our necks, but heroes by our swords!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS OF THE CASTLE (approaching Job as if to receive his commands, and saluting him).

My lord . . .

(Job shakes his head and points to the emperor, who stands silent and motionless. The captain turns to him, and bows to the ground.)

Sire . . .

THE EMPEROR (waving his hand toward the burgraves).

To the dungeons!

(The soldiers lead away the burgraves, except Job, who remains behind at a sign from the emperor. All the others go off the stage. When they are alone, Friedrich walks up to Job, and removes his chain. Job submits in blank amazement. A brief pause.)

THE EMPEROR (looking Job in the face).

Fosco !

JOB (shuddering with fear).

Just Heaven !

THE EMPEROR (putting his finger to his lips).

Make no disturbance.

JOB (aside).

God !

THE EMPEROR.

To-night, await my coming where thou goest every night.



## PART THIRD

### THE LOST CAVE

A gloomy cavern with a low, arched roof, a damp, ghastly place. At the right a window with an iron grating, three of the bars of which are broken, and seem to have been pulled apart by violence. At the left a rough-hewn stone bench and table. At the back of the stage, in the darkness, a gallery; the pillars which support the arches can be vaguely distinguished.

It is night; a ray of moonlight shines in at the window, and throws the shadow of the bars upon the opposite wall.

As the curtain rises, Job is alone in the cave, sitting on the stone bench, and apparently absorbed in gloomy meditation. A lighted lantern stands upon the flags at his feet. He is dressed in a sort of frock of gray sack-cloth.

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#### SCENE I

JOB (alone).

What said the emperor? and what was my reply? I did not understand. No, no! It must be that I did not hear aright. Since yesterday my mind has been involved in darkness and in doubt. I totter as I walk, with

aimless step ; beneath my feet my path doth fade from sight ; an old, old man, I wend my melancholy way ; and real objects, swimming mistily before my almost sightless eyes, which plunge in vain into the gloom, tremble behind a veil as in a dream.

(Musing.)

Satan makes merry with the wits of the unfortunate. Yes, it must be a dream. Yes, but 't is frightful ! In our hearts, alas ! run through by swords that cut this way and that, when virtue sleeps, crime dreams. In youth the dream 's of triumph, in old age, of chastisement : a dream at the beginning and the end. The first lies ; says the second true ?

(A pause.)

One thing I know, that all has gone to ruin in my proud domain. Friedrich Barbarossa 's master in my house. O sorrow ! None the less, I have done well, for I have saved my country and the realm.

(Musing.)

The emperor ! We were but phantoms in each other's sight ; we gazed with dazzled eyes upon each other like two giants from a

vanished world ! We two alone are left upon the brink of the abyss ; we are the twofold frowning summits of the past ; our heads were held too high for the onrushing floods of the new age, which overflowed the world ! One of us two must fall, and I am he. The darkness stealeth over me. O wondrous happening ! the downfall of my mountain citadel ! To-morrow Father Rhine will tell the tale of this prodigious fall to the old German world, and how the fierce and savage duel 'twixt old Barbarossa and old Job came to an end at last. To-morrow I shall have no sons, no vassals. Farewell, stupendous strife ! farewell, fierce night affrays ! farewell, O glory ! I shall hear to-morrow, if I list, the passing traveler make sport of me and jeer ; and all will see old Job, who for a hundred years reigned supreme, and foot by foot defended every rock along the Rhine,—Job, who still lives and breathes despite the emperor and Rome—conquered at last, the beak of the imperial eagle fixed in his quivering flesh, a prostrate giant, whom no man need shudder to approach, last of the burgraves nailed to his last cliff !

(He rises.)

What ! Burgrave Job ! what ! is it I, who thus submit ? Be silent, pride ! here in this tomb-like spot, at least, pray hold thy peace !

(He looks about.)

'T was here, on such a night, beneath this roof, which one might deem alive. Oh ! 't was a weary while ago, and yet 't was always yesterday ! O horror !

(He falls back upon the bench, hides his face in his hands, and weeps.)

Beneath these arches ever since that day my crime has sweated drop by drop that bloody sweat which men do name remorse. Here in this tomb I whisper in the ear of the dead. Since then, O God ! insomnia has held its leaden fingers 'twixt my eyelids through the endless nights ! Or if, perchance, I fall asleep, two bleeding spectres pass incessantly before my eyes.

(He rises and walks to the front of the stage.)

The world deemed me great ; these mountains, heedless of the thunder, saw their patriarchal outlaw's beard turn white, and Europe gazed admiringly upon me standing



on my heaven-kissing peak. But, let a murderer do what he will, his mourning conscience never is his glory's dupe. The nations thought me drunken with my triumph; but at night,—for sixty endless years, every night!—dull-eyed, repentant, here I bend my knee! These walls, the cavernous recesses of this famous castle, see the real, ghastly emptiness of my false grandeur, Dead Sea fruit, alas! Before my steps the clarions rang out in triumph! I was great and powerful; with waving banner I attended on the emperor as a free count,—a lion in my lair. But while the world lay prostrate at my feet, my crime, a hideous monstrosity, was ever living in my breast, laughed when my venerable head was spoken of in praise, and, gnawing at my heart, cried constantly: “Vile wretch!”

(Raising his hands above his head.)

Ginevra! Donato! O victims of my passion, will you not have mercy on your murderer, when God shall take us all? Ah me! 't is not enough that I should kneel on this cold stone and beat my breast, repent with bitter tears, and pass my days in prayer. No one

forgives me! No! I know that I 'm accursed,  
I feel that I am damned!

(He resumes his seat.)

I had descendants, I had ancestors; my castle is no more; my son is old; his sons are traitors! My last-born, the light of my old age, I lost, alas! And they whom now I love,—for the heart always loves, because it is divine,—Otbert and Regina, were doubtless blown asunder in the whirlwind of my fall. I sought them, both have disappeared. This last blow is too heavy! let me die!

(He draws a dagger from his belt.)

My heart has always thought that there is someone here who hears my words.

(Turning and looking into the depths of the cavern.)

If it be so, I now implore thy pardon, Donato! pardon before I die! Job is no more. Fosco remains. Mercy for Fosco!

A VOICE (in the darkness).

Cain!

JOB (uneasily).

Methought that some one spoke. No, 't was an echo. If I heard a voice it must have been from out the tomb. For how could any

living man come hither? Save myself no mortal knows the secret corridor, wherein the light of day has never shone; for more than sixty years they who knew it have been dead.

(He walks a few steps toward the back of the stage.)

My clasped hands I raise to thee, O martyr!  
Mercy for Fosco!

THE VOICE.

Cain!

JOB (rising hastily, in affright).

'T is passing strange! It surely was a voice I heard! Ah, well, I do implore thee, shadow, phantom, whosoe'er thou art,—strike! strike! For rather would I die than hear again the gloomy echo in this darksome vault reply when I call Fosco.

THE VOICE.

Cain!

(The voice grows fainter, as if it were receding in the darkness.)

Cain! Cain!

JOB.

Great God! Great God! my knees do bend beneath me. I am dreaming. Grief, to madness changing, ends by intoxicating, as

it were wine brewed in hell. O God ! I hear the bitter laughter of remorse within my heart. Yes, 't is a fearful dream which follows me, where'er I go, and overwhelms me, and becomes more hideous in this infernal spot. O thou dread voice, that comest from the tomb, behold me ! To what question am I to reply ? Of what dost thou the explanation seek ? Speak. I will answer in all honesty.

(A woman, dressed in black and heavily veiled, with a lamp in her hand, appears at the back of the stage. She comes out from behind the pillar at the left.)

## SCENE II

JOB, GUANHUMARA.

GUANHUMARA (veiled).

What hast thou done with thy brother?

JOB (in deadly terror).

Who is this woman?

GUANHUMARA.

Up above a slave, but here a queen. To each his station, count. The castle, as thou knowest, is a twofold edifice, and its colossal towers have beneath their vast apartments more than one dark cavern. All that the sun shines upon is subject to thy law; but where the darkness dwells is my domain, O burgrave!

(She walks slowly toward him.)

Now I hold thee fast. My vengeance thou canst not escape.

JOB.

Who art thou, woman?

GUANHUMARA.

I will tell thee of a fiendish deed. 'T was—  
Oh! a long time since, and many then alive

are dead. The centenarian of to-day was thirty then.

(She points to a corner of the cave.)

There sat two lovers. Cast your eyes about this room. 'T was then, as now, a calm September night. The moon's cold light shone into the dark hole, and traced the figure of a shroud upon the wall.

(She turns and points to the patch of moonlight upon the wall.)

Like that. When suddenly, with sword in hand . . .

JOB.

Mercy! Enough!

GUANHUMARA.

Thou know'st the tale? Fosco, the spot where fell Donato with a dagger through his heart,

(She points to the stone bench.)

is here; . . . and this

(She seizes Job's right arm.)

the arm that stabbed him.

JOB.

Strike, but hold thy peace!

GUANHUMARA.

They tossed . . .

(She drags him roughly to the window.)

look! through this window Sfrondati, and  
Donato, squire and master! and to make  
room to push the bodies through,

(She points to the three broken bars.)

one of the murderers with his steel-gloved  
hand broke these three bars.

(She seizes his hand again.)

Count, 't was this hand, to-day as weak and  
nerveless as a reed!

JOB.

Mercy!

GUANHUMARA.

On that day some one begged for mercy,  
too. O shame! a woman shrieking aloud,  
and wringing her poor hands! The assassin  
laughed and bade his minions bind her . . .

(Pointing to one of the flags.)

here! Then he with his own hand placed on  
her foot the badge of slavery. 'T is here.

(She raises her dress, and shows the ring riveted about  
her bare foot.)

JOB.

Ginevra!

## GUANHUMARA.

Dead forehead and cold hand and hollow eye. Ah! yes, my name in Corsican is pleasant to the ear—Ginevra. These harsh northern tongues make it Guanhumara. Age, which doth freeze our blood and bring the wrinkles to our brow even as the northern winter, transforms the soft-eyed maiden to a livid spectre.

(She raises her veil and shows Job her haggard, emaciated features.)

Thou must die!

JOB.

I thank thee!

## GUANHUMARA.

Stay, old man, before thou thankest me.  
Thy son George is alive.

JOB.

Great God! what sayest thou?

## GUANHUMARA.

'T was I who took him from thee.

JOB.

In God's name! . . .



GUANHUMARA.

He had this bauble round his neck.

(She takes from her breast and tosses him a child's necklace, of gold and pearls, which he snatches and covers with kisses. Then he falls upon his knees.)

JOB.

In pity's name! I kiss thy feet! O let me see him!

GUANHUMARA.

Thou wilt see him soon, for he is coming to this place to kill thee.

JOB (rising in horror).

God! Pray hast thou made a monster of him in thy wrath, that thou canst think a child would kill his father?

GUANHUMARA.

Otbert is thy son!

JOB (clasping his hands above his head).

O blest be thou, my God! I dreamed 't was so. But he is nobleness personified; in his whole nature there is naught of evil; thou art mad to count upon my Otbert.

GUANHUMARA.

Listen. Thou hast walked in the bright sunlight, but my path has lain in darkness.

Thou hast not felt my presence crawling toward thee. Fosco, awake, to find thyself wrapped in the serpent's folds! Whilst thou wert talking with the emperor, I was beside Regina in her chamber: from my hands she took and drank a potent draught: I was alone with her . . . and now behold!

(Enter by the gallery at the back two masked men, dressed in black, carrying a coffin covered with a black cloth: they walk slowly across the back of the stage. Job runs toward them. They stop.)

JOB.

A coffin!

(Job removes the cloth in terror. The masked men make no opposition. He raises the winding sheet and discloses Regina's colorless face.)

'T is Regina!

(To Guanhumara.)

Monster! thou hast slain her!

GUANHUMARA.

Nay, not yet. Such jugglery as this is mere child's play to me. She is dead to all the world, but, count, to my eyes she but sleeps. If I but choose . . .

(She makes a gesture implying resurrection.)

JOB.

What price dost thou demand to waken her?

GUANHUMARA.

Thy death. Otbert will choose 'twixt her and thee.

(She holds out her right hand over the coffin.)

I swear by the eternal heaviness of heart an insult leaves behind, by Corsica, land of the golden sky and scorching sun, by the cold skeleton that slumbers in the torrent, by yon wall which bears the livid trace of blood, this coffin shall not go hence tenantless!

(The two bearers of the coffin resume their march across the stage, and disappear on the opposite side from that on which they entered.)

(To Job.)

Let him choose! She or thou must die! If thou dost wish to fly and leave them here, then fly! In that case Otbert and Regina both will die. They 're in my power.

JOB (hiding his face in his hands).

Horror!

GUANHUMARA.

Make thy choice: die thou, Regina shall not die!

## JOB.

In pity's name! one prayer! To die is nothing. Take me, take my blood, my life: but do not force a crime upon the innocent. Content thyself, O woman, with a single victim. A strange world doth manifest itself to me. My crime has germinated, here beneath these mountains in the gloom, a hell, wherein I see the demons moving to and fro, a hideous nest of serpents, born of the fatal drops that dripped upon these flagstones from my naked dagger! He who sows murder reaps a crop of woe! full well I know it. Thou hast drawn about me an infernal circle. What more dost thou need? Thou hast thy victim. It is just, thou doest well. I welcome thee with joy, for in my sons I am accursed and in my nephews. But the child! my last born! spare the child! What! can it be that thou wouldst have him enter here a spotless, pure and noble youth, and go hence branded with the ghastly mark I bear, the brand of Cain? Ginevra! inasmuch as thou didst feel that thou shouldst take him from me, from the poor old man, whose hope he was, and who could even then feel death at hand,—I have

no purpose here to speak reproachfully,—however, thou didst take the poor, dear child and keep him by thy side, and treat him kindly, didst thou not? And thou didst see—O how I envy thee the happiness! his eagle eye look up and question thine, his pure brow seek thy bosom's warmth, and his young soul spring into life! Ah, well, he is thy child! thy child as he is mine! I swear it! Ah! I have already suffered much, I do assure thee. I am punished cruelly! The day when I was told that George was lost, that some one had been seen to pass and carry him away—I thought my mind would leave me.—Nay, 't is the truth, as thou mayest know. I cried aloud these words, and nothing more: "My son is stolen!" Think of it! I fell upon the flagstones in a swoon! Poor child! Ah! when I think! He ran about among the roses, playing! Tell me, is it not such things as this that torture one? Be thou the judge if I have suffered. Oh! make not thyself the author of a crime more horrible than mine! Stain not that soul, still pure and spotless as it came from God! Oh! if thou feelest in thy breast the beating of a heart . . .

GUANHUMARA.

A heart? I have none. Thou didst tear it from me.

JOB.

Yes, I long to die and rest here in this tomb,—not by his hand!

GUANHUMARA.

Here brother did slay brother. Here the son shall slay the father.

JOB (on his knees, with clasped hands, groveling at Guanhumara's feet).

Oh! have pity on my misery, and let me die some other death! I do beseech thee!

GUANHUMARA.

Thou accursed! I did beseech thee once upon a time, as I did even now remind thee, on my knees, bare-bosomed, desperate. Dost thou remember that at last I rose, wild-eyed, and cried: "I am a Corsican!" and threatened thee? Whereon, tossing thy victim in the moat, thou with thy foot didst spurn me with a sneering laugh, and say: "Avenge thyself if thou art able!" This is my revenge!

JOB (still on his knees).

My son has never done thee harm. Mercy for him! I weep! Remember how I loved thee! I was jealous!

GUANHUMARA.

Peace!

(Looking upward.)

It is an impious thing, even among so many ghastly crimes, that this abandoned pair, speaking together in this terror-haunted cave, still dare pronounce, O love, thy sacred name!

(To Job.)

Even so, I also loved, yes I, whose heart is empty now! Give me my Donato! yes, give him back to me, thou fratricide!

JOB (rising, with gloomy resignation).

Does Otbert know that he is doomed to slay his father?

GUANHUMARA.

No. To save Regina, he will strike, not knowing thy true name.

JOB.

Otbert! O woeful night!

GUANHUMARA.

He knows, as does the headsman, that he punishes a culprit. Nothing more. Die veiled, speak not, if 't is thy pleasure: I consent.

(She removes her black veil and tosses it to him.)

JOB (seizing the veil).

O thanks !

GUANHUMARA.

I hear a step. Commend thy soul to God. 'T is he. I go within. I shall hear every word. I have Regina in my den ! Make haste and make an end of it.

(Exit at the back of the stage on the left, at the same point where the bearers of the coffin disappeared.)

JOB (falling on his knees beside the stone bench).

Just God !

(He throws the black veil over his head, and remains upon his knees, without moving, in the attitude of prayer. Enters by the gallery on the right a man dressed in black and masked like the two pallbearers. He carries a torch. He motions to some one behind him to enter. Enters Otbert, pale, agitated, wild-eyed. When he enters and while he is speaking Job does not move. Immediately upon his entrance the masked man disappears.)



## SCENE III

JOB, OTBERT.

OTBERT.

Pray, whither have you led me? What dark, gloomy place is this?

(Looking about.)

What! the masked man not here? Great Heaven! where am I? Can it be here? So soon! I shudder at the thought! My head is whirling.

(He spies Job.)

What do I see yonder in the shadow?  
Oh! 't is nothing!

(He feels his way along toward Job.)

The darkness oft deceives one.

(He lays his hand upon Job's head.)

God! 't is a living being.

(Job does not move a muscle.)

O my God! the sweat of crime doth freeze upon my brow. Is this the scaffold? and is that the victim? Ill-starred Fosco, whom 't is my sad fate to smite to-day, say, is it you?

O answer. He says nothing, it is he ! Oh ! speak to me, whoever you may be, for I do loathe myself. I bear you no ill-will ; I know not why you kneel there motionless, and why you do not rise before me, awful in your wrath ! I am unknown to you, as you to me. But surely you must feel that my hands were not made for work like this ? that I am but the instrument of fiendish vengeance and of ghastly retribution ? Know you that my feet are tangled in a winding-sheet, caught in its sombre folds ? Oh ! tell me, do you know Regina, my own love, my angel, whose sweet face brings sunshine to my heart ? Yonder she lies, enveloped in a shroud ; dead if my heart doth fail me, living if I kill ! Old man, have pity on me ! Speak, oh ! speak to me ! Oh ! tell me that you see my agony and dread, and that you pardon me your ghastly martyrdom ! Oh ! let me hear your voice say that to me ! A single word, old man, of pardon, for my heart is breaking ! Just one word, no more !

JOB (rising and throwing aside the veil).

Otbert ! my Otbert ! my dear child !

OTBERT.

Herr Job!

JOB (taking him in his arms in a frenzy of excitement).

No, no! my very soul goes out to him! This frightful silence tortures me beyond endurance! I am nothing more than a poor, weak old man, weeping unmanly tears, and over-spent. I cannot die until I have embraced thee! Come to my heart!

(He covers Otbert's face with tears and kisses.)

Child, let me gaze upon thee. Thou wouldst scarce believe, that though I've had the joy of seeing thee day after day for more than six months past, I have not really seen thee . . .

(He gazes at him with feverish eyes.)

This is the first time! A youth of twenty is a comely spectacle! Oh! let me kiss thy spotless brow! Oh! let me gaze upon thee at my leisure! Thou wert speaking but a moment since, and I was silent. Thou thyself know'st not how some things that thou saidst did stir my entrails. Otbert, thou wilt find my great sword hanging on my wall; I give it thee, my child! My casque, my oft-triumphant pennon, all are thine. I would that thou couldst read

my heart to see how dearly I do love thee !  
Take my blessing ! O my God, bestow thy  
benefits upon him ; may his days be long, as  
mine have been, but brighter ! Grant that  
his life be tranquil, prosperous, illustrious, and  
that his sons, devout and loyal as their father  
is, and filled with filial affection, may sustain  
his proud but faltering steps, when these black,  
glossy locks are turning gray !

OTBERT.

My lord !

JOB (laying his hands upon his head).

O heavens and earth, I do implore a blessing  
on this child in all that he has done and all  
that he has yet to do ! Be happy thou ! Now,  
Otbert, look and list ; I am no more a father,  
and no more a king ; my family are prisoners,  
and my castle fallen from its high estate. I  
should have freed my sons ; I should have  
bowed my head and lent my aid to succor  
Germany ; but I must die. My hand doth  
tremble so that I need help.

(He draws from its sheath the dagger Otbert wears in  
his belt, and hands it to him.)

I look to thee for this last, greatest service.

OTBERT (dismayed).

To me ! but do you know that I am here  
myself in search of some one . . .

JOB.

Fosco ? I am he.

OTBERT.

You !

(Recoiling a step, and peering into the darkness round  
about.)

O ye spectres who encompass me about,  
demons whose eyes are fixed upon us, who-  
soe'er ye be ! 't is he ! 't is the white-haired  
old man whom I do love and honor ! O have  
pity on us in this moment of supremest  
anguish ! All is still ! O God, 't is Job !  
horror of horrors !

(In a despairing tone, but with deep solemnity.)

Never can I raise my hand against thee,  
venerable man ! thou demi-god of the Rhine  
country ! consecrated head !

JOB.

My Otbert, smooth the way for me into the  
sepulchre. Needs must I tell thee all ? I am  
a criminal. Thy spouse on earth, thy sister

in the realms above, Regina, lieth yonder, pale and cold and fair, to whom thou gav'st thy word that thou wouldst do all mortal man could do for her, that thou wouldst rescue her, for love is virtue, though thou shouldst meet, thou saidst, upon the very threshold of the tomb, the devil opening the flaming pit, and pay that angel's ransom by delivering thy soul to him! Death holds her fast! death raises his accursed arm, whose shadow deepens round about her as the moments fly! Save her!

OTBERT (distractedly).

You think that I should save her?

JOB.

Canst thou hesitate? I, on the one hand, old, bald-headed, damned, whom everything doth seem to hasten onward to his end, less hero than brigand, less eagle than fish-hawk, whose dissolute and blood-stained life has often roused the muttering of the thunder at the feet of God! old age, and weariness and crime! And on the other hand, youth, virtue, beauty, innocence and love! A maid who loveth thee! a child who doth implore

thee! Oh! the insensate fool, to waver still  
betwixt a faded rag, shorn of the purple and  
dishonored, and the spotless raiment of an  
angel of the Lord! She longs to live, and I  
to die! And thou dost hesitate when thou  
canst with a single blow deliver two from  
bondage! If thou lovest us! . . .

OTBERT.

O God!

JOB.

Then set us free! Strike home! Saint  
Sigismond slew Boleslas to cure him of a  
loathsome ulcer. Who can blame him for it?  
Otbert mine, remorse is the heart's ulcer.  
Cure me of remorse!

OTBERT (taking the dagger).

So be it!

(He stops.)

JOB.

What holds thee back?

OTBERT (replacing the dagger in its sheath).

List to the frightful thought that came into  
my mind. You had a child, a son, a gipsy  
woman stole him from you. You did tell me  
so this morning. I myself was taken by a

woman in my infancy. Strange deeds are done in these strange times. Suppose I were that child, and you my father?

JOB.

(Aside.)

God!

(Aloud.)

Thy grief, my Otbert, has excited and bewildered thee. Thou 'rt not that child, my word for it!

OTBERT.

And yet you often say to me, "my son."

JOB.

I love thee so! 'T is habit, not to say that 't is the most endearing word.

OTBERT.

There 's something in my heart . . .

JOB.

Oh! no!

OTBERT.

I seem to hear a voice which tells me . . .

JOB.

'T is a lying voice.



OTBERT.

My lord! my lord! suppose I were your child?

JOB.

In God's name do not have such thoughts as that! I had the proof—O God! what shall I do?—that at a Jewish festival the child was sacrificed. His body was brought back to me. I told thee so this morning.

OTBERT.

No.

JOB.

Yes! search thy memory. No, Otbert, thou art not my son! thou shouldst believe me. Save for the proofs I have, 't is true, I do agree, the thought might well have come to my mind as it came to thine!—Certes! an infant stolen by an unknown hand!—Indeed, I 'm well content that thou didst have the thought, that so I might forever tear it from thy heart! And if, when I am dead, some rank impostor, to disturb the peace of thy poor soul, should say to thee that old Job was thy father—Oh! 't would be most infamous!—believe him not! Thou 'rt not my son! no,

Otbert mine ! When one grows old the memory is treacherous : but on the Sabbath night, as thou dost know, a child is sacrificed. 'T was thus my George was slain. By Jews. I had the proof of it. Otbert, be comforted. Fear not, my son ! Again ! I called thee "son" again, thou seest. Habit, nothing more ! Ah God ! the struggle at my age is hard indeed, believe me ! Doubt no more, obey me without fear ! For see, I kiss thy brow, I press against my heart thy hand which is to strike me, but will still be free from stain ! What ! thou, my son ! Dream not such dreams ! I swear . . . But, pray, consider, thou who thinkest much, thou who dost always find the truth in everything, think'st thou that I would lend my countenance to such a ghastly mystery ? For then thou must suppose . . . But is it possible ? In fine, I am full sure, since I do tell thee so ! Otbert, my best beloved, no, thou 'rt not my son !

THE VOICE (in the darkness).

Regina can await thee but a half-hour more.

OTBERT.

Regina !

JOB.

Hapless youth ! wouldst have her die ?

OTBERT.

Almighty God ! I, too, my God, have entered on a struggle far beyond my strength. I feel that I am overwrought and mad. In this abhorrent spot where crimes of long ago come face to face with dark deeds of to-day, the pestilential fumes of murder mount to my brain ! The air one breathes here is a miasmatic air !

(Wildly.)

Oh ! can it be that this old wall still thirsts for blood ?

JOB (putting the knife in his hand once more).

Yes !

OTBERT.

Do not urge me !

JOB.

Come !

OTBERT.

My feet are slipping into the abyss ! I hardly can retain my footing on the brink of crime. I feel that at this moment I am

capable of perpetrating some atrocious deed !  
Oh ! do not urge me !

JOB.

Save the innocent, and smite the guilty !

OTBERT (taking the knife).

But do you not understand that I might bring myself to do this thing ? Do you not know that I am half bereft of reason ? That these masked spectres made me swallow some vile drug to give me strength ? and that the drug implanted in my heart the temper of a Corsican ? That I can feel Regina dying ? that the she-wolf 's yonder in the shadow, mad with hunger ?

JOB.

Ah ! 't is time, 't is time, that I at last should expiate my crime. Donato on this spot did beg for mercy. I blasphemed. Be pitiless, as I was heartless then, my Otbert ! Satan, old and tottering, am I, be thou the conquering archangel !

OTBERT (raising the knife).

By my hand, O God ! against my will, is murder done !

JOB (kneeling before him).

Thou seest what a fiend I am! I stabbed—  
him! Strike! I killed him! 't was my  
brother!

(Otbert, like a madman, raises the knife, and is about  
to strike. Some one grasps his arm. He turns and  
recognizes the emperor.)

## SCENE IV

THE SAME: THE EMPEROR: afterward GUAN-  
HUMARA: then REGINA.

THE EMPEROR.

It was I!

(Otbert drops the dagger. Job rises and gazes at the emperor. Guanhumara's head appears from behind the pillar at the left, and she watches what follows.)

JOB (to the emperor).

'T was you!

OTBERT.

The emperor!

THE EMPEROR (to Job).

The duke, our father and thy king, concealed me 'neath thy roof. His motive? That I know not.

JOB.

You, my brother!

THE EMPEROR.

Bleeding, but breathing still, thou heldest me without the iron bars, and saidst: "For

thee the grave ! black hell for me !” Alone,  
I heard those words pronounced over the  
dark abyss, and then I fell.

JOB (clasping his hands).

’T is true, and Heaven foiled my crime !

THE EMPEROR.

Some shepherds saved my life.

JOB (falling at the emperor’s feet).

Behold me at thy feet ! Avenge thyself  
upon me !

THE EMPEROR.

Brother, let us embrace ! What better can  
we do upon the threshold of the tomb ? I do  
forgive thee.

(He raises and embraces him.)

JOB.

O Almighty God !

GUANHUMARA (stepping forward).

The dagger falls to earth ; Donato lives ! I  
may expire at his feet. Ye all may take again  
unto your hearts all those ye loved, all those  
on whom my cold and jealous hand was laid.

(To Job.)

Thou, thy son George.

(To Otbert.)

And thou, Regina, thy betrothed !

(She gives a signal. Regina, clad in white, appears upon the gallery at the left, tottering, supported by the two masked men ; she seems dazed. She spies Otbert, and falls into his arms with a loud shriek.)

REGINA.

O Heaven !

(Otbert, Regina and Job embrace one another in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy.)

OTBERT.

My Regina ! father !

JOB (raising his eyes to heaven).

God be praised !

GUANHUMARA (at the back of the stage).

'T is time for me to die ! O sepulchre,  
receive me !

(She puts a phial to her lips. The emperor rushes to her side.)

THE EMPEROR.

What hast thou done ?



GUANHUMARA.

I swore that hence this coffin should not go untenanted.

THE EMPEROR.

Ginevra !

GUANHUMARA (falling at his feet).

Donato !—'T is a swift poison.—Fare you well !

(She dies.)

THE EMPEROR.

I too go hence. Job, reign upon the Rhine !

JOB.

Nay, sire, stay !

THE EMPEROR.

I do bequeath a sovereign to the world. The imperial herald did but now come hither to make proclamation that the German princes have chosen Friedrich, my grandson, emperor. A wise and virtuous man, free from all enmities and from past errors. To him I leave the throne, and seek my solitude once more. Farewell ! Live, reign and suffer. These are troublous times ! Job, 't was my wish, before I die, bowing before the cross, this

once supreme and tutelary hand to extend for the last time, as king over my people, and as thy brother over thee. Whatever be his destiny, happy is he, who, when his hour is about to strike, can still bestow a blessing !

(All kneel to receive the emperor's blessing.)

JOB (taking his hand and kissing it).

Great is he who knows how to forgive !

#### THE POET.

Job, follow Barbarossa ! Brothers, go hence alone,  
And of your royal mantles make two winding-sheets.  
Each leaning on the other, march on, side by side,  
And both uphold the arch of ancient Germany !  
O colossi ! the world is far too small for you.  
O solitude profound, O sad, sweet solitude,  
Permit these giants twain to plunge into thy shade !  
And may the whole world, with respect, almost with  
fear,  
Look on while they do enter thy calm, dark domain,  
The mighty burgrave and the mighty emperor !

## NOTES

*Les Burgraves* was first performed at the Française on the 7th of March, 1843. Although it contains some of the finest passages to be found in any of the author's dramatic works, the play as a whole was generally deemed somewhat incoherent and obscure, and did not score an unqualified success, despite the great talent displayed by some of the actors, notably MM. Beauvallet and Ligier, as Job and Barbarossa respectively, and Madame Melingue as Gnanhumara. Considerable cuts were made between the first and second representations, but the play did not long hold the boards.

<sup>1</sup> Kaiser Friedrich "went on the crusade in his seventieth year (1189: Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem), thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety;' he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then!' said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: 'My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, 'in the River Cydnus,' say the most. Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder, says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand, rocky look

of the place. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern: Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow, winking—only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time it was, then drooped his eyelids again; not yet time, but will be soon!" (Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Vol. I., Book II., Chap. V.) According to Menzel Barbarossa was drowned in the "little river *Calicadnus* in Cilicia," and his body was recovered and buried in St. Peter's Church at Antioch. "The news of the great emperor's death was received with incredulity by the Germans, . . . . and the universal longing for his return can be discerned in the many legendary tales of the time. In a deep, rocky cleft in the Kylfhaüser Berg, above the golden meadows of Thuringia, still sleeps the noble emperor; with his head resting on his arm he sits beside a block of granite, through which his red beard has grown; and when the ravens no longer fly around the mountain, he will awake, and restore the golden age to the expectant world." (Wolfgang Menzel, *History of Germany*, Vol. I., Chap. CLII.)

<sup>2</sup> The Hohenstaufen family was descended from Friedrich von Büren, a Suabian noble, who was one of the most faithful adherents of the Emperor Henry IV. in his incessant warfare with Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand). He took the name of Hohenstaufen after the building of the castle of Staufen at the outlet of the Suabian Alp. He was invested with the dukedom of Suabia by Henry about 1080, and the emperor further exalted him by bestowing upon him the hand of his daughter Agnes. This Friedrich, known as Friedrich the Old, left two sons, Friedrich the One-Eyed, who succeeded him in the dukedom of Suabia—by Judith,

daughter of Henry the Black, Duke of Bavaria, he was father of Barbarossa—and Conrad, Duke of Franconia, who was the first Hohenstaufen to sit upon the imperial throne. He succeeded Lothar III. as emperor in 1138, and was himself succeeded by his nephew Friedrich Barbarossa in 1152.

<sup>3</sup> The accession of Conrad III. marked the real beginning of the century's long struggle between church and state, the pope and the emperor. On the one hand the pope, supported by France and by a faction in Germany headed by Welf, the Bavarian, who had become Duke of Saxony. Hence the name Welfs or Guelphs. On the other hand the emperor and his adherents, who eventually became known as the Waiblinger or Ghibellines, from the allod of Waiblingen in the Remsthal, which the Hohenstaufen inherited from Henry V., the last of the Salic emperors, who bequeathed all his possessions to them. "Welf" and "Waiblinger" were first adopted as the party cries of the respective factions at the siege of Weinsberg in 1141.

<sup>4</sup> At the accession of Barbarossa the crown of Denmark was the subject of bitter contention between three brothers, Canute, Waldemar, and Sueno. The emperor bestowed the crown upon Sueno, thus securing the northern frontier of the empire.

<sup>5</sup> On the death of Pope Hadrian IV. in 1159, there was a schism among the cardinals, the imperial faction, or Ghibellines, electing Victor IV., the Guelphs, Alexander III. Friedrich recognized the former, and was excommunicated by Alexander, with whom he finally made peace after being disastrously defeated by the Lombards at Legnano in 1176.

<sup>6</sup> When Barbarossa set forth upon his crusade in 1188 the Greek Emperor, Isaac, who had promised to furnish his immense army with provisions, broke faith

with him, and not only countenanced the hostility shown the crusaders by his subjects, but imprisoned the envoy sent to him by the emperor. Friedrich thereupon gave his soldiers license to plunder, and the country was laid waste. The city of Manicava was destroyed and many of the inhabitants put to the sword. The same fate befell Philippopolis, where many sick and wounded Germans had been mercilessly slaughtered. Isaac secured immunity for Constantinople only by placing his whole fleet at the emperor's disposal. Upon the arrival of the crusaders in Asia Minor the Sultan of Iconium, who had formed an alliance with the emperor through jealousy of Saladin's power, also broke faith with him, and was summarily punished.

<sup>7</sup> "Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies—had indeed a heavy-laden, hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic governor of Milan, 'lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days;' for the man was in earnest in that earnest time." . . . (Carlyle, *ubi sup.*)

<sup>8</sup> Albert the Bear (Albrecht der Bär) was the first of the so-called *Ascanien* Markgraves of Brandenburg—"the first wholly definite *Markgraf of Brandenburg* that there is—once a very shining figure in the world, though now fallen dim enough again." (Carlyle.) Under him the Markgraviate became an *Electorate*; that is to say the Markgraf or Elector was one of the seven entitled to participate in the choice of the emperor. "It is evident he had a quick eye as well as a strong hand and could pick what way was straightest among crooked things. He got the northern part of what is called Saxony and kept it in his family; got the Brandenburg countries withal, got the Lausitz;

was the shining figure and great man of the North in his day . . . We can only say it was the luckiest of events for Brandenburg and the beginning of all the better destinies it has had—a conspicuous country ever since in the world, and which grows ever more so in our late times. He had many wars; inextricable coil of claimings, quarrelings and agreeings; fought much—fought in Italy, too, against the Pagans (Saracens, that is); cousin to one Kaiser, the Lothar above-named; then a chief stay of the Hohenstaufen, of the two Hohenstaufens who followed; a restless, much-managing, wide-warring man. He stood true by the great Barbarossa, second of the Hohenstaufen, greatest of all the Kaisers; which was a luck for him, and perhaps a merit. He kept well with three Kaisers in his time; had great quarrels with ‘Henry the Lion’ about that ‘Billung’ Saxon Heritage, Henry carrying off the better part of it from Albert. Except that same Henry, head of the Guelphs or Welfs, who had not Albert’s talent, though wider lands than Albert, there was no German prince so important in that time.” He died in 1170, at the age of sixty-five or thereabout.

<sup>9</sup> Henry the Lion (Heinrich der Löwe), the son of Henry the Proud, Duke of Saxony, and grandson of the Emperor Lothar, was a prominent figure during much of Barbarossa’s reign—in the earlier years his faithful adherent and supporter; he is said to have saved his master’s life during an insurrection of the Romans in 1154. In 1156 at a diet at Ratisbon the emperor rewarded him with the duchy of Saxony. He became estranged from Barbarossa after the death of his kinsman, Welf, in 1169, and was thenceforth secretly or openly at war with him. In 1180 he was reduced to extremities and was obliged to sue for peace. The emperor treated him kindly, but remained



inflexible in his determination to crush the power of the Welfs by dismembering Bavaria and Saxony. Henry was permitted to retain nothing but Brunswick and was exiled for some three years. The emperor had no sooner departed on his crusade than Henry returned to Germany from England, and attempted to reconquer the duchy of Saxony. He was finally reconciled with the Emperor Henry VI. after the death of Barbarossa. He died in 1195, at the age of sixty-six. His second wife was Matilda, daughter of Henry II. of England.

<sup>10</sup> Barbarossa was succeeded on the imperial throne by his son Henry VI., who died in 1197. In 1198 Philip, surnamed the Gentle, the last of the sons of Barbarossa, was elected emperor at Mühlhausen. Otto, the son of Henry the Lion, also claimed the crown, but the faction of the Welfs was very weak in Germany at the time, so he sought the alliance of England and Denmark, and the favor of the pope (Innocent III.), whose policy it was to create a counterpoise to the power of the Hohenstaufen. He was elected at Cologne, and Innocent, declaring that the election depended upon him alone, as he reigned over the universe, bestowed the imperial title upon him. Philip proved the stronger of the two, and the pope was finally induced to recognize him. Philip was murdered in 1208. Friedrich, son of Henry the Sixth, and grandson of Barbarossa, had been made king of Apulia and Sicily in 1198, holding the kingdom in fee of the pope, to whom he paid an annual tribute. By Philip's death he became the last male heir of the Hohenstaufen, and as he was high in favor with Innocent, Otto undertook to rival him in that direction. He succeeded for the time and was once more rewarded with the imperial crown. But the non-interference



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of the pope, on the occasion of an uprising of the Romans against the presence of the Germans in the papal city, led Otto to withhold certain territory from him, and Innocent retaliated by commanding the German princes to elect Friedrich of Palermo emperor, 1211. His mandate was obeyed at a diet held at Bamberg, and after some years of conflict he was solemnly crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1215.



# EDITION DEFINITIVE

## NOTE

On the first page of the manuscript is this memorandum :

Begun September 10, 1842.

Finished October 19.

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The following variations, together with lines suppressed or replaced, may be noted :

## PART FIRST

### SCENE I

GUANHUMARA.

(Alone.)

This castle, filled with mourning and with merry-making, rears its head amid the tempests on its inaccessible and lofty mountain top.

### SCENE II

In an earlier version the ambuscade in which the slaves were captured was made part of the play.

The scene was laid upon the mountain side. The caravan of merchants and students had halted for rest.

KUNZ.

The mist hides everything, mountains and plains alike. One's eyes are useless.

TEUDON.

Bandits infest these mountains. Let us make no sound ! Josse, bid the servants take the bells from the mules' necks. The devil take me if I can imagine where we are !

JOSSE.

We are all over weary, mules and men alike.

TEUDON.

Go to. This is our camping ground.

KUNZ.

How dense the mist !

HAQUIN.

How wearisome ! To go beyond this spot to-day is quite impossible !

The motive of the plot was then developed in the conversation of the travelers. Then one of them interrupted :

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ARNOLD.

I marvel at you all ! I tell you this in all sincerity ! You are among the mountains of the bandit knights, lost, wandering aimlessly about, and far from every sign of human life ; the mist confuses you, chance is your guide ; it may be that your foes are lurking in the darkness yonder ; everything doth wear a threat'ning look, the storm, the darkness, the ravine, the forest, robbers, burgraves,—and amid these pressing dangers the absorbing question that you all are dreaming of is this : “ Is Barbarossa dead or living ? ”

HAQUIN.

Ah ! that poltroon Arnold speaks.

ARNOLD.

O ye poor fools ! Can you so much as tell me where you are ? No. I am not alone in my forebodings. But a moment since I spoke a word near by with the old hag—thou knowest, Hermann ?

HERMANN.

Ah ! the strange woman who some say is mad, while others say she is a sorceress ; she who has traveled with us a full month, and gathers herbs from morn till night.

. . . . .

JOSSIUS.

Those were wars of giants ! The burgraves all bore aid to one another. We needs must take by storm

each wall, each door, hewing with swords, or biting with the teeth. The struggle ceased without, to be renewed within.

## SCENE III

OTBERT, REGINA.

OTBERT.

Why went you to the banquet ?

REGINA.

Hatto . . .

OTBERT.

Hatto ! Hatto !

REGINA.

He would have forced me to. Before him everyone doth tremble. I am betrothed to him.

OTBERT.

Why not complain to the true master of the castle ?  
He is kind of heart.

REGINA.

Yes, and I love him.

OTBERT.

And I love him too. For he is great and noble ;  
though bent with age, and, overspent with care and  
weariness, his joy is all in you.

## SCENE IV

GUANHUMARA, OTBERT.

GUANHUMARA.

I have felt the scorching simoom, and the cold north wind. A master with his whip has driven me before him !

. . . . .

Oh ! beware, thou madman ! thou dost shake the tree, and forth will come the owl !

OTBERT.

(Beseechingly.)

Oh ! by the love thou . . .

GUANHUMARA.

Thou hast tempted me, now I tempt thee.

. . . . .

(Exit Guanhumara.)

OTBERT.

(Alone.)

Woman, I thank thee ! Whosoe'er thou art, whatever be thy plan, I thank thee ! My Regina will not die ! But what is this that I have done ? O wretched Otbert ! poor abandoned soul ! A man thou wouldst be, and thou art a sword, and nothing more ! Nay, not a sword,—a dagger ! To-night the hand may leave thee in thy sheath, to deluge thee with blood to-morrow ! Mine must be the hand to mete out punishment, a victim I must have—a murder for a murder, crime for

crime! Whither do my steps tend? Who am I? O twofold doubt! 'T is done, for I have sworn. Ah me! fatality has dogged my footsteps from the day that I was born. From infancy, invisible, but always present to my mind, and terrible to think upon, it follows in the shadow close beside me, and with fearful heart I hear the rattle of its chains around me!

(Footsteps, singing and loud shouts of laughter without. He listens.)

Hatto comes. This phial to Regina with all speed!

(He stops and seems to reflect a moment.)

I save Regina, then commit the crime, then kill myself. 'T is said!

(Exit.)

## SCENE VI

HATTO.

These portraits of my ancestors! who turned their faces to the wall? I will chastise the villain roundly! Answer all! Who dared?

MAGNUS.

'T was I.

HATTO.

What do I hear?

MAGNUS.

'T was I. 'T was none of thy Bohemians. I placed these portraits, all of them, thy ancestors and mine, these heroes in whose presence I do tremble, face to the wall and in the shadow, lest a flush of shame



should tinge their cheeks to see the degradation of their sons !

HATTO.

(In a rage.)

You are my lord and father. But though one be a son, foul insult doth arouse one's anger. Such indignity doth set your blood a-boiling in my veins. Old Barbarossa punished his grand-uncle Louis for a lesser insult.

## SCENE VII

JOB.

(To the Beggar.)

Hast thou been told that every gallant man finds welcome here, that he makes rich men poor, and masters slaves, holds convents and whole provinces to ransom, their duchies take from dukes, from counts their counties, and amid the strife of princes and of cities, amid the anarchy prevailing throughout Europe, and the civil wars, before the eyes of Germany, beset on every side, displays upon the summit of his lordly tower, as if it were the flowing robe of hate above the heads of vassals, noblemen and kings, a great black flag, an awe-inspiring banner which the tempest in its fury tears to tatters ?

. . . . .

Not fate, nor king, nor emperor, nor Rome, nor human might, nor might of God, not one nor all of these have ever conquered or subdued or bent the aged Titan of the Rhineland, Job the Excommunicate !

## PART SECOND

## SCENE I

THE BEGGAR (alone).

Germany! Germany! oh! how degenerate are thy sons! Four emperors, and yet no emperor. I come.

## SCENE II

OTBERT, REGINA.

REGINA.

As toward dear friends, I turned my glad eyes toward the flowers that exhaled so sweet a perfume, toward the birds that sang in nature's broad expanse.

## SCENE III

OTBERT, GUANHUMARA.

OTBERT.

Thanks!

GUANHUMARA.

Nay, wait before thou thankest me.

## SCENE IV

JOB, OTBERT, REGINA.

JOB.

The beggar, who's my guest, spoke with deep feeling yesterday. A guest is God himself, and his words troubled me.

. . . . .

(To Othert and Regina.)

O pity me, and love me ! for our lot demands a drop  
of water for our thirst, and for the heart a little love.

## SCENE V

MAGNUS.

[(To the emperor.)

And who am I ? One night near Andernach Ulrich  
the Black I saw, eaten by crows upon a gibbet built  
of stone. I burned the wood of Andernach from end  
to end because it made the crows ;—but thou didst  
make the gibbet !

## PART THIRD

### SCENE I

JOB (alone).

Yes, 't is a frightful dream, which haunts my slow  
funereal steps, and in this gloomy spot becomes more  
hideous still ! Black fiends ! against you I defend  
myself ! you take away my reason, I am fearful as a  
child. Yes, I am fearful ! Demons, from whose  
clutches I cannot escape, what have you done with  
me ?

GUANHUMARA.

(Appearing.)

What hast thou done with thy brother ?

## SCENE II

## GUANHUMARA.

It is an impious thing, even among so many blacker crimes, that this abandoned pair, speaking together in this terror-haunted cave, dare still pronounce, O love, thy sacred name ! But thou dost know for whom my heart is calling ; bid this fratricide, O love, restore him to me !

AMY ROBSART



## PREFACE

BY THE EDITORS

In 1828 Victor Hugo had just completed *Cromwell*, and was about to write *Marion de Lorme*. *Cromwell* was not his first drama; several years earlier he had written one, under circumstances which are thus related by the author of *Victor Hugo Raconté par un témoin de sa Vie*.

“ \* \* \* At the age of nineteen, when, his mother being dead and his father at Blois, Victor Hugo, alone in the world and prevented by his lack of means from marrying, was seeking in every direction the money which would bring happiness within his reach, M. Soumet proposed to him that they should together write a play based upon one of Walter Scott's novels, *Kenilworth*. M. Soumet was to arrange the plot, M. Victor Hugo to write the first three acts, and M. Soumet the last two.

“ M. Victor Hugo did his part ; but, when M. Soumet read his three acts, he was only half satisfied : he did not approve the combination of tragedy and comedy, and he wanted to cut out all that was not grave and serious. M. Victor Hugo cited Shakespeare as a precedent ; but at that time English actors had not made Shakespeare popular in Paris, and M. Soumet claimed that, although his plays were good reading, they would not stand the test of representation ; that *Hamlet* and *Othello*, moreover, were rather sublime efforts, beautiful monstrosities, than chefs-d’œuvre ; that a play must make its choice, to arouse laughter or weeping. The collaborators, being unable to agree, parted on the best of terms ; each of them took with him the acts he had written and his independence, and completed his play as he chose. M. Soumet produced *Emilia*, which, when played at the Théâtre-Français by Mlle. Mars, had a sort of half-success. M. Victor Hugo completed his *Amy Robsart* according to his own ideas, freely mingling comedy and tragedy therein.”

Six years had passed, and M. Hugo had entirely forgotten his first play, when the



younger of his two brothers-in-law, Paul Foucher, who had a strong inclination for the stage, begged him to let him read it. Alexandre Soumet had mentioned it to him the day before as a singularly interesting piece of work.

"It startled me a little at the time," said Soumet, "and there are many audacious passages in it which I myself would not venture to father even now; but, as English dramas have succeeded, I don't see why that should not succeed. If I were Victor Hugo I would not throw away a play in which there are some very fine scenes."

Paul Foucher, after reading the drama, insisted that Victor Hugo should follow Soumet's advice. But Hugo, who had already become famous, did not care to put his name to a play whose subject was borrowed from somebody else.

"Very well," said Paul Foucher, "if you don't wish to have it produced under your name, let it be produced under mine. You will do me a great service, for such a play will bring my name forward, and throw the stage-doors wide open to me."

Victor Hugo consented, glad to oblige his brother-in-law, and no less glad perhaps to make this trial of the theatre and the public.

But the play was not produced as the author wrote it at the age of nineteen. Victor Hugo did to *Amy Robsart* what he had done to *Bug-Jargal*, and what he would have done to *Cromwell*, had not Talma's death prevented its production. He modified and compressed the drama, and did not allow it to be played until he had prepared it for the stage.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER

RICHARD VARNEY

SIR HUGH ROBSART

FLIBBERTIGIBBET

ALASCO

LORD SUSSEX

LORD SHREWSBURY

FOSTER

ELIZABETH, Queen of England

AMY ROBSART

JEANNETTE

Lords, Ladies, Guards, Pages

## ACT FIRST

A large Gothic apartment. At the rear, a glass door. At the right, an open window. On the same side, an arm-chair for two persons, surrounded by an earl's and countess's coronets; the feet of the chair are hidden by velvet valances. A table with twisted legs.

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### SCENE I

EARL OF LEICESTER, VARNEY.

(They enter together, talking. Leicester places a small iron casket on the table.)

LEICESTER.

Thou 'rt right, Varney, though thy advice tallies not, mayhap, with that my conscience offers. To make known to the queen my secret marriage to Amy Robsart is impossible to-day. Elizabeth doth confer upon me the rare and signal honor of a visit here in my castle of Kenilworth. A few hours hence she will be here, and in her train my rival, rather my enemy, the Earl of Sussex, 'twixt whom

and myself it is her purpose to effect a reconciliation.

VARNEY.

In sooth, the virgin-queen, as she is called, doth not with good grace allow that they who aspire to her favor should be more enslaved than she herself is by the laws of love. To confess that neither your heart nor your hand is free would be to give the Earl of Sussex such a great advantage !

LEICESTER (interrupting him, impatiently).

I tell thee, Richard, that I will do what thou wouldst have me do, for 't is forced upon me by my embarrassing situation. But none the less my heart is filled with anxiety and sorrow. What is the favor of a queen compared with domestic happiness ? what is disgrace inflicted by Elizabeth beside my Amy's love ?

VARNEY.

To hear the Earl of Leicester draw that parallel should be enough to fill my lady's heart with gratitude.

LEICESTER.

Beloved Amy !

VARNEY.

To hear the Earl of Leicester heave that love-lorn sigh should be enough to make the heart of Sussex swell with hope.

LEICESTER.

Sussex ! Sussex ! I tell thee I have decided to be silent ! But if the queen should discover without my help that which thou dost prevent me from disclosing to her myself ?

VARNEY.

Have no fear, my lord. This ruined portion of the castle escapes all prying eyes ; 't is far removed from the new castle, and is supposed to be uninhabited and uninhabitable. And, in good sooth, did it not shelter your lordship's mysterious dove, one might say—even though you should leave your crabbed old retainer Foster here—that 't was inhabited by none but owls.

LEICESTER.

'T is well ; now leave me, Varney. Go and overlook the last preparations for the queen's reception. I must, myself, hold speech with our astrologer.

VARNEY (feigning surprise).

Ah! has my lord caused Alasco to be summoned hither?

LEICESTER.

Aye, yesterday. Didst thou not know it? He 's in the secret chamber above our heads. Send him some refreshment, Varney, while I question him touching a certain person's horoscope.

VARNEY.

Enough, my lord.

(He bows and exit.)



## SCENE II

LEICESTER (alone).

(He slowly approaches one of the windows.)

Not a cloud in the sky. Ah! if 't is true that our destinies are subject to the action of the stars that twinkle above our heads, the revelation of their influence was never more necessary to me than at this moment; my path on earth is uncertain and hidden!

(He sits down by the table, opens the iron casket, and takes from it a piece of paper covered with cabalistic signs.)

I can not take my eyes from the mysterious signs drawn by Alasco's hands. But ought I to put faith in their brilliant predictions? What would England say did she but know that at this hour the noble Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's all-powerful favorite, is seeking, like a child, to read his destiny in the symbolical inventions of an astrologer? Ah! but is not my weakness shared by all who have cherished in their hearts the loftiest ambition? Mere commonplace destinies have

no horoscope ; but Cæsar more than once consulted the prophetesses of Gaul before he passed the Rubicon !

(He approaches the wall at the back of the stage, opens a low, masked door, and, after looking uneasily about, calls in a hollow voice :)

Alasco ! Demetrius Alasco !

(A little old man comes down a dark, narrow staircase, and appears upon the stage. He is dressed in a full gray frock. He has a bald head, white beard and black eyebrows.)

## SCENE III

LEICESTER, ALASCO.

ALASCO.

My lord, I am at your service.

LEICESTER (pointing to the parchment).

Old man, know'st thou that thou hast here set down most audacious dreams? That night the heavens were cloudless, and thou couldst read them like an open book. The stars—am I not right?—have not confirmed those rash predictions.

ALASCO.

Not so, my son ; I have seen again in your star what it had already disclosed to me. Earl of Leicester, thy ambition is great, but thy fortune will be greater still.

LEICESTER.

Thou didst then, in very truth, see in the darkness of my destiny . . .

ALASCO.

Must I repeat it? A throne. And what throne? The first on earth!

LEICESTER.

Old man, dost thou weigh well thy words?

ALASCO.

You 'd have the truth, my lord. I know that 't is not always prudent to tell the truth to those who rule the world.

(At that moment Leicester meets the false, piercing eye of Alasco fixed upon his face. The earl hastily puts his hand to his sword.)

LEICESTER.

Villain! thou dost deceive me! By the faith of my ancestors thou 'rt making sport of me. Dearly shalt thou pay me for thy insolent raillery.

ALASCO.

Nay, he rails not, who has his eyes upon the heavens and his foot upon the tomb! Hark ye, my son: To-day the April moon is in the great Chaldean arc. I have been forewarned that on this day your unworthy servitor would be in danger of his life, but that he would come forth therefrom safe and well. I am old, weak and defenseless, and you are young and strong and armed, but I shall have more faith than you in the twofold

prediction ; your star lied not, and you will not kill me.

LEICESTER.

A proof ! a proof ! Give me the proof that I am not the dupe of an impostor !

ALASCO.

The proof ? 'T is this : that while I foretell for you this royal future, I am none the less aware what obstacles the past puts in your way.

LEICESTER.

How now ! what obstacles ? What meanest thou ? Who told thee ?

ALASCO.

My son, remember that yesterday you caused me to be seized in my secure retreat, like a wild beast ; that a closed carriage, so tightly closed that none could look within, brought me to this dungeon, isolated from all human habitations ; that no human voice has struck upon my ear for four and twenty hours ; and that, fasting and sleepless, as the cabalistic law prescribes, last night with my unsmiling eyes I studied for you, from this narrow turret, the book that has no pages. Reflect, and say if any human means could have

informed me that this ruin is not deserted, as it is supposed to be, but that it has an occupant whom it conceals from all the world.

LEICESTER.

My God! stay! hold thy peace! He is right. How can he have found out?

ALASCO.

(He takes a parchment from his bosom, and pretends to study it closely.)

The irregularity of the stellar zones indicates that the young woman's birth, though honorable, is below the rank of the noble earl. Nathless the crossing of the lines denotes a lawful marriage, which is kept secret, as the proximity of the nebulous Chormith proves. But this marriage must inevitably be dissolved; for the young lady's pale star will disappear in the beams of the great Southern comet, which draws into its vortex the noble earl's bright star, and represents . . .

LEICESTER.

And represents . . . ? Finish, knave, finish!

ALASCO.

Your lordship will have it so?

LEICESTER.

And quickly, I command thee !

ALASCO.

I am but a feeble old man, and what my mouth says was not conceived in my mind.

LEICESTER.

Speak then ! wilt thou speak ?

ALASCO.

The great crowned comet represents an exalted, sovereign lady, who is to come from the south . . .

LEICESTER.

What says it? Old man, what meaning dost thou conceal 'neath these mysterious words? Tell me, I command thee, who this sovereign lady is?

ALASCO.

The Earl of Leicester is not unversed in heraldry, and he will recognize her by her crown.

LEICESTER.

Ye powers of heaven !

ALASCO.

The sovereign brings hither in her heart a tenderness as yet but ill-defined, which may

become more clear and stronger. And perchance,—What is love beside ambition? A man doth not refuse the hand that gives a sceptre. The lord of this castle is not wont to pause in the career of grandeur . . .

LEICESTER (bewildered).

Enough, old man, enough! You speak to me of the future, and your voice causes my heart to ache as if it were the voice of my remorse!

ALASCO.

If your lordship . . .

LEICESTER.

Enough, I tell thee!

(After a pause.)

Alasco, if thou dost set store by thy life, bear always in mind that, when one has the fortune to know everything, 't is most essential also to know how to hold one's peace. I will reward thee generously for thy words, but for thy silence more generously still.

(He tosses him a purse of gold.)

(Enters Varney, followed by a servant with a basket in which refreshments can be seen. The servant places the basket on a table, and exit.)



## SCENE IV

LEICESTER, ALASCO, VARNEY.

VARNEY.

My lord, your orders have been carried out. Kenilworth Castle is ready to receive her Majesty the Queen.

LEICESTER.

'T is well. I go now to make my own preparations. I will return hither, ere long, to fulfill a desire which the lady within hath graciously expressed. Do you, Varney, have an eye to Alasco's comfort. Show him all the consideration due to his years and his learning.

(Varney bows. Exit Leicester.)

## SCENE V

ALASCO, VARNEY.

VARNEY (*looking at Alasco, with a laugh*).

Well, thou old child of hell, so my master and thine has become thy dupe? The royal lion of England is caught in thy toils, eh, fox?

ALASCO.

You might, my son, express yourself with greater dignity. If my learning . . .

VARNEY.

Thy learning! Come, throw away the mask with me, who know thy face! Darest thou say to me that thou hast in very truth read in the stars the surprising revelations that thou didst but now make known to the earl?

ALASCO.

At least, mysterious means . . .

VARNEY.

Yes, yes, a strip of parchment that a sly and active emissary of my own slipped into thy hand last night on thy arrival.

ALASCO.

Aha! the youth who whispered to me in the darkness came from thee? Who was he, prithee? His voice was not unknown to me.

VARNEY.

A page the devil sent to take service with me. However, you knew enough to profit by the information he gave you.

ALASCO.

Why not? since it saved me precious time, much more profitably employed in the contemplation of nature's secrets, in the conquest of universal knowledge. One step more, and I shall have penetrated to the inmost recesses of the laboratory of creation, and shall hold in my hands the seeds of gold! and then, take heed, 't will be my turn to be thy master, thou insolent favorite's favorite!

VARNEY.

Hoity-toity! Master Alasco, let us not lose our heads! I have such faith in your science that, should I forfeit your good-will, I should eat nothing but fresh eggs for three months.

ALASCO.

Presumptuous man! my philters! my potions! dost think that I would waste them upon thee? Dost think that I would throw away, to save thy miserable life, the sublime quintessences of the rarest plants, the purest minerals, wherein so many priceless elements are concentrated that the whole domain of a Leicester would not pay for one phial? Have no fear, Varney! although 't is certain that more venom can be extracted from thy body than from any viper's, thou art not worth a drop of one of my poisons.

VARNEY.

That 's the most comforting word that thou hast thus far said to me.

ALASCO.

And as for penetrating, without thee, thy master's secrets, had I but chosen to exert myself, the task would have been no more difficult than in the case of thy own secrets, Richard Varney!

VARNEY.

My secrets? 'T is, indeed, no difficult matter to know them: I have none.

ALASCO.

Is 't so? And Leicester's clandestine marriage which thou dost so earnestly desire to annul,—is it in his interest, sayest thou? Is it in order that he may not pause in his glorious career?

VARNEY.

Aye, and a little, mayhap, to exchange the livery of a nobleman's squire for the cloak of a king's equerry.

ALASCO.

Is it for that alone, subtle Varney? It was beneath thy roof that the illustrious Earl of Leicester was first presented to fair Amy Robsart; behind thee he took shelter, when, seeking to seduce her but seduced by her instead, he made fair Amy his wife. In the eyes of old Sir Hugh Robsart the man who carried off his daughter was not Leicester, but Dudley.

VARNEY.

These secrets, O sagacious Alasco, thou didst learn from my own mouth.

ALASCO.

True, but there are others I have read in thine eyes. Thou hast taken the comedy seriously, my master; thou lovest Amy Robsart.

VARNEY (with a forced laugh).

I love her! Nonsense!

ALASCO (persisting).

Thou lovest Amy Robsart! and, if thou 'rt bent upon separating her from the earl, 't is in the hope that some day she will cleave to the squire.

VARNEY.

Peace! Who can have told you that? 'T is not the countess; she is far too proud!

ALASCO.

Thy confusion proves to me that I am not at fault. Suppose the earl should learn how his squire doth abuse his confidence?

VARNEY.

Suppose the earl should learn how his astrologer doth play upon his credulity? Go to! go to! be guided by me, Alasco, and let us remain good friends! For both of us it is the safest way.

(Drawing nearer to him.)

Listen. Your laboratory at Pelham blazed forth one morning like unto one of hell's craters. You know that on the estate of

Cumnor we have one tenfold more valuable, where you will find furnaces and starry globes left by the former prior, and where you can melt, amalgamate, compound, blow, calcine, vaporize and volatilize at your sweet will, till the green dragon changes to a golden goose . . .

ALASCO.

Good! and what commands must I obey to gain possession of so fine a workshop?

VARNEY.

Do what I say, and hold thy peace concerning what I do.

ALASCO.

So be it. But, first of all, I prithee tell me, am I to be kept long a prisoner in this deserted turret? I like not to remain thus all alone at night, with the screech-owls and eagles.

VARNEY.

What do I hear? The sorcerer doth tremble like a child in solitude and darkness? Thou dost not now make gold, Alasco, and thou hast no fear of robbers. As for the demons, they ought at least to leave thee at peace in this world.

ALASCO.

This world is not the only world ; there is the other ! and last night I saw . . .

VARNEY.

Saw what, in God's name ? Thy patron, Satan, with his horns twelve cubits long, and his tail, that makes as many turns upon itself as doth the spiral staircase in the old bell-tower of St. Paul's at London ?

ALASCO.

Joke not, Varney, and speak lower. Yes, last night, at midnight, I saw a spectre.

VARNEY.

Dost thou take me for Leicester, Alasco ?

ALASCO.

Speak low, I tell thee ! Varney, I had, of late, a pupil, a disciple . . .

VARNEY.

Aye, a confederate.

ALASCO.

Pray hold thy peace ! He was a strange being, capricious and mischievous ; as clever



as a demon and agile as a sylph ; more like a child than like a man, and much more like an imp than either. His name was Flibbertigibbet.

VARNEY.

An impish name, in truth.

ALASCO.

He had an inquisitive eye and a keen mind ; he mastered certain of my secrets . . .

VARNEY.

Rash youth !

ALASCO.

I was compelled to part with him. I left Pelham, leaving my laboratory, my alembics and my furnace at his disposal. But I did not forget to leave a keg of powder hidden in a secret compartment of the furnace !

VARNEY.

Ingenious negligence !

ALASCO.

I learned two days later of the explosion of the laboratory. My poor pupil surely met his death therein.

VARNEY.

At all events thy poor pupil carried thy secrets with him to the grave.

ALASCO.

Aye, but he brings them back again !  
Varney, 't was he, his phantom, that appeared to me last night beneath the arched roof of this turret !

VARNEY.

Can it be so ? What said he to thee ?

ALASCO.

Fearful things ; things that hell, death and he alone could know. He reproached me, with a bitter laugh, for what he called his murder. I was half senseless with fright.

VARNEY.

And in what shape did Flibbertigibbet's shade appear to thee ?

ALASCO.

In the shape of a young flame-colored devil, with something at the end of his black horns that gave forth a phosphorescent gleam in the moonlight.

VARNEY (*aside*).

It must have been my shatter-brained little clown !

ALASCO.

What say you, Richard, to this strange vision?

VARNEY.

But was it not rather dream than vision?

ALASCO (shaking his head).

Nay, Varney, nay! the infernal powers take a hand in our affairs. Let us beware!

VARNEY.

One reason more, my friend, why we should work in unison! Alasco, 't is not within my power to set thee free at once; but I may indirectly advise Leicester so to do. Give me thine aid, and I will give thee mine. The earl will soon return and must not find us together. Faithfully observe our compact, and I will do the same. Is 't agreed?

ALASCO.

Agreed.

(They shake hands.)

VARNEY.

With this, farewell, my dear Alasco!

(Aside.)

The devil take thee, vile poisoner!

ALASCO.

Farewell, dear Varney, till we meet again !

(*Aside.*)

The lightning strike thee down, infernal villain !

(*Exit Varney.*)

## SCENE VI

ALASCO, alone; afterward FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

ALASCO.

The fellow hath no conscience ; he believes  
in naught but hell !

(Suddenly a piercing voice calls him from without.)

THE VOICE.

Doboobius !

ALASCO (starting back).

My God, who calls me by that name ?

THE VOICE.

Dr. Doboobius !

ALASCO.

O Heaven ! 't is the name under which I  
was proscribed ! And again 't is Flibberti-  
gibbet's voice !

THE VOICE.

'T is Flibbertigibbet himself.

ALASCO (hiding his face in his hands).

How now ! in broad daylight ! Oh ! mercy !  
mercy !

## THE VOICE.

Mercy? On one condition.

## ALASCO.

Name it ! speak ! what wouldst thou have ?  
(Flibbertigibbet leaps through the open window and appears ; flame-colored devil's costume.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (pointing to the basket of provisions).

What would I have?—I 'd have a bit of yonder bread and a cup of yonder wine.

ALASCO (raising his head in amazement).

What language for a shade !

(He watches Flibbertigibbet, who has opened the basket, and taken therefrom a bottle and a piece of bread, which he attacks with great avidity.)

Why then thou art not dead ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (eating).

In sooth am I, of hunger and thirst.

ALASCO (touching him).

Why, poor Flibbertigibbet is really alive !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T is not thy fault, eh, my kind master ?  
And I would have liked nothing better than

to take my turn and frighten thee to death. But 't is well nigh eighteen hours since the spectre ate, and his young appetite could wait no longer. Everybody must live, even ghosts.

ALASCO (*aside*).

Living!—I am not sure that I did not prefer him as a ghost!

(*Aloud.*)

So thou didst escape the explosion? By what miracle?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T was by no miracle at all, but by my wit. I knew enough to discover your mine, dear master, and when it blew up I took good care to be out of doors.

ALASCO.

I swear to you, my child . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Oh! drop your oaths; I know you. What 's more, I know your secrets; and therefore you fear me—and I do not fear you.

ALASCO (*aside*).

Accursed little scoundrel!

(Aloud.)

Dear Flibbertigibbet, let us leave the past behind! I do assure thee that I rejoice sincerely to find thee still alive. But answer my questions. How cam'st thou here?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

I am here ostensibly to assist your accomplice Varney's villainous designs upon the mysterious lady who lives in concealment here. Varney! another man whose schemes I am beginning to fathom.

ALASCO.

But tell me, why this extraordinary disguise?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

The sorcerer's trade was too dangerous. I became an actor. I belong to the troop that is to take part in the entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to the queen. I play the devils and the imps in the masquerades of Shakespeare and Marlowe, and I wear the costume of my part to distinguish myself from the noblemen.

ALASCO (aside).

Monkey!



(Aloud.)

And art thou content with thy new profession?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Hum! none too well! I'm deadly sick of forever repeating the same phrases and making the same wry faces. I am naturally inquisitive, and I love to be free. I would like to play a real part and be concerned in a real intrigue. I scent one hereabout, which seems to me mysterious enough, and most interesting; and for that reason I did not reject your Varney's offers, although I promised myself to take no further part therein than suited my fancy.

ALASCO.

Wilt thou then return to me?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Why not? But with the same reservations and precautions, I warn you.

ALASCO.

As you choose. I should be glad to know more than Varney is pleased to tell me touching the mysterious lady, as you name her, and touching my Lord Leicester.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Oh, yes! to help you in your horoscopes.  
I understand.

ALASCO.

The earl and the lady will be here anon.  
If thou couldst . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Hear what they say, and repeat it to you?  
Magnificent! For my part I shall be charmed  
to listen to the dialogue between the falcon  
and the dove.

ALASCO (looking about).

We must find some nook to conceal thee in.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Aha! a lordly settle that looks as if  
't were placed there for the purpose.

ALASCO.

Well, hasten, I hear some one coming.

(He assists Flibbertigibbet to crawl under the great  
arm-chair.—Aside.)

If they could but surprise him there and  
hang him to the castle eaves! Ah! what a  
happy riddance!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (under the chair).

Some one comes. Away with you, Dr.  
Doboobius.

ALASCO.

Call me not by that name.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Oho! the serpent has taken on a new skin.

(Alasco goes back into the turret.)

## SCENE VII

LEICESTER (wrapped in a cloak), AMY, FLIB-  
BERTIGIBBET (hiding).

(The countess enters, leaning on the earl's arm.)

AMY.

How kind you are, my dear lord, to have kept your promise, to have yielded to my whim, and come hither, before presenting yourself to the queen, to show yourself to your poor hermit in your princely costume! Allow me to remove your cloak with my own hands.

LEICESTER (smiling).

So you are like all other women, Amy? Silk, diamonds and feathers are more to them than the man whom they adorn.

(He makes a feeble show of resistance as the countess removes his cloak and exposes him to view, dressed in court costume and wearing all his orders. He is dressed all in white, with white silk stockings, white satin doublet, white leather belt embroidered with silver, white velvet mantle, embroidered with silver and decorated with the insignia of the Garter.)

AMY.

Amy has proved to you, methinks, dear earl, that she cannot more dearly love the great personage whom this brilliant costume adorns, than the stranger who came to her in the woods of Devon, clad in a plain brown cloak, announcing his approach by a blast upon his hunting horn.

LEICESTER.

Dear love, thou sayest truly.

AMY.

Now, my lord, sit you there, as one before whom all others should bend the knee.

(She leads the earl to the great chair of state. He takes his seat thereon.)

LEICESTER.

And do thou come and take thy place beside me.

AMY (seating herself upon a cushion in front of him).

I am here.

LEICESTER.

Thy place is by my side.

AMY.

Nay, at thy feet. Leave me here, my dear lord; 't is better so, and I am happy here.

(Gazing at him.)

How handsome, how magnificent you are in this guise, my lord! What is this embroidered strap about your knee?

LEICESTER (smiling).

That embroidered strap, as thou dost call it, is the Garter, which the king himself is proud to wear. See, this is the star belonging to it, and this the *George*, the jewel of the Order. Thou hast heard the tale of how King Edward and Lady Salisbury . . .

AMY (smiling and lowering her eyes).

Yes, I know. I know that King Edward made of a lady's garter the first decoration of an English knight.

LEICESTER.

I had the honor to receive this order with the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Northampton and the Duke of Rutland. My rank was less exalted than that of those three noble

lords, but must not he who would rise begin at the lowest rung of the ladder?

AMY.

And what is this lovely collar, of such superb workmanship, with the jewel like a sheep hanging in the air?

LEICESTER.

'T is the insignia of a venerable order, which formerly pertained to the house of Burgundy, the Order of the Golden Fleece. Most valuable prerogatives are attached to it; the King of Spain himself, the heir of the Burgundian family, may not sit in judgment upon a knight of the Order, without the presence and assent of the Grand Chapter.

AMY.

And to what country does this other brilliant collar belong?

LEICESTER.

'T is the Order of St. Andrew, re-established by James, the last king of Scotland. It was conferred on me at the time 't was thought the young dowager of France and Scotland, ill-fated Mary Stuart, would not decline to marry an English baron. But is it

not far better to be a free English nobleman than to share with a woman that unhappy mountain kingdom of the North?

AMY.

I think as does my noble Leicester. For my own part, I would always have preferred the hand of Dudley to that of any monarch in the world.

LEICESTER (*aside*).

Alas!

AMY.

What troubles thee, my lord? Think'st thou that a queen's love would be more ardent and more tender than thy Amy's?

LEICESTER (*kissing her on the brow*).

No, oh no! and nothing, nothing shall tear thee from my arms, my wife! my best beloved wife!

AMY.

Aye, thy wife. The child of an obscure country gentleman is held in lawful embrace upon that glorious breast, laden with the insignia of all the renowned chivalric orders of Europe. But when shall I be thy wife in the sight of all the world as I am in God's sight and thine?



LEICESTER.

As soon as it can possibly be, dear child.

(He rises.)

But now I have gratified thy wish, and despite the happiness it affords me to be with thee, I must say farewell.

AMY.

One moment, my dear lord, one moment more! When I ask thee to own me as thy wife before the world, thou dost not, I trust, accuse me in thy heart of empty pride and vain-glory. And yet how could I not be proud to be acknowledged as the lawful spouse of the most illustrious of English noblemen? But I think more than all else, Dudley, of my unhappy father. What is he saying at this moment? What is he doing? What misery for him the day he rose without receiving at his waking his child's accustomed kiss! Poor father! Did he think, could he have thought that it was Varney, your squire, who seduced me and abducted me? Ah! that thought is unendurable to me! He knows thee not, my Leicester, and if, in his thoughts, he could never look down to Varney's level to seek

his daughter's husband, he could no more look up to thine. My best-beloved, release me from my oath, allow me at least to hasten to him, to undeceive him, to restore to the old man his cherished daughter, and to restore her to him as the spouse of the renowned Earl of Leicester.

LEICESTER.

Some day, yes, some day, Amy, this wish also shall be gratified. Believe me, thou canst not long more ardently than I for that day. What happiness, when I can comfort thy father's declining years, and, casting aside all the weariness and anxiety of ambition, pass all my days at thy feet, at the feet of the most adorable and most adored of women ! But alas ! we must still wait and be content with hoping.

AMY.

But why ? what obstacle prevents this union which you say that you desire, and which divine and human laws alike enjoin upon us ? Ah ! if you did desire it, even a little, no one would dare oppose it ; for never would a greater power have aided a more righteous cause.

LEICESTER.

'T is easy for you to speak thus, Amy! you do not know the court, the requirements of rank, the duties of high office! and you make this request upon the very day when I proposed to urge you to keep more carefully concealed than ever. Know you not that to-day, within the hour, I receive the queen here in this castle?

AMY.

The queen? Even so; what better opportunity to announce your marriage to her?

LEICESTER.

What do you say, unhappy child? Know you naught of the capriciousness and evanescence of the royal favor? That announcement would destroy us both. Trust to me, beloved Amy. Happier days will come, and if they come not, I shall know how to hasten them. Meanwhile, disturb not our farewell by a request which thine own interest forbids me to grant.

(He rises to embrace Amy and pushes back the chair, which rolls suddenly away and leaves Flibbertigibbet in full view.)

LEICESTER (spying Flibbertigibbet).

What 's this?

(He extricates himself from the astonished Amy's arms, and rushes upon the imp.)

What doth this villain here?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (boldly raising his head).

My gracious lord, I have been, as you see, assisting, like the jealous Odragonal, at the interview between handsome Meriandre and lovely Indamira. I have been listening.

LEICESTER.

So? in that case thou hast listened at the expense of thine ears!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T is likely.

LEICESTER.

What art thou?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

What you choose. A dead man or a living. Dead, if such be your dagger's good pleasure; if not, a living man, and one who prefers the end of a good meal to the beginning of a quarrel.

LEICESTER.

Insolent clown! Thou 'rt playing with the rope of thy gallows.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

For lack of means to cut it.

LEICESTER (*intensely excited*).

'T is some emissary of Lord Sussex and my enemies. Go; thy audacity shall be so punished as to make all thy fellows tremble.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

They are few. My lord earl, you can do with me either of three things at your choice: hang me, as a thief, to the highest tree in the forest; nail me to the great gate of the castle as a spy; or, as a sorcerer send me to hell at the stake.

LEICESTER.

Such effrontery is seldom seen! But I must know who placed him there. Hark ye, villain: thou hast deserved all of those punishments and more beside. But thou mayest escape them and obtain mercy by telling me whose vile tool thou art.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

To save my life? that would be cowardice!

LEICESTER.

I can do more for thee than give thee life. Doubtless thou 'rt paid to ply this trade of spy: tell me how much, and if thou dost add thereto the name of thy employer, I will give thee the sum that thou art promised a hundred times over. Reveal this base intrigue to me.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

To make my fortune? that would be despicable.

LEICESTER.

What! threats and promises have no effect on thee. Mayhap force will exert more influence. Who concealed thee here? tell me! if not . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

I care as little whether I tell you it, or hold my tongue, as for the seven burners of the wonderful lamp; and, if you had assumed a different tone with me, I should, in all likelihood, have answered you, for he who put me in this wretched plight is a vile schemer whom I should have been overjoyed to punish. But, O high and mighty lord, as my only way of maintaining an advantage over you is to

hold my tongue, I do not see why I should abandon it.

LEICESTER.

Ah ! this is too much !

(He draws his dagger.)

Traitor, thou shalt die !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Good ! in that case the secret dies with me.

AMY (clinging to the earl's arm in terror).

My lord ! my Dudley ! what would you do ?  
End our sweet lovers' converse with a murder !

LEICESTER (with raised dagger).

Aye, so that it may not end with a more  
ominous catastrophe.

AMY.

Oh ! mercy for the poor wretch, my lord !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (aside).

She is adorable !

LEICESTER.

Nay, Amy, deter me not ! the villain is a  
spy !

AMY.

Not so, my lord ! Observe his absurd  
costume. 'T is some clown, or at the worst  
a madman.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Even so, defend me, noble lady ! There 's kinship between you and me ; I am as mad as the moon, and you as beautiful as the sun.

AMY (smiling).

You see that he is mad ! Fie, fie ! my lord ! would you strike down this poor, defenseless wretch, under your Amy's eyes ? I claim from your chivalry the lady's privilege. Grant me this poor life. Go to ! go to !

(She takes the dagger from the earl's hands, while he looks at her with a smile and makes only a feeble resistance.)

Give me that naughty dagger, my lord, and let it no longer occupy a place close to a heart that is all mine.

(She throws the dagger through the open window.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (aside).

A naughty dagger ! Zounds ! a real Toledo blade, inlaid with gold.

LEICESTER.

Amy, you are a child ! by sparing his life it may be that you imperil yours and my own.



AMY (eagerly).

Believe it not ! an act of clemency could not bring evil fortune. And more, how can the eagle's fate depend upon . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

The bat. Allow me to select the animal myself.

AMY.

Come, good my lord, pray let it not be said that you refused me everything to-day.

(Leicester embraces her. She turns hastily to the imp.)

Thou hast thy pardon.

LEICESTER.

Yes, knave, but not thy liberty. I must make sure of thee while I discover who thou art.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

You see, fair sir ; a devil ; but a poor devil and a good devil.

LEICESTER (calling).

What ho ! Foster ! Varney ! Jeannette !

## SCENE VIII

THE SAME: VARNEY, FOSTER (in velvet doublet and yellow stockings), JEANNETTE. They rush tumultuously upon the stage.

VARNEY.

What is my lord's will?

(He spies Flibbertigibbet.—Aside.)

My little traitor of an actor! What does it mean?

LEICESTER.

Foster! you do your duty over-negligently. Who gave this fellow leave to enter here?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Nay, scold not the clown, my lord, I came in as we devils do, through the key-hole.

VARNEY (aside).

I breathe again! he hath not sold me!

LEICESTER.

Let this harlequin be consigned to the prison of the castle.

FOSTER.

To the dungeons, my lord; I understand. Whence comest thou, thou red-haired devil?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (with a laugh as he glances at the keeper's costume).

From the marshes,—where I have learned the art of snaring geese with great yellow paws.

(Foster shakes his finger at him threateningly.)

LEICESTER.

Let him be kept in close confinement. Let him have communication with no one, but let him lack nothing, and let no harm come to him. Begone.

(Varney and Foster attempt to put their hands upon Flibbertigibbet. He draws back.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

One moment, masters.

(He goes to Amy and kneels at her feet.)

You are so good that you could well dispense with being so beautiful. The imp owes you his life, my lady; he hopes to pay his debt to you.

(Varney and Foster drag him off the stage.)

AMY.

You see that he 's more mad than wicked.

LEICESTER.

Ah me! I have a vague foreboding of I know not what. The solitude of this abode

of thine has been disturbed. 'T is the black cloud, the presage of the coming storm. Farewell, Amy. I leave thee with Jeannette.

AMY.

Shall I see you again to-day, my lord ?

LEICESTER.

The duties the queen's presence imposes on me will not permit it. But on the morrow, when thou dost hear the great bell of the castle ring to announce Elizabeth's return to her apartments, I will avail myself of that brief respite.

AMY.

The queen is fortunate, indeed ! She has you by her side more than your wife.

(Leicester sighs profoundly, kisses her, leaves her, and returns.)

LEICESTER.

Farewell, farewell !

(Exit Leicester.)

## SCENE IX

AMY, JEANNETTE.

JEANNETTE.

Oh ! my lady, if you only knew !

AMY.

Knew what ?

JEANNETTE.

In the other part of the castle there is a great uproar and a crowd of men and horses ; there 's music on all sides ; they 're making ready for great festivities and we sha' n't see them ; they say the queen is coming, and we sha' n't see her.

AMY.

I know all that. In these festivities 't is not the queen that I would like to be at liberty to see.

JEANNETTE.

You know ? Ah ! then perhaps my lady also knows . . .

AMY.

What more?

JEANNETTE.

Who the old man may be, who seems, like you, to care but little for the festivities, but confines himself to prowling constantly about this castle.

AMY (*hastily*).

What say you? what old man?

JEANNETTE.

A tall old man with a white beard, and very venerable; often he may be seen walking upon the hill that overlooks this ruin. He sits among the bushes and hides his face in his hands, or lifts it and looks toward the tower like a hunter waiting for a bird to rise.

AMY.

Does no one know who the old man is? whence he comes? or what his purpose?

JEANNETTE.

No. Foster fears that it may be a spy of Lord Sussex, and has considered whether he should not adopt some expeditious means of getting rid of him.

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AMY.

Jeannette, upon thy head, prevent him from annoying this old man ! Tell me, where can I see him ?

JEANNETTE (looking toward the open window).

Ah ! look, look, my lady ! there he is yonder, just passing over the brow of the hill !

AMY (looking out).

God in heaven ! it is my father !





## ACT SECOND

### THE GREAT HALL OF KENILWORTH CASTLE

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#### SCENE I

ELIZABETH, LEICESTER.

ELIZABETH.

Yes, my lord, yes, my dear host, it must be so! This day, this very hour you must be reconciled to Lord Sussex. Forget not that it is the pretext given for our visit to Kenilworth. 'T is also the pretext of this private audience which I did gladly grant you. And so, 't is said; reconciliation.

LEICESTER (bowing).

Your Majesty : . .

ELIZABETH.

'T is well. Enough. 'T is all I ask. Now let us talk of other things. Know you, my

lord, that this domain of yours is in naught inferior to our domain of Windsor? And the reception we have met with at your hands is worthy of a duke, aye, worthy—of a king.

LEICESTER (aside).

A king!

(Aloud, and bowing low.)

All that your Majesty doth deign to honor with an indulgent glance I owe your Majesty, and, when I lay it at your feet, I but do honor to you with your own gifts!

ELIZABETH.

What say you! to me, my lord, do you owe all that I admire in this castle, all that I am almost tempted to covet?

LEICESTER.

The thing that Leicester is tempted to covet, madame, is not that of which he may claim to be the owner.

ELIZABETH.

What then, my lord? doth not all here belong to you?

LEICESTER.

Doth all belong to me, madame? . . .

ELIZABETH (smiling).

My lord, there 's something of audacity mingled with your respect. Even at this moment when you bend your head so humbly, meseems your thoughts are soaring high.

LEICESTER.

Have I been so unfortunate as to offend your Majesty?

ELIZABETH.

I said not that, Leicester. But when you have within your hands all that man can desire,—titles, wealth, honors,—when everything about this castle attests your power, I fain would know to what this insatiable ambition can still aspire.

LEICESTER.

My ambition!—How little doth your Majesty know Leicester's heart! Take from your unworthy servitor his castles, his earl's coronet, his peer's robe, strip him of all thou hast bestowed upon him; leave naught to Dudley, once more an impecunious nobleman, save his father's sword and the old donjon of his ancestors, and his heart will still retain, in

exile and oblivion, the same gratitude and love to his queen.

ELIZABETH (*aside*).

Love!

(*Aloud.*)

Yes, yes, I see how deeply moved you are, and I am touched to see it. Dudley, across that brow where naught but joy should shine, methinks I sometimes see a cloud of sadness pass. What 's the matter? Why not lay bare your heart to me? Am I your enemy?

LEICESTER.

In truth, madame, I have a secret.—Such gracious kindness ought perhaps to make me bold . . .

ELIZABETH (*softly*).

You do not finish, Leicester. Can it be that you dread to have me guess your secret?

LEICESTER.

I dread, madame . . .

ELIZABETH.

Go to; it might be guessed, and still you might have naught to dread.

LEICESTER.

Ah! your Majesty! . . .

ELIZABETH.

The name whereby you now address me, recalls me to myself. Alas! the queen doth now and then forget herself and remember only that she is a woman. Were I, like other women, free to consult my heart, mayhap I then . . .

LEICESTER.

Madame! . . .

ELIZABETH.

But no, that cannot be for me. Elizabeth of England must be the wife and mother of none but her people.

LEICESTER.

I have at least lost naught of the queen's priceless favor?

ELIZABETH.

Nay, Leicester, nay! far otherwise! Methinks we were talking of your superb estate. Why, prithee, do you not wish me to visit the ruined donjon which makes so imposing an effect, from afar, in the park?

LEICESTER.

The ruins, madame, are deserted, and almost inaccessible.

(The door at the rear of the stage opens. An usher appears and stops on the threshold.)

ELIZABETH.

How now? who dares intrude upon us without an order?

## SCENE II

ELIZABETH, LEICESTER, AN USHER.

THE USHER (bowing low).

I do but follow your Majesty's instructions. Your Majesty bade me introduce, before the reception of the two noble earls, an aged gentleman for whom my Lord of Sussex craved audience with your Majesty.

ELIZABETH.

Ah yes! I did in truth promise Lord Sussex. 'T is some old officer who fought under him and who has some grievance to lay before me.

LEICESTER (smiling).

A grievance!—Against me, doubtless.

ELIZABETH.

Sussex dare not. But I must needs receive this gentleman.

LEICESTER.

Madame, I will withdraw.

ELIZABETH (with a smile).

Go!

(She gives him her hand to kiss. Leicester bows and exit.—To the usher.)

Admit the gentleman.

(Exit the usher.)



## SCENE III

ELIZABETH; afterward SIR HUGH ROBSART.

ELIZABETH (alone).

Why am I queen? The daughter of Henry the Eighth, the wife of Dudley! That can not be. Ah! but he is so great, so noble! his glance so tender and so proud! But to marry him would be to abdicate! What do I say? is it not really he who reigns?

(The door at the rear opens. Sir Hugh, in deep mourning, rushes forward and throws himself at the queen's feet.)

SIR HUGH.

Justice, madame! justice!

ELIZABETH.

Rise, sir. You approach your queen somewhat too boldly.

SIR HUGH.

Nay, I will not leave your feet until you have heard me. Your Majesty will not refuse me the powerful, the last resource remaining to me. You will not turn aside from an old

man, a former servitor, who shed his blood for you, an outraged father who comes before the Virgin-Queen to claim his daughter, abducted and seduced.

ELIZABETH (more mildly).

Your daughter has been abducted? Rise, rise! Your daughter has been abducted? Who, I pray to know, dares abduct maidens in this kingdom of England, which God and his saints protect? Your name?

SIR HUGH.

Hugh Robsart, of Templeton.

ELIZABETH.

Are you descended from that Roger Robsart who fought so valiantly for our grandfather King Henry the Seventh, on the field of Stoke?

SIR HUGH.

Yes, madame, and I myself—Lord Sussex will confirm me—have fought faithfully in your Majesty's cause.

ELIZABETH.

Speak then in all confidence; and doubt not that we are as impartial a dispenser of justice as thou art loyal subject.

SIR HUGH.

I had but one daughter, madame, and an old man whose days are numbered may rightfully rest all his joy and pride in his only daughter. But, madame, a vile seducer made his way as a friend into my retirement; he set his serpent's tongue at work, and my daughter, Amy Robsart, followed him.

ELIZABETH.

In very truth I pity you. We, who are crowned queen, know not how any woman can allow herself to be beguiled by man's seductive arts; but 't would seem that it is possible, since 't is your story. What is the seducer's name, sir knight?

SIR HUGH.

He is—madame, he is a man who hath a powerful protector.

ELIZABETH.

Even so, is his protection more powerful than ours?

SIR HUGH.

Forgive me, madame! I am but little wonted to the language of courts, and know not what weight is there attached to words.

This ravisher is a squire of the Earl of Leicester.

ELIZABETH.

Of Leicester ! The purest man in England hath a seducer in his household ! The knavish squire's name ?

SIR HUGH.

The cur who follows maidens' skirts and shuns men's swords is one Richard Varney.

ELIZABETH.

Richard Varney. 'T is well. And Amy Robsart, is it not ? What hath he done with your daughter ?

SIR HUGH.

Alas ! madame, she is here, even here, I have seen her at a window of the ruined donjon at the end of the park.

ELIZABETH.

What ! Lord Leicester told me that that ruin was uninhabited. Are you sure of what you say ? You have not tried to make your way into the donjon ?

SIR HUGH.

The door was locked. Doubtless, it is because the donjon is supposed to be deserted

that the villain Varney hath concealed my poor Amy there.

ELIZABETH.

Old man, we will look to it that you have justice done. By God's death! we are the mother and the born protectress of all English maidens. A base-born squire defile the heiress of an honorable baronet! Lord Leicester will be beside himself when he hath knowledge of this outrageous deed. We promise you, sir knight, our influence with him against this Varney, whose power you fear. Meanwhile—

(She goes to a table and affixes her seal to a sheet of parchment.)

take this safe-conduct, at sight of which all doors will be thrown open to you, and assure yourself whether your daughter is in truth in yonder donjon. I now dismiss you, for the court waits to be admitted.

(She strikes a bell. The usher appears.)

Attend this gentleman, and admit the two lords with their retinues.

(Sir Hugh Robsart bows, and goes off through a door at the side. The great door at the rear of the stage is thrown open to give admission to the whole court.)

## SCENE IV

ELIZABETH, LEICESTER, VARNEY, SUSSEX, SHREWSBURY, LORDS and LADIES, BISHOPS, OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD; KNIGHTS, PAGES and GUARDS of the suites of the two earls.

(The two earls enter at the same moment through the great door, which is thrown wide open; they salute the queen and take their places, with their retainers, each on one side of the stage. The centre is occupied by the queen's suite.)

ELIZABETH.

My lords, what means this? We summon you hither to bring about a reconciliation betwixt you, and lo! you stand asunder in our very presence! Come forward both and join your hands, which hatred should not sever when my service demands that they be united.

(The two earls bow and remain silent in their places.)

Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, do you hear us? What means this immobility? What means this silence? Will neither of you take the first step?

LEICESTER.

Madame . . .

(Aside.)

A clownish soldier !

SUSSEX (aside).

A dandified upstart !

(Aloud.)

Your Majesty . . .

ELIZABETH.

I know that I am called by that title, and because I am so called you will obey me, noble earls.

(To Leicester.)

Dudley, you are the younger, and he is your guest ; 't is your place to forestall him.

(To Sussex.)

My Lord of Sussex, to give me pleasure you would fly to battle, and yet you draw back before a reconciliation !

SUSSEX (without moving).

Madame, I should be overjoyed would Lord Leicester but deign to say wherein I have insulted him ; for naught have I said or done that I am not ready to uphold, on foot or in the saddle.

LEICESTER.

And I, too, under her Majesty's good pleasure, have been ever ready to justify my acts and words as fully as any man who bears the name of Ratcliffe.

(The two earls eye each other haughtily.)

ELIZABETH.

My lords of Sussex and of Leicester, which of you two doth long to test the flavor of our bread in our Tower of London? Of one of you we are the guest; but, by God's death! it well may be that one of you will be our guest ere long. For the last time, obey and grasp each other's hand with cordiality.

(In an imperious tone.)

Earl of Sussex, I beseech you.

(In a soft voice.)

Lord Leicester, I command you.

(The two earls gaze at each other in silence, hesitating still, but at last draw near each other and shake hands.)

LEICESTER (bowing).

My Lord of Sussex, 't is with unfeigned joy . . .

(Aside.)

Traitor, who sets spies upon me beneath my own roof!



SUSSEX (bowing).

My Lord of Leicester, I am most happy . . .

(Aside.)

A felon who surrounds himself with poisoners  
and cut-throats !

ELIZABETH.

'T is well ! Now lay aside your jealousies  
and your resentment ! Henceforth let my two  
most faithful servitors be two warm friends as  
well. My Lord of Leicester, it is our purpose  
to signalize this visit with which we honor  
you, by such promotion as you choose to ask.  
Whom among your officers deem you most  
worthy of the title of knight ?

SUSSEX (in an undertone to Shrewsbury).

You 'll see that she 'll not think of mine !

ELIZABETH.

In this connection, my Lord of Leicester, is  
there not among your squires, one Richard—  
Richard—what is his name ?

VARNEY (eagerly, in an undertone, to Leicester).

My lord, doubtless the queen refers to me.

LEICESTER.

If I may venture to assist your Majesty's  
memory, is it not Richard Varney ?

ELIZABETH.

'T is so. My lord, what think you of this Varney?

LEICESTER.

Madame, he is a faithful servant of his master, a devoted subject of your Majesty. His merit and his zeal are worthy of a higher rank than his, and if . . .

ELIZABETH.

Is he in presence?

VARNEY (*eagerly*).

At her Majesty's feet.

ELIZABETH.

In that case, my lord, I am happy to undeceive you concerning a vile knave and traitor who casts a blot upon your noble household. This hypocrite, whose worth you vaunt with such good faith, is nothing more nor less than a foul ravisher. Would you believe that he hath dared to defile and abduct the daughter of a worthy gentleman, Sir Hugh Robsart?

LEICESTER (*with an exclamation of dismay*).

What do I hear? Great God, madame!

(*Aside.*)

Ah! the spy sent hither by Sussex!

ELIZABETH.

I share your wrath, and will augment it to a higher pitch by giving you to know that the arrant knave hath been so bold as to conceal his victim in this house where you to-day receive your queen.

LEICESTER (in consternation).

Just Heaven ! madame, believe . . .

(Aside.)

I am lost.

SUSSEX (in an undertone to Shrewsbury).

What means this? Leicester is deathly pale !

ELIZABETH.

My lord, you seem confused !

LEICESTER.

In very truth, madame, I must confess . . .

VARNEY.

(He kneels, clasps his hands and hangs his head.)

Your Majesty . . .

ELIZABETH.

What hast thou to say? Dost thou avow thy crime? Didst thou abduct this maiden? Is she or is she not in hiding here? Answer.

VARNEY.

Yes.

LEICESTER.

Villain !

(He is about to hurl himself upon Varney.)

ELIZABETH.

My lord, with your permission, we will inquire into this affair alone. We have not yet concluded our examination of your officer.

(Aside.)

How deeply moved he is !

(Aloud to Varney.)

Did thy master, the Earl of Leicester, know of this intrigue? Tell me the truth, whosoever be the head on which it falls, and have no fear. Thy head is under our safeguard.

VARNEY.

Your Majesty would know the truth? This is the whole truth, as Heaven sees me; all this was by my master's fault.

LEICESTER (aside).

The traitor !

(Aloud.)

Thou perjured knave ! what dost thou dare to say ?

ELIZABETH (with eyes inflamed with rage).

Peace, my lord ! Finish thy tale, Varney !  
None commands here save myself.

VARNEY.

And I will obey you against all, madame.  
But I would fain confide my master's business  
to no ears but your own.

LEICESTER.

Serpent, to betray me at your ease.

ELIZABETH.

Thy master's business ?

VARNEY.

Even so, madame ; craving your Majesty's  
pardon for my boldness I will entreat you to  
accord me a moment's secret audience. I  
could offer my august sovereign an explana-  
tion which would be satisfactory to her per-  
chance, but whereby the honor of a most  
respectable family might suffer, were it made  
in public. These are delicate matters.

ELIZABETH.

I grant thy request ; but if thou seekest to  
deceive me too, by the soul of my royal father

King Henry the Eighth the good people of  
London shall behold thee on the gallows.  
Leave us alone an instant.

LEICESTER (aside).

I am lost.

(All withdraw, save Varney.)

## SCENE V

ELIZABETH, VARNEY; AN USHER at the door  
at the rear of the stage.

(The queen sits down; Varney is still on his knees.)

ELIZABETH.

Rise, and speak. What hast thou to say in  
thy defense?

VARNEY.

I agree, madame, that my crime would be a  
heinous one, had I, taking undue advantage  
of a young girl's weakness, seduced her,  
abducted and dishonored her, as your glorious  
Majesty doth do me the injustice to  
believe.

ELIZABETH.

What is thy meaning, Richard Varney?  
Am I not well informed? Is some other than  
thyself the culprit?

VARNEY.

Not so. The queen is well informed, but  
not informed of everything. Miss Robsart is  
not dishonored; unless it be dishonoring to

be the wife of one of my lord the Earl of Leicester's squires.

ELIZABETH.

What ! thou hast married her ? This Amy Robsart is thy lawful wife ?

VARNEY.

She is my lawful wife. That is the truth, so please your Majesty.

ELIZABETH.

Beware that thou dost not deceive me, sirrah ! If thou hast married her, why charge the noble earl ? What dost thou impute to him ? Perchance he doth know naught of this ?

VARNEY.

Naught doth he know, in very truth, madame. But, I repeat, he is the cause of all. I pray your Majesty to be yourself the judge.

ELIZABETH.

Say on ! I listen.

VARNEY.

Long since, the noble earl, the honor of the Court of England, renounced all thought of marriage. Some secret care, whereof no



one dares seek to know the cause, leads him to shun all women. 'T is said that my unhappy master . . . Must I, madame, repeat what people say?

ELIZABETH.

Speak! speak!

VARNEY.

'T is said that, deep-hidden in his heart, my lord cherishes a profound passion, of which the object is so far above him that he may not even hope.

ELIZABETH.

What say you? methinks there are no women to whom the noble earl might not fearlessly aspire.

VARNEY.

Alas! your Majesty must know that there is one above him.

ELIZABETH.

What say you? What do your words intend? I understand you not, Varney.

VARNEY.

In this connection all conjectures are overbold. Often, when he believes no eye is on

him, my poor master kisses a lock of hair. I must needs raise my eyes very high to see the like.

ELIZABETH.

Enough! enough! And you were saying that your master . . .

VARNEY.

My lord, so utterly absorbed is he by this passion that possesses him, will listen to no word of marriage for himself, nor even for any of his household.

ELIZABETH.

Poor, noble earl!

VARNEY.

And that is why, having fallen madly in love with Amy Robsart, I deemed it my duty, madame, to conceal our marriage, in order that I might not be congratulated by my lord. Therefore I was right in saying that everything about this mystery and my apparent crime is chargeable to my master.

ELIZABETH.

His fault is not so serious!

VARNEY.

I did but await a favorable opportunity to disclose my secret to him, and if your Majesty will deign to say a word to him in my behalf, I doubt not that he will grant me his forgiveness, by retaining me in my position, and leaving me my wife.

ELIZABETH.

Yes, since Amy Robsart is your wife, Varney, I take upon myself to calm your master's ire.

VARNEY (bowing).

Madame, my gratitude . . .

ELIZABETH.

And we will look to it that Sir Hugh shall have no cause to blush for his son-in-law.

VARNEY (bowing lower than before).

Your Majesty's kindness overwhelms me.

ELIZABETH.

No, Varney, I am well content with the explanation you have given me. Usher, let the doors be once more thrown open.

## SCENE VI

ELIZABETH, VARNEY, LEICESTER, SUSSEX,  
THE WHOLE COURT.

ELIZABETH (after a moment's silence).

Earl of Leicester, give me your sword.

LEICESTER (aside).

First the sword, and then the head.

SUSSEX (in an undertone to Shrewsbury).

Can this mean disgrace?

(Leicester detaches his sword, and hands it to the  
queen on bended knee.)

ELIZABETH.

Richard Varney, come hither and kneel  
down.

(Varney obeys. She draws the sword from its sheath.  
General surprise among the company and emotion  
among the ladies.)

LEICESTER (aside).

What is her purpose?

ELIZABETH.

(She looks at the sword with satisfaction.)

Had I been born a man, none of my ances-  
tors have loved as I would love the gleam of  
a good sword. I love to gaze on weapons

close at hand. Had I been endowed with beauty, in mirrors such as this I should have taken pleasure in looking at myself. Richard Varney, in the name of God and Saint George we dub you knight.

(She strikes him on the shoulder with the flat of the sword.)

Be faithful, brave and happy. Rise, Sir Richard Varney.

(Great astonishment in the assemblage.)

LEICESTER.

How now! Doth she reward Varney's treason before punishing mine?

ELIZABETH.

The ceremony of the golden spurs and other essential formalities will take place to-morrow in the chapel. Varney, this is the beginning of your fortune, but learn to moderate your aspirations; methinks 't is that mad-cap Shakespeare who speaks of "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself." Go.

(Varney bows to the ground. The queen turns to Leicester.)

Good lack, my Lord of Leicester, I pray you smooth your troubled brow. The evil that was done hath been repaired.

LEICESTER (*aside*).

What can he have said?

(*Aloud.*)

I know not even yet . . .

ELIZABETH.

Yes, my lord, your motives were misunderstood; but the honor of your noble house hath not been tarnished.

LEICESTER.

Madame, I cannot understand . . .

ELIZABETH.

Have patience. But, first of all, your promise to confer a favor on me?

LEICESTER.

To ask it is to confer a favor upon me.

ELIZABETH.

Ah well, my lord, then 't is agreed that you will pardon your squire Varney, who, unknown to you, hath married Amy Robsart.

LEICESTER.

He! Amy Robsart!

(*Shaking his fist at Varney.*)

Caitiff!

ELIZABETH.

Restrain your wrath, my lord, since he was so insane as to fall in love with her, and so wicked as to kidnap her, we may not blame him for having made her his lawful spouse.

LEICESTER.

Insolent knave! didst thou dare?

VARNEY (*hanging his head*).

My lord and master, there was no other way but this to avert a great disaster, to save what was lost.

LEICESTER.

I cannot contain myself. This temerity, Varney, thou shalt pay dearly for.

ELIZABETH.

My lord, you promised us his pardon.

LEICESTER.

But, madame! such an affront!

ELIZABETH.

The affront he put upon Sir Hugh Robsart was far more grievous.

LEICESTER.

No, madame, no! I must tell you all. Alas! you do not know . . .

VARNEY (*hurriedly*).

Her Majesty knows all, my lord. She knows of your invincible repugnance to marriage, repugnance so great that you cannot endure the thought of it even among your retainers. She knows that your heart cherishes a mysterious passion.

ELIZABETH (*hastily*).

Be silent, Varney!

(*Approaching Leicester.—In an undertone.*)

My lord, do you deny this secret passion which he hath the audacity to impute to you?

(*Leicester is about to speak.*)

Silence! I understand you and I pity you: but be prudent, dear Dudley!

LEICESTER.

Madame, such gracious kindness . . .

(*Aside.*)

O torture!

ELIZABETH.

My lord, we will leave Varney to complete his justification in your sight. Sir Richard Varney, it is our pleasure that your wife, Amy Robsart, be presented at our reception to-day.



LEICESTER (*aside*).

Great God !

VARNEY.

Your Majesty shall be obeyed. So great  
condescension honors my wife and myself.

LEICESTER (*aside*).

Insolent !

SUSSEX (*in an undertone to Shrewsbury*).

He 's higher in favor now than ever !

ELIZABETH.

Come, my Lord of Sussex, come gentlemen  
all, and enjoy with us the diversions the noble  
earl's courtesy hath prepared for us.

## SCENE VII

LEICESTER, VARNEY.

LEICESTER (indignantly).

What hast thou done, thou knave? To think that my beloved Amy should be deemed by all the court to be thy wife!

VARNEY.

I am indeed guilty, my lord, guilty of unreasoning devotion! For whose sake did I risk that bold declaration? Who was on the verge of ruin? Who was in need of rescue? Was it I, a poor, obscure servant, who, as I possess nothing, have nothing to lose?

LEICESTER.

Enough of your intentions; need you have gone so far as to say that she was your wife?

VARNEY.

Should I have let it be believed that my lady was my mistress?

LEICESTER.

Nay, surely not ! but you must—you should have . . .

VARNEY.

What, my lord ?

LEICESTER.

Better the direst danger than an insult. It would have been far better to discover the whole truth.

VARNEY.

Such was not the meaning written in your furious glance when you believed that 't was my purpose to denounce you. Discover everything ! Overthrow, with a single word, the most exalted destiny in Europe, fell the spreading oak that casts its shadow over England, reduce to the condition of a paltry country gentleman the renowned Earl of Leicester, who appoints generals, distributes peerages and bishoprics, convokes and dissolves Parliaments, the young and glorious minister for whom the ballads of the day predict an august union ! Pardon me, my lord, I confess that I had not the courage—or the cowardice—for that.

LEICESTER.

Ah! but is grandeur, after all, to be compared with happiness? Rather than abandon my life to the struggles and perils of power, should I not do better, a hundred times better, to live as thou sayest, a quiet country gentleman at the feet of my beloved wife?

VARNEY.

Quiet? pardon me; I said not quiet, my lord. Beware! As I was talking with the queen, when the suspicion dawned upon her that the young girl's seducer might be one greater than myself, I saw the jealous fury of the woman who loves becloud her brow.

LEICESTER.

What word was that thou saidst? Dost think that she doth love me, Richard?

VARNEY.

Aye, she doth love you! she loves you to the point that she would forget everything, sacrifice everything, and crush whatever lies in her path. And a less powerful will than hers has been known to shatter less fragile bonds than yours.

LEICESTER.

She loves me ! Thinkst thou that she doth really love me ?

VARNEY.

I saw naught but her anger, but you saw her joy a moment since. And now seek out the daughter of King Henry the Eighth, who loves you and believes that she is loved by you ; make known to her your vulgar marriage just at the moment when she has it in mind, mayhap, to offer you her royal hand ; make known to this queen, when she dreams of making you a king, that there is a Countess of Leicester ; go, my lord, and tell Elizabeth Tudor that she has a rival, go—and I tell you that you risk your own head, and not your head alone, but first of all and more than all, another and a well-beloved head.

LEICESTER.

Amy ! my Amy in danger ! Enough, Varney. Thou art right. What thou didst was well done !

VARNEY (*aside*).

At last ! I have him now.

LEICESTER.

We must save Amy, Varney! she must be thought to be—what thou didst tell the queen.

VARNEY.

Even so! but do not forget that my lady's consent is essential for that.

LEICESTER.

What sayest thou? why so?

VARNEY.

Your lordship heard the queen. It is her will that my pretended wife be presented to her to-day.

LEICESTER.

'T is true. God!—oh! God!

VARNEY.

Think you that my lady can overcome her repugnance to bear my name for a short time? She is Sir Hugh Robsart's daughter, but I am now Sir Richard Varney.

LEICESTER.

It matters not; she is Lady Leicester! and as proud in her virtue as Elizabeth of England in her power!

VARNEY.

Then let us say no more about it ; there 's nothing to be done.

LEICESTER.

But we are lost, Varney ! she is lost ! Do not abandon me ! Advise me, guide me.

VARNEY.

Eh ! what can I do, my lord ? Is it I who have authority and influence over my lady ? Have I the power to convince or the right to command her ?

LEICESTER.

She loves me too dearly to allow herself to be persuaded, and I love her too dearly to adopt the tone of a master.

VARNEY (folding his arms).

Well, let us then await the effect of the queen's wrath.

LEICESTER.

Nay, nay ! I must save her at any price. Hark ye, Varney : spare me a painful and impossible scene with Amy. Speak to her in my name.

VARNEY.

Useless. She would not believe me.

LEICESTER.

Thou canst at least make the trial.

VARNEY.

Waste time when the affair is urgent !

LEICESTER.

Suppose I were to give thee a word for her in writing ?

VARNEY.

It must be imperative and decisive ! I must have full powers.

LEICESTER (after hesitating a moment for the last time).

Ah well, so be it.

(He goes to the table and writes a few words, then hands the note to Varney.)

Will that suffice ?

VARNEY (after reading it).

Yes, my lord. We must, however, provide against the possibility of her refusing to appear before the queen, in spite of everything.



LEICESTER.

What should we do in that case?

VARNEY.

There would be but one resource; to take my lady, with or against her will, to your estate of Cumnor, and to inform the queen that my wife is seriously ill.

(Aside.)

That is within Alasco's domain.

LEICESTER.

Violence?

VARNEY.

For her own good.

AN USHER (entering).

Her Majesty desires the attendance of my Lord Leicester.

(At a sign from Leicester, he withdraws.)

LEICESTER.

Well, Varney, I intrust her and myself to thy fidelity. I go to wait upon the queen. Oh! what a plight is mine, betwixt two women, one of whom has all the power, the other all the rights!

(Exit Leicester.)

VARNEY (alone).

A plight the more lamentable, my master,  
in that you are at once weak and ambitious !

(Reading the letter again.)

“ Amy, believe whatever Richard Varney  
says to you. All that he does, he does at my  
desire and by my command.”

Ah ! scornful Mistress Amy Robsart, now  
thou 'rt mine !

## ACT THIRD

The same stage-setting as in the first act.

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### SCENE I

VARNEY, ALASCO.

VARNEY.

We are drawing near our goal, Alasco ; one effort more and we shall have a king for master. You say that this Flibbertigibbet may be of use to us ? In truth, yesterday he did not betray me.

ALASCO.

If you need some one for your expedition who is young, active and intelligent . . .

VARNEY.

'T is simply a matter of kidnapping a person who is in our way, and taking her hence to Cumnor secretly. But who will be our surety for your pupil ?

ALASCO.

He is at this moment under the axe, as they say, and will be overjoyed to extricate himself from his embarrassing plight at any price. He is so cunning, however, that it may be that he is out of prison even while I speak to you.

VARNEY.

No, no, the prison is stronger than he is clever. It has but one issue and that issue gives upon the dungeon gallery ; so that, if I chose to rid myself of your disciple, instead of closing the door I would open it, having first taken the precaution to draw back the bolt of the trap-door, and I would very quickly send him down to terrify the vaults of the donjon by a perpendicular visit.

ALASCO.

That is well ! but how gain access to him ? In thy presence the earl forbade Foster to allow him to hold communication with any person, and his cell, thou sayest, has but one door.

VARNEY.

Aye, but one visible door. But, hark ye, there's another, masked like this one, which

communicates by a secret passageway with the same turret that serves thee for a laboratory. I alone know all the turns and windings of this castle.

ALASCO.

Even as Beelzebub alone knows all the turns and windings of thy heart.

VARNEY.

It may be so. Here is the key of the masked door of which I spoke to thee. Go thou and visit Flibbertigibbet, lay before him our propositions; if he accepts them, enroll the devil's imp in our service; if he refuses, take advantage of thy visit to mix with his flask of water . . .

ALASCO.

Enough! enough! Is that all?

VARNEY.

Not yet. I have kept the most important till the end. Thou must prepare forthwith a soporific draught, a potion which, when administered to a woman, for example, will send her off to sleep instanter, so deep a sleep that she may be driven in a carriage all night long

without awaking, and therefore without shrieking or resisting.

ALASCO.

I understand. For whom is this draught intended?

VARNEY.

Ask the stars.

ALASCO.

Must we stop at sleep?

VARNEY.

Old poisoner! I order thee to brew a harmless draught, dost understand? harmless! Dost know the meaning of the word?

ALASCO.

'T is well. And so it is not necessary to attack the house of life?

VARNEY.

Look to it that thou dost not, on thine own poor hovel! If thy concoction is not as inoffensive as a glass of water, I swear upon my soul that I will make thee suffer as many deaths as thou hast hairs upon thy head. Old spectre, dost thou laugh?

ALASCO (removing his cap).

Assuredly. Why should I tremble at thy threat? My head is bald, and thou dost swear upon thy soul.

VARNEY.

I hear steps in the corridor. Come now and mix thy soporific potion, harmless, above all things, thou devil's apothecary! I will go with thee to point out the secret passage.

(He pushes him out through the masked door, passes through after him, and closes the door.)

## SCENE II

AMY, with a jewel-case in her hand, JEANNETTE, carrying a pelisse which she throws over the back of a chair; afterward, FOSTER.

AMY.

Come, Jeannette, this window opens toward the new castle, and methinks that I shall sooner hear from here the great bell ring, announcing the earl's coming. Let us finish my toilette. My necklace, my bracelets.

(Jeannette takes the bracelets and necklace from the casket, and fastens them about her mistress's arms and neck.)

JEANNETTE.

These pearls are very white; but this arm is whiter still than they. Nathless, they are magnificent! I am sure that each of them is worth more than . . .

AMY.

Fie! Jeannette! all the galleons of Portugal would not pay for them; *he* gave them to me!

JEANNETTE.

My lady is very lovely thus!



AMY.

May he think as thou dost, child ! Alas ! if I once had some little beauty, it has undergone harsh tests. My poor eyes have wept many a tear since I left my father. My father ! When I think that he is here, that he is near me ! Ah ! then I am afraid, and long to see him.

(Enters Foster.)

Why is Foster here ?

FOSTER.

I come to announce a visitor for my lady.

AMY.

A visitor for me, good Foster ! You forget your orders ; that I am not permitted to leave the castle and no person is permitted to enter.

FOSTER.

True, my lady, but the visitor presents this passport.

(He hands Amy a parchment.)

AMY (casting her eyes upon it).

A passport from the queen ! Foster, admit him. There is no door in England that must not open before that bit of parchment.

(Foster opens the door. Enters Sir Hugh Robsart.)

## SCENE III

THE SAME: SIR HUGH ROBSART.

(Sir Hugh pauses on the threshold. Amy utters a shriek.)

AMY.

O God! my father!

(At a sign from her, Foster and Jeannette go out.)

SIR HUGH.

Aye, God and your father. Your father, who stands here before you, and God who led him hither.

(Amy rises and runs to him; he draws back.)

AMY (stopping).

Father!

SIR HUGH.

Madame. I know not if that is the title by which you should be called.

AMY.

Ah! what stern words! Call me your daughter. You are still my father.

SIR HUGH.

Your judge, Amy.

AMY.

Oh! do not freeze me with that look! If you but knew . . .

SIR HUGH.

Knew what? go on! I will not condemn you without hearing you.

AMY.

And I have taken an oath; I cannot speak.

SIR HUGH.

Alas! do I not already know a portion of the truth? Did you not leave your father to follow your seducer, Lord Leicester's squire, to this place?

AMY.

Father, you are wrong! appearances . . .

SIR HUGH.

Appearances! Look upon my mourning garb, and look upon your festal garb, are these appearances? Tell me, as whose mistress are you here?

AMY (raising her head).

Father ! I am married.

SIR HUGH.

Married ! to whom ?

AMY.

To whom ! Ah ! that name may not yet issue from my mouth. I have promised—I have sworn . . .

SIR HUGH.

I doubt the existence of a husband whose wife cannot pronounce his name before her father.

AMY.

In the old days you would have believed my first word . . .

SIR HUGH.

Aye, in the old days.

(The great bell rings.)

AMY.

Ah ! the great bell ! at last ! He soon will come.

SIR HUGH.

Who soon will come ?

AMY.

The man who is my husband, father. Listen. I may not name him to you, but you may see him. Know you the face of any of the noblemen of Elizabeth's court?

SIR HUGH.

I have frequented courts less than camps. I know, however, several of those gentlemen, the Earl of Sussex and the Duke of Rutland, Lord Shrewsbury . . .

AMY.

Are those all?

SIR HUGH.

I saw also this morning the young Marquis of Northampton—and I was near forgetting the lord of this castle of Kenilworth, the queen's favorite minister, your seducer's master, Lord Leicester.

AMY.

(She leads Sir Hugh to the glass door opening on the gallery at the back of the stage.)

Come, father, withdraw to the gallery; he whom you will soon see enter this room is your Amy's noble and honored husband.

SIR HUGH (in a milder tone).

One must yield to your whims, my child.

AMY.

You will not regret it, father. One last word. I am about to have an interview with my husband, wherein secrets may be mentioned that it would be a crime for me to betray. Promise me therefore so to place yourself that you can see everything, but hear nothing. Will you promise?

SIR HUGH.

You have my knightly word.

(He enters the gallery.)

## SCENE IV

AMY ; afterward VARNEY.

AMY (alone).

It may be that I do wrong thus to evade my husband's strict injunctions. I will myself entreat his forgiveness. He will understand that I could not let my father suffer longer. Ah ! 't is he.

(Running to the door.)

My Dudley ! . . .

FOSTER (announcing).

Sir Richard Varney.

(He withdraws. Enters Varney.)

AMY (in surprise).

You, Master Varney ! What means the title by which you were announced ?

VARNEY.

'T is the title conferred upon me by her Majesty this very day.

AMY.

Aha ! My compliments. But what brings you here ?

VARNEY.

My master's express command, my lady.

AMY.

'T was your master himself whom I expected.

VARNEY (presenting the note).

He bade me hand you this.

AMY (sorrowfully).

He will not come !

VARNEY.

Important duties—his enforced attendance on the queen.

AMY (after reading the letter).

I see, sir, that my lord has intrusted you with some message to me. Speak, I am listening. Well, what keeps you silent ?

VARNEY (feigning confusion).

Because—I do not know—what I have to say may wound my lady.

AMY.

Nothing that comes from my lord can wound me. Speak, Master Varney.



VARNEY (*aside*).

She will not deign to call me Sir Richard once.

(*Aloud.*)

I am instructed, madame, to prepare you for a sad change of fortune.

AMY.

What mean you?

VARNEY.

My lady must know with what irresistible power the will of the august queen who holds England beneath her sceptre is executed.

AMY.

Doubtless, and what Englishman is not proud to obey our glorious Elizabeth, who hath made a vow, in face of all her people, to live and die a virgin queen?

VARNEY.

If that twofold title is necessary to command your respect, my lady, your admiration for the queen will soon have occasion to be diminished by half. There is talk of her Majesty's marriage as likely to take place ere long.

AMY.

In truth, there have been princes of Spain and France in the lists, methinks. Hath not King Philip been suggested? the Duke of Anjou? or is it the Duke of Alençon?

VARNEY.

Your ladyship's information is not of the most accurate. The queen who might choose at will among the most splendid royal crowns of Europe, has deigned to cast her eyes upon one of her own subjects.

AMY.

How say you? The Duke of Lincoln, perchance?

VARNEY.

He is a Catholic.

AMY.

Can it be the Duke of Limerick?

VARNEY.

An Irishman!

AMY.

I see no other, in that case, save the Duke of Rutland.

VARNEY.

He is married.—True, that would be no obstacle.

AMY.

How dare you, sirrah?

VARNEY.

'T is a sad truth in politics, my lady. Crowned heads are not subject to the common law, and marriages that embarrass thrones are broken.

AMY.

How so? the throne is but the throne, and marriage is the altar.

VARNEY.

Ah! but the altar . . .

AMY.

Besides, what matters the queen's marriage to me?

VARNEY.

More than you think, my lady. However, Lord Rutland is not the person concerned. Among all our English nobles, not even with a ducal crown does the queen contemplate uniting her own, but with a plain earl's coronet.

AMY.

My God! what lies hidden behind these ominous words? You come to tell me of a change of fortune. The queen's at Kenilworth. My husband keeps high festival for her; he is her favorite—can it be?

VARNEY.

It can be, madame . . .

AMY.

Just Heaven! Dudley, noble-hearted Dudley, deceive me and desert me! he, a nobleman! a peer of England! 'T is impossible! You lie!

VARNEY.

I have said nothing, madame . . .

AMY.

No, but you have implied everything. Whom are you now betraying?

VARNEY.

I said that my words would wound my lady. Ah! this errand is too painful for me, and I retire.

AMY (detaining him).

No, stay! I fain would know . . .

VARNEY.

I have already said too much ; my master did not give me warrant to disclose the whole—far otherwise !

AMY.

What was it that he wished to hide from me ?  
Speak, I bid you, speak !

VARNEY.

Well—the queen—loves the earl.

AMY (overwhelmed).

She loves him ! And he ?

VARNEY.

He, madame ? What would you have ?  
England desires the marriage, France upholds it, Spain offers no objection. The people sing of it in their ballads, the astrologers read it in the heavens, the courtiers in the queen's eyes, and the queen . . .

AMY.

And the queen ? finish—in Leicester's eyes.

VARNEY.

I have not spoken of my lord.

AMY.

But I do speak of him ! What thinks the earl, what doth he ?

VARNEY.

What thinks he ? That God only knows. What doth he ? As yet he hardly knows himself. And yet a queen's love, a queen who can make a king ! the necessity of mounting ever when one has placed his foot on the first rung of ambition's ladder ! to lose all or to win all ! the throne or the abyss ! And then can one refuse to share a bed surmounted by a royal canopy ?

AMY.

I understand !

(She falls, utterly crushed, upon a chair.)

Embarrassing marriages, you say, are broken ? Ah ! Leicester, why this sacrilege ? Wherefore offend thy God by a divorce, and men by perjury ? Thinkst thou that I could survive the loss of thy love ? Go to ! leave death to do thy work ! thy ambition will not long await thy freedom !

VARNEY (aside).

The affair 's well under way !

AMY (rising as if impelled by a sudden thought).

Oh! but I think only of myself, what of my father? I think only of my love! What of my honor? I thought to restore to my father his daughter, proud and happy, beloved and respected by her husband. I shall restore her to him, so it seems, abandoned like a mistress, dismissed like a maid-servant, having not been acknowledged as a lawful wife for a single day, a single hour!

(Hiding her head in her hands.)

O shame!

VARNEY (with feigned timidity).

If I might venture a word, I would suggest to my lady that she may cease to be Countess of Leicester, and still be a lawful wife.

AMY (gazing at him in astonishment).

How so? I understand you not, sir.

VARNEY.

At the moment when the Earl of Leicester, drawn irresistibly into the path of ambition, abandons for the pomps and vanities of the throne, a treasure far above all earthly thrones,—if at that moment, madame, a man should

come to you, a man less brilliant, but more faithful, who, instead of an illustrious title with a clandestine marriage, should propose to you, with an honorable name, a union to be proclaimed aloud and proudly; if that man . . .

AMY (interrupting him and struggling to contain herself).

Pardon me! methinks 't is of yourself you speak, Master Varney?

VARNEY.

Even so, 't is of myself, madame; of myself who, instead of the selfish and inconstant heart which now doth turn from you, dare lay at your feet a deep, devoted love; of myself, who would prefer one of your glances to all the smiles of all the queens on earth.

AMY.

You propose to me to become Mistress Varney?

VARNEY.

No, my Lady Varney! such is the title which Sir Richard's wife will bear, no longer an earl's squire, but a free English knight.



AMY.

Even so, my change of name and of condition seems not to me to be so simple and so easy of accomplishment.

VARNEY.

It happens, on the contrary, that in the eyes of many, in the eyes of your father himself, I am even now supposed to be the happy man to whom your heart is given. Pending the final celebration of our marriage, suffer the appearance to continue to anticipate the reality. Permit me to-day, at this very hour, to present you to her Majesty as my lawful wife. Consent that, by that name . . .

AMY (bursting out).

Enough! ah! at length thou hast thrown off the mask, Richard Varney! So this is where thou wouldst lead me by thy wiles! Thou makest Leicester to appear faithless, that thou mayest make me faithless too! Thank God I saw the snare in time! The desertion that you threaten is a lie! this talk of marriage with the queen foul slander! Oh! what bliss! O my noble Dudley, pardon me

for having for an instant lent an ear to this vile knave's impostures !

VARNEY.

You do not then put faith in the note written and signed by my lord's hand ?

AMY.

I believe that thy treachery is twofold and that thou dost deceive us both.

VARNEY.

"All that he does, he does at my desire and by my command," says the earl. His desire is that, for his welfare and your own, I present you to the queen as my wife.

AMY.

Silence, impostor !

VARNEY.

Beware ! his command is that if you obey not, I shall have recourse to a more violent and awful means . . .

AMY.

Hold your peace, slave !

VARNEY.

Ah! 't is too much! you do not fear to change my love to hatred!

(Advancing upon her.)

You forget that we 're alone, and that you 're in my power.

AMY (in terror).

Help, help, father!

VARNEY (laughing).

Your father? ha! ha! think you that your voice will reach from Kenilworth to Templeton?

AMY.

Father! father!

SIR HUGH (appearing at the door).

I am here.

VARNEY (dumfounded).

Sir Hugh Robsart!

## SCENE V

THE SAME : SIR HUGH ROBSART.

SIR HUGH.

I come at your call, my daughter. But, in truth, there was little need of so much caution and mystery to show me your husband !

AMY.

You are strangely misinformed, father. This man is not my husband.

SIR HUGH.

Not your husband ! Body and blood !  
Doth he refuse ?

VARNEY (eagerly).

Refuse ! Sir, it would be my greatest joy and honor to call your daughter my wife. The obstacle and the refusal come not from me.

SIR HUGH.

What ! come they from you, Amy ? You ought . . .

AMY.

Father, a single word . . .

SIR HUGH.

Do not interrupt your father ! Assuredly I should have preferred, for the old Robsart race, alliance with a family of more ancient lineage. But Sir Richard Varney hath been but now dubbed knight. Moreover he is like to rise higher still, through the favor of his master, the all-powerful Earl of Leicester, who, mayhap to-morrow, will be the spouse of Elizabeth and King of England.

AMY.

My God ! what say you ? Leicester ? are you sure ?

SIR HUGH.

Knew you it not ? I did but repeat what universal rumor says.

AMY (*staggering*).

Then 't was true ! Dudley ! O my God !

(*She falls upon a chair.*)

SIR HUGH (*running to her*).

My child ! she has lost consciousness !

VARNEY (calling).

Foster ! Jeannette !

(Enters Jeannette hurriedly.)

See, your mistress is ill.

JEANNETTE (running to Amy's side).

My lady !

(She puts a flask of salts to her nose.)

VARNEY (to Sir Hugh).

Leave her to grow calm, Sir Hugh. Her mind is ill at ease. Your presence agitates and excites her.

SIR HUGH.

But, to leave her thus !

VARNEY.

You shall return, my respected father, when she is in better case to talk with you.

SIR HUGH (with a loving glance at Amy).

My poor child !

VARNEY.

I go with you.

(Aside.)

I must find Alasco.

(Exeunt Sir Hugh and Varney.)

SCENE VI

AMY, JEANNETTE.

JEANNETTE.

My lady ! my dear mistress ! Ah ! she opens her eyes.

AMY (looking about the room).

Father ! Where is he ?

JEANNETTE.

He will return, my lady. Are you better ?

AMY.

Yes, my child, yes, I am quite well. But for the moment, leave me, Jeannette. I must be alone.

(Removing her necklace and bracelets.)

But stay, take away these jewels ; they are too heavy for me.

JEANNETTE (after replacing the jewels in the casket).

My lady need but call for me. I shall be near at hand.

(Exit Jeannette.)

AMY.

(She remains for some time without speaking or moving, turning her eyes restlessly from side to side.)

Is it true indeed that I am not dreaming? Then what Varney said to me is possible! then 't is true! Dudley's crime was confirmed by my own father's voice! Alas! henceforth I am of so little importance in the world, my proper place therein so little dreamed of, that people will speak before me of what tears my heart, as if it were an indifferent or even pleasant subject! And so, to-morrow, yes, perhaps to-morrow, unless death doth visit Kenilworth meanwhile, there will no longer be a Lord or Lady Leicester! He will be King of England, and I! . . .

(Jeannette enters with a silver goblet on a salver.)

JEANNETTE.

Madame—my lady!

AMY (turning suddenly around).

What do you want? leave me!

(She recognizes Jeannette and continues gently.)

Ah! 't is thou, Jeannette! forgive me . . .



JEANNETTE.

How kind you are, madame,—too kind to be so unhappy!

AMY.

Ah! yes, most unhappy, dear child! But what hast thou there?

JEANNETTE.

A soothing draught that Foster handed me for you, to give you a little rest after all your suffering.

AMY.

Rest, Jeannette! there is no rest for me save in the tomb. But place it on the table, and go.

JEANNETTE.

My lady will drink it?

AMY.

Yes, I will drink it. Go, go, my child.

JEANNETTE (*aside*).

How pale she is for a countess!

(*She places the salver on the table near Amy, and exit.*)

## SCENE VII

AMY; afterward FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

AMY (alone).

A simple mind to think that wounds at the heart can be healed with bodily remedies, that despair is naught but a disease, and that sleep can be made to visit eyes that cannot even weep ! To what end should I drink this potion ? And yet, shall I disregard the attentions of these kind servants who prepared it for me, and said to one another : " This will do our poor mistress good ! " There are now but these two hearts in all the world that care for me, none but this seneschal and serving-maid who have compassion on the Countess of Leicester. As they choose to take this trouble for me, I ought at least to recognize it. I will drink.

(She takes the goblet and puts it to her lips.)

A VOICE (as if inside the wall).

Drink not !

AMY (checking herself).

Who speaks ?

(Alasco's door opens, and gives passage to Flibbertigibbet, who, at one bound, stands in front of the countess.)

I, noble lady. Drink not !

AMY (astounded).

You ! who are you ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Do you not recognize the poor devil's imp whose life you saved ?

AMY.

Ah ! 't is you ! But were you not in prison ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Yes, in the Mervyn tower, the tower of the dungeons, behind the bolts of a ghastly cell, reached by a most disquieting corridor, the floor of which sounds ominously hollow.

AMY.

You have succeeded in escaping ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

I doubt if I could have performed that miracle, despite my impish agility. I was

released by an old devil whose earthly name 's Alasco. A secret passage, cut in the wall, led from my cell to his laboratory. Oh! but 't was not kindness of heart that led dear Alasco to set me free. He made his conditions. I was intrusted with the delicate mission of carrying you away from here while sleeping. Sleeping what sort of sleep? I cannot say. I was able to distinguish a few words of a hurried colloquy betwixt your Varney and my Alasco. Varney came to fetch a draught ordered by Lord Leicester and to be given to Lady Leicester. That draught is here.

AMY.

Of what is it composed?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

There can be no mistake. It comes from Alasco's kitchen ; it is poison !

AMY.

Poison ! And Leicester sends it to me ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T was he who ordered it to be compounded for you.

AMY.

My God, forgive me !

(She seizes the goblet and puts it quickly to her lips.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (seizing her arm).

What are you doing, madame? 'T is poison, I tell you ! Did you not hear me ?

AMY.

Surely I heard ; but since 't is Leicester who sends the poison to me I must needs drink it.

(She puts the goblet to her lips once more ; Flibbertigibbet snatches it from her.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

No ! you saved my life, 't is my turn now !  
To the devil with this devil's brew !

(He throws the goblet on the floor.)

You will see that within the hour this floor will be as black as if it had been scorched by Cerberus's triple breath.

AMY (fixing her eyes upon the spilled liquid).

What have you done ? what will become of me now that I have no poison ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

What will become of you, my noble young lady? By Shakespeare! betwixt a husband who poisons you by way of divorce, and a Varney who covets you, there is but one course sanctioned by immemorial usage in all tragedies, comedies and pantomimes: flight.

AMY.

Why should I fly? and whither should I fly?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Good lack! have you not somewhere a family? a brother? or a father?

AMY.

My father! Yes, you are right, my father! Ah! now I conceive that I am released from my oath! I will tell my father all! I will die, justified at least, and forgiven. Let us fly, yes, let us fly! But, how?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Why, through this window, which is but one floor above the trees in the park. Yesterday I wished to terrify Alasco and so I hid a ladder in the shrubbery yonder . . .

(Leaning out of the window.)

It is still there. I will assist you to climb down. Mere child's play, madame !

AMY.

Let us be gone ! I long to find my father !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Stay ! have you forgotten nothing ?

(He takes the pelisse that lies upon a chair.)

This pelisse . . .

(Looking on the table.)

What is this parchment ? A passport from the queen ! Divine goodness ! let us not neglect this precious God-send !

(He bestows the parchment in his breast.)

Now come, come, madame !

AMY.

God be my guide !

(Flibbertigibbet assists her to climb through the window.)





## ACT FOURTH

The park of Kenilworth. At the back, in the distance, the roofs of the new castle can be seen through the trees.

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### SCENE I

AMY, FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

(The latter comes running upon the stage.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Your flight 's discovered, madame. Alasco and Foster are searching the woods for you. Luckily one is old, the other slow, and this rough, densely wooded corner of the park is marvelously adapted for the game of hide-and-seek.

AMY.

We must inquire—ascertain where I can find my father.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

If I could but leave you alone an instant I would soon find a way to bring Sir Hugh

Robsart to you. But, hush! some one is coming yonder! God! the Earl of Leicester with his worthy squire!

AMY (bitterly).

Leicester and Varney! alas, the two conspirators!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Come, madame, come! All is lost if they should see you!

(He draws her into a thicket at the left.)

## SCENE II

LEICESTER, VARNEY.

LEICESTER.

Speak quickly ! The queen is even now finishing her walk around the lake. I am in haste to join her.

VARNEY (*intensely excited*).

My lord is my witness that I had given the queen to understand that my wife, being quite ill, was not in a condition to be presented to her. At the same moment word was sent to me that she had fled ! My lord, 't is more than resistance, 't is downright rebellion.

LEICESTER (*pensively*).

I cannot look upon this resistance as a crime, Varney ; 't would be to make a crime of her love.

VARNEY.

The countess risks, my lord, involving you in a falsehood . . .

LEICESTER.

She remains firm in her straightforward loyalty. That is the path that I should follow, Varney, and not the one whereinto thou dost lead me.

VARNEY.

This path leads to grandeur and supreme power.

LEICESTER.

But by the way of treachery and falsehood.

VARNEY.

Zounds ! my lord, 't is now too late to recede. Elizabeth, blinded less by you than by herself, has abandoned herself to her passion with a recklessness which permits you to indulge what hopes you please, but which should make you fear the worst. When her eyes were opened, 't would be a terrible awakening. Imagine the possible results of an insulted woman's wrath, when that woman is a queen. Beware ! not only your worldly goods and honors are at stake, but your life. And the countess is no more free from danger than yourself. The queen may spare the man she loves ; but would she spare the rival she detests ?

LEICESTER.

'T is because of Amy's peril that I now draw back. I must at any hazard defend her and preserve her.

VARNEY.

And how ! One does not wage war with his queen !

LEICESTER (reflecting).

Therefore will I not attempt it. But to-morrow, perhaps to-night, the queen will have taken leave of Kenilworth. And then . . .

VARNEY (in dismay).

Great God ! My lord cannot think of leaving England ! my lord will not throw to the winds in exile his hopes of the most brilliant fortune ever dreamed of by mortal man !

LEICESTER.

A fortune upon which yours depends, eh, Master Varney ? But I rely upon your devotion . . .

VARNEY.

My lord ! . . .

LEICESTER.

Enough! let your people search for the countess! Not to carry her away, but so that I may speak with her. Come, let us join the queen.

(Exit Leicester.)

VARNEY (following him, aside).

If he leaves the country, I am a ruined man! If he sees the countess again, I am a dead man!

(He overtakes Leicester.)

## SCENE III

FLIBBERTIGIBBET, AMY ; afterward VARNEY.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

(He emerges from the thicket and looks after Leicester and Varney.)

There they go. Come, my lady ; you can safely come forth from your citadel of shrubbery ; but look well to your lovely eyes, for I have never seen branches more inclined to caress one's eyelids with their thorns.

(Amy appears.)

AMY.

To think that I must hide from Leicester as from an enemy.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

And I go now to find for you your natural protector against that enemy, your father. See, conceal yourself yonder at the corner of the fountain, whence you may at need return to the thicket.

(He leads her to the spot indicated. Varney reappears at the back of the stage.)

VARNEY.

Methought I caught a glimpse of the knave  
Flibbertigibbet.

(Spying Amy.)

Oho! the countess! What should I do!  
Suppose I venture to—? 'T would be a bold  
stroke! But my audacity has met with success  
hitherto, and, in my present plight, I must risk  
everything to save everything.

(He retires.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (to Amy).

Await me here, my lady; within the quarter  
I will be here again with Sir Hugh Robsart.

(Exit Flibbertigibbet.)

AMY (alone).

I abandoned my father to go with my husband, and lo! to-day I have but the one thought, to leave my husband and rejoin my father. O Leicester! can it be that after thou didst seek to force me to become thy servant's wife in name, thou hast sought to poison me? Alas! he who is capable of dastard deeds is capable of crime. Where is he, the great earl, the noble Dudley? All is over! In my heart



no longer lives one spark of love for him;  
scorn has poured water on it all. I do not  
even hate him.

(She has seated herself upon the base of a statue beside  
the fountain. Enters the queen.)

## SCENE IV

AMY, ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH (reading a note).

What means this mysterious scroll? "Let the queen betake herself alone to the fountain of Neptune." This is the place.

(Discovering Amy.)

What woman is this?

AMY.

The queen! O Heaven! the queen! it is the queen!

ELIZABETH.

How now! Woman, what do you here?

AMY.

Your Majesty—I was but passing by, I will retire.

ELIZABETH.

Nay, speak. You seem in trouble and like to swoon. Be not alarmed, maiden, you are before your queen.

AMY.

'T is for that reason that I tremble, madame.

ELIZABETH.

Be not alarmed, I say! Have you some favor to ask at our hands?

AMY.

Madame! Ah! yes, I ask your protection, madame.

(She falls on her knees at the queen's feet.)

ELIZABETH.

Every maiden in our realm hath an undoubted right thereto, if she deserve it. Rise, and collect your thoughts. Who are you? Wherefore and wherein can our protection be of use to you?

AMY.

Madame—what can I say? I know not . . .

ELIZABETH.

This much resembles madness. 'T is not our wont to ask a question twice without reply.

AMY.

I beseech you—I implore your Majesty. Deign to command that my father be given back to me.

ELIZABETH.

Good lack ! first I must know your father. Who are you ? who is he ?

AMY.

I am Amy, Sir Hugh Robsart's daughter.

ELIZABETH.

Robsart ! By my soul, for two days past I have heard naught but of that family. The father asks me for his daughter, the daughter asks me for her father. You do not tell me yet all that you are. You are married ?

AMY.

Married ! O God ! you know ? Yes, madame, it is true—forgive, oh ! forgive me ! In the name of your glorious crown, pardon !

ELIZABETH.

Forgive you, my child ? Why, what have I to forgive ? 'T is your father's business, whom

you have deceived. You see, I know your whole story ; your blush confirms it. You allowed yourself to be seduced and kidnapped . . .

AMY (proudly).

True, madame ; but he who seduced and kidnapped me, has married me.

ELIZABETH.

Even so ; I know that you have repaired your error by marrying your seducer, Varney the squire.

AMY.

Varney ! oh ! no, madame, no ; as there is a heaven above our heads, I am not the vile creature you deem me ! I am not the despicable Varney's wife.

ELIZABETH.

How now ? What means this ? Woman, meseems one hath not need to tear the words from you, when the subject suits your whim !

(As if speaking to herself.)

Whose plaything am I now ? Some degrading mystery is hidden here.

(Aloud.)

Amy Robsart, 't was in the presence of the noble Earl of Leicester, his master, that Varney declared himself thy husband.

AMY (sorrowfully).

In the earl's presence !

ELIZABETH.

Aye ! but prithee tell me whom thou hast married ? By the sun that shines upon us I will know whose mistress or whose wife thou art. Come ! speak, and quickly, for thou wouldst incur less risk in playing with a lioness, than in deceiving Elizabeth of England.

AMY.

Ask the Earl of Leicester ; he knows the truth.

ELIZABETH.

Leicester ! the Earl of Leicester ! Woman, thou doth slander him ! Who set thee on to utter that hateful lie ? Who hath suborned thee to insult the noblest nobleman, the most loyal gentleman within this realm ? Come instantly with me. But here he comes himself in search of us.

(Raising her voice.)

This way! this way! Even were he dearer to us than our right hand, thou shouldst be confronted with him; thou shalt be heard in his presence, that I may know what man or woman in England is so bereft of sense as to lie to the daughter of King Henry Eighth!

## SCENE V

AMY, ELIZABETH, LEICESTER, VARNEY,  
THE WHOLE COURT.

(Elizabeth has her eyes fixed upon Leicester. Amy is  
pale as death and almost fainting.)

LEICESTER (aside, with a gesture of dismay).

Heaven! Amy with the queen!

ELIZABETH (aside).

How pale he grows!

(Aloud.)

My Lord of Leicester, know you this  
woman?

LEICESTER (in a low tone).

Madame . . .

ELIZABETH (more forcibly).

My Lord of Leicester, know you this  
woman?

LEICESTER.

Will the queen deign to give me leave to  
explain . . .



ELIZABETH.

Is it I whom you have dared deceive?  
I, your benefactress, your trusting and too  
weak sovereign? Your confusion seems to  
avow your treachery. If there be aught  
sacred on this earth, I swear by that, disloyal  
earl, your perfidy shall be fitly rewarded!

LEICESTER (abashed).

I have not purposed to deceive you, madame.

ELIZABETH.

Is it so? Ah! my lord, methinks your  
head is in as great peril now as ever was your  
father's.

AMY (aside).

O God!

LEICESTER (drawing himself up, and speaking in  
a firm voice).

My head, O queen, can fall only upon the  
sentence of my peers. At the bar of the  
imperial English Parliament I will plead my  
cause, and not before a princess who thus  
rewards my faithful services. Your Majesty's  
sceptre is not a fairy wand wherewith to build  
my scaffold in a single day.

ELIZABETH.

My lords, who stand about me, you have heard! Meseems we are defied and set at naught even in the castle which this presumptuous man owes to our royal generosity! My Lord Shrewsbury, as Earl-marshal of England you will proceed against this rebel for high treason.

AMY (aside).

Just Heaven! I knew not that I loved him still so dearly!

ELIZABETH.

Raise not your head so proudly, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Our father Henry Eighth, of illustrious memory, cut off the heads that would not bend. Hunsdon, my good cousin, look to it that the gentlemen pensioners of our suite are in readiness; let this man be placed in custody. Let him give up his sword, and let it be done with all speed! I have spoken.

(Hunsdon draws his sword; three gentlemen advance toward Leicester, who stands calm and unmoved. Amy throws herself at the queen's feet.)

AMY.

No! no, madame! Mercy! justice! He is not guilty! he is not guilty! No one

can accuse the noble Earl of Leicester in aught!

ELIZABETH.

By my soul, my child, this is amazing! Did not you yourself accuse him but now? Did you slander him, pray?

AMY.

Did I accuse him, madame? Oh! if I did accuse him, assuredly I slandered him. I alone deserve your wrath.

ELIZABETH.

Beware, mad creature that you are! Said you not a moment since that I had but to question the earl, that he knew your whole story?

AMY.

I know not what I said, madame; my life was threatened, I was misled, my mind was confused . . .

ELIZABETH.

Who is your husband or your lover, Amy Robsart, if, as you declared but now, you are not Varney's wife!

LEICESTER (coming forward).

I must make my confession to your Majesty . . .

ELIZABETH.

My lord, allow this woman to speak.

AMY.

Madame !

(Aside.)

O Heaven !

(Aloud.)

Yes, madame, I am Varney's wife !

LEICESTER (aside).

Too generous Amy ! Ah me ! if, by sacrificing myself, I need not sacrifice her with me ! . . .

ELIZABETH.

So you confess, young woman, that all the confusion you have witnessed was born of your impudent falsehoods and your absurd impostures ? You confess that you came hither to tarnish the illustrious Earl of Leicester's fame, and ruin him in our esteem ?

AMY.

I needs must confess it.

LEICESTER (aside).

Ah ! her devotion tears my heart !

(Aloud.)

Will your Majesty now deign to hear me ?

ELIZABETH (smiling upon him).

One moment still, dear noble earl; we pray you, let us have the joy of seeing your innocence declare itself. Your enemies have set this unhappy creature upon you. Let us question her.

VARNEY (stepping forward).

Madame, she is not so guilty as she seems to your Majesty to be! I hoped that her malady might have remained concealed. But the queen must have noticed that her mind wanders.

LEICESTER (aside).

Caitiff!

AMY (aside).

I must carry out the sacrifice even to the end.

ELIZABETH.

In truth, Sir Richard Varney, I incline rather to the belief that your master's enemies have made use of your wife as an instrument to weaken what they have but strengthened. This evening we take our leave of Kenilworth; we will leave orders. Awaiting our final determination, let this woman be consigned to the prison in the tower. Lord Hunsdon,

this prisoner is in your keeping. Let her be closely watched, and give order that no person—no person, even were it the lord of this castle—hold communication with her unless he be provided with a safe-conduct, signed by our own hand. You hear, my lord.

(Lord Hunsdon bows. Amy is led away.)

LEICESTER (aside).

O misery ! my beloved Amy !

AMY.

If I die now, at least 't will be for him !

## ACT FIFTH

Interior of the round tower of the dungeons. Old Norman style of architecture. Above the walls can be seen the base of the interior cone of the roof. At the centre of the back of the stage an iron door. At the right of this door a small barred window. At the left a couch. A great beam, which supports the roof, runs from side to side of the tower overhead.

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### SCENE I

AMY (alone).

(She is sitting on the couch, pale, and with disheveled hair.)

The sacrifice is consummated! I know not how it is that, through the sin of loving, I have become almost a State criminal. The queen's my rival! the queen! and doubtless her wrath will not have fallen on me to no purpose. To-day, a prison; to-morrow—Dudley! they say that thou wouldst take my life. I much prefer to forestall thee and to give it thee. For thee the throne, for me

the tomb. I go, and thou 'lt remain with this Elizabeth, who is a queen. O fearful thought ! that while she trembles in thy arms, I shall be lying on the solitary ice-cold pillow of the sepulchre ! O agony ! how keen and heart-rending is jealousy when one is soon to die !

(She hides her face in her hands and weeps. . At this moment a door in the wall at the right, concealed by the carving, turns noiselessly on its hinges to admit Flibbertigibbet, then closes as noiselessly. Flibbertigibbet walks slowly forward a few steps and stands in front of Amy, who has not raised her eyes.)



## SCENE II

AMY, FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

AMY. (She does not see Flibbertigibbet.)

Is not this dungeon death? Am I not  
already cast out from the world of the living?  
Where is the ear that can hear my voice?  
Where is the hand that can reach out and  
touch my hand?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (without changing his position).

Here.

AMY.

Who 's that?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Flibbertigibbet, at your service.

AMY.

You! Pray, are you in truth a sorcerer or  
devil's imp that you can make your way to  
this impenetrable dungeon, without, may God  
forgive you, the door being opened?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Unhappily God has nothing of that sort to  
forgive me, noble lady.

AMY.

But tell me how you did come in ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

As you will go out, my lady.

AMY.

I cannot understand . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T is very simple.

(He points with his finger to the masked door.)

Yonder is a door.

AMY.

Is it so ? And whither does it lead ?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

I have already told you ; it leads, by a secret staircase, to Alasco's laboratory, and thence to the large room whence you have escaped once already, and whence, thanks to God or the devil, you will escape a second time. But let us make haste ! I know not by what lucky chance old Alasco was not in his laboratory. He may soon return, and our expedition would become difficult. Come, come, madame.

(He takes a step toward the secret door.)

AMY.

I thank thee, my poor friend, but cannot follow thee.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

What say you?

AMY.

Fly quickly. If thou shouldst be surprised here . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

My safety is of mighty consequence! But you?

AMY.

I remain.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (stamping on the floor).

Look you! do you think that I came here simply to go away as I came? Do you think that I will leave you in this damp, cold dungeon, with the owls and bats, spiders around your bed, and jailers at your door, while there is pure, free air without, and fields, woods and streams? If you propose to allow yourself to die in this dungeon, you should not have saved my life. Come! follow me! follow me!

AMY.

I cannot, my poor friend. Am I not condemned to death by him to whom my breath and my life belong? If I had my liberty, what should I do with my life? Is not Dudley faithless? Did not Dudley seek to poison me? Did not Dudley abandon me to his Varney? Is not Dudley to marry Elizabeth?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

La, la, la! that is all old, madame. The scene has changed. Your Dudley is not faithless, he did not seek to poison you, he did not abandon you to his squire Satan-Varney, and, far from thinking of marrying the queen, he is at this moment planning an act of high treason against her. I mean your rescue.

AMY (clasping her hands).

Can it be? Dost thou say truly?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T was Varney alone who invented it all, planned it all, did it all—he alone is answerable for everything!

AMY.

Ah! that is what I thought at first! O my Dudley, how guilty I have been toward thee.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Nor is that all. Your father knows of your marriage; he has become reconciled to your husband; they are at this moment together concerting measures to save you; they are, it may be, waiting for you without. Do you choose still to remain? Do you wish to make them wait in vain?

AMY.

Oh! no! haste! haste! make haste to take me to my lord! to my father!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

At last! The bolt is drawn! Let us not waste a second! follow me.

(He runs to the masked door, and tries to open it, but it resists. He tries again, but to no purpose. He cannot even shake the door. He returns in blank dismay to Amy, who watches him, trembling with anxiety.)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Locked! the door is locked and bolted on the outer side! Alasco and Varney have

returned. That empty room above was but a snare !

AMY.

So you are lost with me for having tried to save me. Unhappy creature that I am ! my evil fortune is contagious.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

In God's name say no more to me of myself ! I have naught to lose ! 'T is you who lose everything !

AMY.

Yes, I have fallen back into the darkness of my dungeon ! The last ray of hope is blotted out.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (drawing himself up).

The last ? not so, dear noble lady ! We must never despair. Your husband and your father are at this very moment seeking to effect your rescue. If one could but look from yonder window !

(He places a wooden stool beneath the window, and stands on tip-toe upon it, trying to look out.)

The sun is sinking behind the trees in the park. We have not a half hour of daylight. Ah ! what do I see down yonder in the

gathering twilight. Two men wrapped in cloaks. They walk toward the tower. They pause at the foot of the wall. They measure its height with their eyes. Madame, my lady, 't is they.

AMY.

Who?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Your father and your husband!

AMY.

My father! my husband! Are you not mistaken? Let me look!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (jumping down from the stool).

Look, madame.

AMY (taking his place at the window).

Ah! God! yes, there he is! 'T is he, my Dudley! Ah! how hard it is to see betwixt these bars!

(Calling.)

Father! my lord!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

The tower is too high for them to hear you. But wave your handkerchief; perchance they will see that.

(Amy waves her handkerchief outside the bars.)

AMY.

Yes, yes, they have spied it ! They raise their hats.

(Piteously.)

But I see them and they cannot see me !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

No matter ! they are warned, and they will soon set you free.

AMY (shaking her head).

Set me free !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Assuredly. What doors would not fly open before the lord of this castle ? He has the power and he has the gold.

AMY.

But those will not suffice to-day. He will not enter this tower. You do not know, thou dost not know, my poor friend, what orders the queen gave. No one can enter here, no one.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

What ! not even the Earl of Leicester, the all-powerful minister ?



AMY.

He, least of all. No one will enter here, I tell thee, unless he have a safe-conduct signed by the queen's hand.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Excellent! In that case, what we need is the queen's safe-conduct?

AMY.

Surely.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET (taking a parchment from his pocket).

Here it is, madame.

AMY (taking the parchment).

What! the queen's signature! This is downright magic!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Nay, forethought. I found this talisman upon your table yesterday.

AMY.

Ah! yes, I remember. My father's safe-conduct.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

I did well not to forget it as he did. And now, madame, quickly wave your handkerchief

once more, and throw this parchment down to your rescuers.

AMY (waving her handkerchief).

They see my signal.

(She throws down the parchment.)

God guide its flight !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Follow it with your eyes. What becomes of it ?

AMY.

It falls. It twists and turns. Now 't is among the tree-tops.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

God grant it do not lodge there !

AMY.

No, it falls. At last 't is on the ground, before them.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Have they it ?

AMY.

They have it !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

We are saved !

AMY.

My Dudley kisses the paper. He signals to me. Now they both bend their steps toward the postern gate. The corner of the wall steals them from me, I no longer see them.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

'T is but to see them soon again, and nearer at hand, noble lady.

AMY (leaving the window).

God be praised !

(She glances at her disordered dress.)

He is coming. In what plight am I to receive him? Hair in disorder, my dress all awry . . .

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Most promising sign ! sadness gives place to coquetry ! But methinks I hear steps.

(He listens at the iron door.)

'T is the step of more than one. Why in God's name does the floor of the corridor give forth such a hollow sound ?

(A key is heard in the lock.)

They 're opening the door, madame !

(The iron door opens. Enter Sir Hugh and Leicester.)

## SCENE III

THE SAME: LEICESTER, SIR HUGH.

AMY (throwing herself into Leicester's arms).  
My lord !

LEICESTER (straining her to his heart).  
My best beloved !

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

She was as pale as a corpse, and now she 's  
as rosy as a bride. These maids change color  
more often and more quickly than the star  
Aldebaran.

LEICESTER.

Well mightst thou look coldly on me, Amy.  
How shall I ever undo the wrong I did thee?  
Oh ! forgive me !

AMY (still in his arms).

Ah ! 't is from thee, my dear and noble lord,  
that all forgiveness must proceed. Of what  
did I dare suspect thee ?

(To Sir Hugh.)

And, father, have you too forgiven me? do you forgive me?

SIR HUGH (throwing his arms about them both).

My daughter!—my child!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Bethink you that the door stands open: why do we delay?

LEICESTER.

He is right, time is precious. Listen, my beloved; all is prepared for thy flight and mine. An hour hence a carriage will await us in the wood. Sure friends, Strathallan and the Earl of Fife, will cover our flight. A brig, ready to make sail for Flanders, will receive us on the coast; and ere the dawn we shall be sailing away toward happiness, both set free, thou from thy prison, I from the court.

AMY.

How now, my lord! for me you will abandon honor, rank, favor, fortune, and the glorious stage where Europe gazes admiringly upon you? What sacrifices for a poor woman!

LEICESTER.

That poor woman, as thou namest her, has made many a harder sacrifice for me.

AMY.

You condemn yourself to exile !

LEICESTER.

Art not thou my country ?

AMY.

But, Dudley, thou dost renounce everything.

LEICESTER.

Nothing at all, for thou art everything to Dudley.

AMY.

Who knows ? perchance a throne !

LEICESTER.

A throne ? Nay, something tells me that, when I leave the queen to go with thee, I renounce naught save the chance of ascending, some fine morning, not the steps of a throne, but the ladder of a scaffold.

SIR HUGH.

My lord, do not forget that at this hour this imperious queen awaits your coming.

LEICESTER.

True ; we must leave thee, dearest wife.

AMY.

What ! do you not take me with you ?

LEICESTER.

Nay, not yet. An hour hence the queen will have left Kenilworth behind. At this moment her retinue still throngs the castle, and thy flight would be impossible. I go to hold her stirrup ; as soon as she has taken her departure, I will return. Kenilworth will be deserted, and, under cover of the darkness, I will carry thee away from this ghastly dungeon.

AMY (smiling).

'T will be the second time that you have carried me away, my lord—Ah ! pardon me, father !

LEICESTER (to Flibbertigibbet).

Do thou go with us, devil's imp ; I need thy assistance to put everything in readiness while I am in attendance on the queen.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

At your service, my lord.

AMY.

Must I remain alone ?

LEICESTER.

An hour at the most, my dearest love.

AMY (clinging to his neck).

Do you remember, my lord, that in the early days of our love the blast of your horn told me of your presence in the Devon woods ? To-night, you must make known your return to me in the same way.

LEICESTER.

I promise. Be happy and have no fear.  
Farewell.

AMY.

Farewell.

(They embrace. Exit the earl, with Sir Hugh and Flibbertigibbet.)



## SCENE IV

AMY (alone).

Farewell!—there 's something most impressive in that word ; it is as if one were resigned to an eternal parting !

(She sits upon the bed and muses.)

They are gone ; I can no longer hear their steps. Once more I am alone. I know not why sad thoughts return and fill—my mind. Am I not, shall I not soon be happy ? Shall I not soon be free—free to see and hear him—free to love him ? My head and body are worn out ; the varying emotions of this day have overpowered me. Would it not be well to take a little rest before setting out upon this journey.

(She lies down upon the bed.)

This journey that 's to lead me to perfect bliss !

(Gradually her voice becomes weaker, and her mind seems to grow dull.)

O my Dudley ! what a blessed future !  
Exile, but exile where thou wilt be ; some

sequestered retreat ; long days with thee,  
beside thee ; a life of love and freedom  
from all care. God grant it 's not a  
dream !

(She sleeps.)

## SCENE V

VARNEY, ALASCO.

(As Amy falls asleep, the masked door is partly opened; Varney thrusts his head in and makes sure that the countess is asleep; then he enters, leading Alasco by the hand; the latter follows him with apparent impatience.)

VARNEY.

She is asleep!

(To Alasco.)

Zounds, man, come! come quickly!

ALASCO (placing a lighted copper lamp upon a stool).

Why do you thus drag me about after you? My time is not so cheap that I can waste it listening at doors in your company. I was engaged upon a task of supreme importance. I have three retorts upon the furnace, filled with a substance of such dangerous properties, that the least drop falling in the fire would overturn this tower.

VARNEY.

Alasco, didst thou hear?

ALASCO.

I did not listen.

VARNEY.

The Earl of Leicester means to fly, to fly with his wife ! and a few hours hence, if his purpose be accomplished, the favorite will be an exile, and the favorite's squire will fall from the height he has attained, a hundred times lower than the point at which he began to ascend !

ALASCO.

What matters it to me ?

VARNEY.

What matters it to thee ? The exile's property will be confiscated, and the domain of Cumnor will undergo a like fate with the rest. Farewell to thy laboratory, thy workshop, thy pharmacy of philters, thy poison kitchen ! Thou seest that it matters to thee !

ALASCO.

Even so ! What is the source of all these woes of thine ? The flight of this bird. Go warn Elizabeth, and the cage will not open.

VARNEY.

Better than that ! 't will open to receive the earl. Elizabeth will send him to consummate his nuptials with Amy upon the scaffold. And what shall I have gained by that ?

ALASCO.

The queen will hold you dear for having undeceived her.

VARNEY.

Hold me dear ? she will hold me in horror rather ! If I were not punished for my good offices, the best I could expect would be to be forgotten.

ALASCO.

Then do not tell her that 't was the earl who planned his wife's escape.

VARNEY.

In that case he remains powerful and a favorite, and, sooner or later, under one pretext or another, his vengeance will fall upon me.

ALASCO.

Well, if all ways are bad . . .

VARNEY.

Not all !

(He draws near Alasco and lowers his voice.)

Alasco, if fate should strike this woman down, this Amy, who leads the earl into so many acts of madness ; if she should disappear from the world ; if she should die—a natural death,—what think you would become of Leicester ?

ALASCO.

He would forget her. He would remain the fortunate minister, the all-powerful favorite, the great earl who gives festivals and spectacles to queens.

VARNEY.

And we, Alasco, should follow in his train, in peace, rising as he rose, and finding ourselves earls or barons on the day when he awoke a king.

ALASCO.

As thou sayest, — Baron Varney, Prince Demetrius Alasco !

VARNEY.

Thus the only obstacle between ourselves and fortune is this woman's life.

ALASCO.

And how dost thou propose to overcome that obstacle?

VARNEY.

Remove it.

ALASCO (with a gesture of dismay).

Oho! I thought that thou didst love this woman?

VARNEY.

She called me slave! I hate her.

(Half drawing his dagger.)

When one reflects that with one inch of this steel in that disdainful heart, naught would henceforth obstruct the course of so many brilliant destinies! . . .

(He takes a step toward Amy.)

ALASCO (stopping him).

Varney! Varney! a dagger-thrust! Every-one will know that it was thou.

VARNEY.

Thou 'rt right. But hast thou not—hast thou not some elixir, some poison of which one dies as soon as one doth breathe it?

ALASCO.

Poison ! they 'll say that it was I.

VARNEY.

Then what are we to do ?

ALASCO.

Whatever pleases thee. I do not choose to have a hand in the affair. A woman ! a sleeping woman !

VARNEY.

Thou 'rt a coward !

ALASCO.

Moreover, I have already told thee that my furnaces await me.

VARNEY.

Thou 'rt a fool !

(He seems to reflect for a few instants.)

What 's to be done ? What 's to be done ?  
A natural death ? Nothing that will leave a  
trace of my handiwork ?

(Striking his forehead.)

Ah ! now I have it ! Is not this tower the  
tower of the dungeons ? Alasco, in the floor  
of the narrow corridor that gives access to



this dungeon there is a trap-door, just in front of yonder threshold.

ALASCO.

Well?

VARNEY.

One need but touch a spring, and the supports which hold the trap-door are thrown aside. It then remains in place by virtue of the adhering force of the surrounding planks, and there is nothing whereby the eye can detect the change ; but the slightest pressure is enough to hurl it down into the abyss it covers.

ALASCO.

Well?

VARNEY.

'T is a fearful abyss. The fall is from the summit of this turret down to the lowest vaults of the castle.

ALASCO.

Well?

VARNEY.

The earl has left the door ajar. Wait for me one moment.

ALASCO.

Where goest thou?

VARNEY.

I go to press the spring which removes the supports of the trap-door.

(He goes out through the iron door, which has remained open, and half closes it so as to conceal the corridor.)

ALASCO (alone).

What infernal scheme has he in mind?  
And my elixirs are evaporating overhead!  
Well, Varney?

VARNEY (returning).

'T is done. Now, woe to him who puts his foot upon that trap! though he were light-footed as a sylph, he would go down with it into the depths.

ALASCO.

Varney, thou dost not intend to take the prisoner and cast her into yonder pit?

VARNEY (with a bitter smile).

Fie! what brutality! I shall not lay hand upon the prisoner.

ALASCO.

In that case, I fail to comprehend.

VARNEY (*lowering his voice*).

Didst thou not hear the earl promise his wife to announce his return by a blast upon his horn?

ALASCO.

So. What then?

VARNEY.

What then? When the captive hears the blast upon the horn thinkest thou that, seeing yon door open, she will have patience to wait until her husband shall have joined her here? Thinkst thou she will resist the pleasure of embracing him a few moments sooner? Thinkst thou that she will hesitate to run to meet him? And if she doth in her excitement cross the threshold, if the rotten supports of the trap-door give way beneath her, if she falls—Why, what can I do? Shall I have been to blame? 'T would be a sad mischance.

ALASCO.

To find in her love a means of putting her to death! Varney, thou wouldst boil the lamb in its mother's milk!

VARNEY.

Now, let us withdraw. The earl must soon return. Go back, if thou wilt, to thy infernal chemistry. I remain on guard behind the masked door.

(They go out together through the secret door.)

## SCENE VI

AMY (alone).

(Profound silence reigns in the dungeon, which is but dimly lighted by the copper lamp which Alasco has left, forgotten, upon the stool. After some moments of silence, the clear note of a horn is heard without. Amy wakes with a start.)

What sound was that? was it not the horn in the distance?

(She listens.)

Nothing but the wind whistling in the crevices of the wall. Perchance 't was that awoke me. So much the better! I had a fearful dream.

(The horn is heard again.)

But no, I was not mistaken, 't is the horn in truth; 't is the signal.

(She runs to the window.)

Torches, horses and armed men. Yes, there is my Dudley! He dismounts, he assists my father to dismount. How noble he is, my Dudley! Ah! that door was left ajar; I will run to meet him, and spare him the necessity of coming to this dungeon.

(She wraps herself in her veil and kneels.)

O my God, to thy keeping do I now commend myself.

(The horn is heard a third time.)

Dudley, I am thine !

(She takes the lamp from the stool, pushes the door open and disappears. As the door swings back a piercing shriek is heard and a great noise like that made by the falling of a heavy piece of timber. At the sound the little door is half opened, and Varney appears, pale and trembling.)

## SCENE VII

VARNEY (alone).

(He enters slowly and with a bewildered air.)

Is it over? Yes, I heard the noise. No one here. 'T is done. Ah! well, 't is finished! Can it be that thou 'rt afraid, Varney?

(With a ghastly sneering laugh.)

The lamb has fallen into the wolf's den, is that a reason why thou shouldst tremble? If I were to go and look?

(He walks toward the door, then recoils and walks back.)

Look—to what end? I heard, and that 's enough. Rejoice, Richard Varney! from this hour dates thy fortune!

(Suddenly a great uproar is heard behind the masked door. It is thrown violently open, admitting a flickering red light, and Alasco, pale as death, rushes with a shriek of horror upon the stage.)

## SCENE VIII

VARNEY, ALASCO.

ALASCO.

Ah me ! woe ! woe !

VARNEY.

Alasco ! in God's name what 's the matter ?

ALASCO.

Malediction on us !

VARNEY.

What sayest thou ?

ALASCO.

Varney, my alembic has exploded, the  
tower 's half in ruins, and the castle on fire !

VARNEY.

What sayest thou, villain ? The castle is on  
fire ?

ALASCO.

Look !

(The glare becomes higher and brighter. A sound  
like the hissing of flames can be heard outside.)



VARNEY.

Great God!

ALASCO.

We have no time to lose. The conflagration makes rapid progress. Let us fly!

VARNEY.

Let us fly!

(They run to the iron door. Alasco pushes it open and recoils in horror before the yawning gulf outside.)

ALASCO.

Demon! what is this yawning pit?

VARNEY.

The trap!

ALASCO.

A chasm not to be crossed! Flight, rescue, both impossible. On that side fire, on this the chasm. Die! we must die!

VARNEY.

'T is thy fault, poisoner!

ALASCO.

'T is thine, assassin!

VARNEY (pointing to the flames).

Who caused yon fire?

ALASCO (pointing to the open trap).

Who opened yon deep hole?

(The fire gains ground, the flame comes in through the masked door, the roof crumbles, the walls sway and tremble; and a shower of sparks begins to rain down from the top of the tower. At this juncture Flibbertigibbet passes through an opening in the roof, and appears standing on the transverse timber.)

## SCENE IX

VARNEY, ALASCO, FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Varney! Alasco!

VARNEY (*raising his head*).

Who calls us? Is it hell?

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Hell is content to await your coming. Do not reproach each other! I caused the explosion of the alembic. 'T is I who punish you.

VARNEY.

Ah! cursed devil's imp!

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Demons of that sweet angel! follow her into the yawning pit. You will not follow her beyond it!

(He disappears through an opening in the roof, which falls in and buries Varney and Alasco.)



## NOTE TO AMY ROBSART

Amy Robsart was acted February 13, 1828, at the Odéon, under the management of M. Sauvage.

We read in *Victor Hugo Raconté, etc.* :

"It was agreed that Victor Hugo's name should not be pronounced ; but some chance phrase or some indiscretion betrayed him, and the manager, overjoyed, lost no time in spreading the report that the drama was written by the author of *Cromwell*. Victor Hugo remonstrated in vain ; the manager, seeing that the name was a drawing card, continued to cry it from the house-tops.

"The play was much hissed. M. Victor Hugo, who was very glad to give away a success, did not wish to give away a failure . . ."

Without actually declaring himself to be the author of the play, he assumed the responsibility for the passages that were hissed in the following letter to the newspapers :

"PARIS, 14 February, 1828.

"To the Editor :

"Since the success of *Amy Robsart*, the first essay of a young poet whose fortune is dearer to me than my own, has met with such bitter opposition, I hasten to declare that I am not altogether a stranger to the work. There are, in the drama, some passages, some fragments of scenes, which were written by me, and I ought to say that they are the passages which were, perhaps, most loudly hissed.

"I beg you, monsieur, to publish this statement in your journal to-morrow, and to accept, etc.,

"VICTOR HUGO.

"P. S.—The author has withdrawn the play."

The play was a complete failure and was performed but once.







THE DRAMAS  
COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED  
OF  
VICTOR HUGO







Ch. Courtyv sc



(The procession passes across the stage slowly and silently. Gucho calls the king's attention to the banner.)

THE KING (to Gucho).

Ah yes ! that crawling monk !

GUCHO.

Agreed. Crawling, but great. Everyone doth tremble before Torquemada ; even yourself.

—Torquemada, Part 2, Act I, Scene 3.

VICTOR HUGO

---

DRAMAS

VIII

---

TORQUEMADA

TRANSLATED BY

I. G. BURNHAM



PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON

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TORQUEMADA



PART FIRST

FROM MONK TO POPE





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

TORQUEMADA  
DON SANCHE DE SALINAS  
DONNA ROSA D'ORTHEZ  
GIL, MARQUIS DE FUENTEL  
KING FERDINAND  
POPE ALEXANDER VI  
FRANCIS DE PAUL  
GUCHO, a clown  
THE PRIOR  
BISHOP OF SEO DE URGEL

Monks, Soldiers

## ACT FIRST

### THE *IN PACE*

Catalonia. Among the mountains on the frontier. The Lateran monastery, a convent of the order of Saint Augustine and of the discipline of Saint Ruf.

The old cemetery of the convent. General appearance of an uncultivated garden. The time is April. Bright sunshine and flowers in bloom. Crosses and tombs in the grass and under the trees. Ground dotted with graves. At the back of the stage the monastery wall, very high, but falling in ruins. An enormous breach extends nearly to the ground, and gives access to the open country. Close beside a huge square fragment of the wall stands an iron cross, planted on a grave.

Another very high cross, with the mystic gilded triangle, stands at the top of a flight of stone steps, and overlooks the whole cemetery.

In the foreground, even with the ground, a square opening, surrounded by flat stones on a level with the top of the grass. At one side a long flagstone, apparently intended to cover the opening. In the opening can be seen the topmost steps of a narrow stone staircase which leads down into the hole. It is a sepulchre, the lid of which has been removed, disclosing the interior. The long flagstone is the lid.

As the curtain rises the prior of the convent in the garb of an Augustinian monk is upon the stage. At the back of the stage an old monk, in the garb of a Dominican, is walking slowly across, bending his knee at each cross that he passes. He disappears and the prior remains alone.

---

## SCENE I

THE PRIOR OF THE CONVENT; afterward,  
A MAN.

(The prior is bald, with a circle of gray hair and a white beard; frock of coarse dark cloth. He scrutinizes the wall, and wanders pensively about among the tombs.)

THE PRIOR.

Convent in ruins. Brambles and underbrush. What havoc time, th' old renegade, doth work in sacred places.

(He examines the breach in the wall.)

A breach through which a novice might escape. 'T would seem that the old wall is weary from having stood erect too long, and grudges further service. It doth our privileges much resemble, for they are crumbling too, alas! They have their rust, they have their breaches. The sacred branch doth wither in our hands. The popes wax slothful in the struggle. Ah! within our walls to-day



the princes are at home ; they hover, like the eagle's shadow, threateningly above our heads. An end of discipline, an end of charters and of regulations. Lower we bend and lower every day for fear of stripes ; we have no certainty that we have not among us court intrigues and villainies. They force us to bring up their little highnesses in secret and promiscuously, both girls and boys ; bastards, perchance, who knows ? and we obey.

(He pauses before the open tomb.)

If ever any act of justice is performed in our community, 't is on one of ourselves.

(He gazes at the wall.)

Our old structure is tottering like ourselves, and Christ is bleeding, and we know that, in darkness and in shame, more and more helplessly, we grope about.

(Enters, through the breach in the wall, a man wrapped in a cloak with his hat pulled over his eyes. He pauses, standing on the heap of ruins near the breach. The prior espies him.)

THE PRIOR.

Begone, sirrah !

THE MAN.

Nay.

THE PRIOR.

Away with you ! Know, clown, that this is holy ground.

THE MAN.

Even so ?

THE PRIOR.

A famous cloister.

THE MAN.

Pish !

THE PRIOR.

By day, no one comes hither save the monks alone ; by night, the shades of the departed in their shrouds. For him who enters here there is no mercy. The axe if he be duke, the rope if he be peasant. None save they who are of the convent may come within these walls. Beware ! Aroynt thee, knave !

(With a haughty laugh.)

Unless thou art the king !

THE MAN.

I am he.

THE PRIOR.

You, the king !

THE MAN.

So am I called.

THE PRIOR.

What proof have I thereof?

THE MAN.

This.

(He waves his hand. A troop of armed men appears in the breach. The king points out the prior to the soldiers.)

Hang that man.

(The soldiers pour in through the breach. They surround the prior. With them enter the Marquis de Fuentel and Gucho. The marquis is a gray-bearded man in a rich Alcantara suit. Gucho, a dwarf, dressed in black, with a cap and bells. He has a fool's bauble in each hand, a figure of a man in gold, and one of a woman in copper.)

## SCENE II

THE PRIOR, THE KING, MARQUIS DE FUEN-  
TEL, GUCHO, THE KING'S ESCORT.

THE PRIOR (*falling on his knees*).

Mercy, monseñor !

THE KING.

So be it—on condition. What art thou in  
this convent ?

THE PRIOR.

Prior.

THE KING.

Hark ye. Thou 'lt keep me posted touch-  
ing everything that comes to pass here. The  
gibbet, if thou liest ; if thou sayest true, thy  
pardon.

(*He leaves the prior in the midst of the soldiers, and  
approaches the Marquis de Fuentel at the front of  
the stage.*)

Let us begin by saying our prayers, Marquis.

(*He tosses his cloak to a servant behind him, and  
appears in a modest Alcantara suit with a huge rosary  
at his side. He tells his beads silently for a few  
moments. Then he turns again to the marquis.*)

The queen is far away and I exist. To be alone is bliss. To be a widower would be still better. I laugh for joy.

GUCHO (sitting on the ground with his two baubles in his arms against the corner of a tomb. *Aside*).

The world doth weep.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I have my reasons, thou wilt know them soon, for coming to inspect this convent close at hand. Come.

(He motions to him to follow him a little apart, near the tomb against which Gucho is crouching.)

THE MARQUIS.

I listen to the king.

GUCHO (*aside*).

I listen to the wind which whispers to me overhead the things you do.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I wish thy counsel upon certain secret matters.

GUCHO (*aside*).

Bah! provided that I eat and sleep, why all is well.

THE MARQUIS (to the king).

Shall we send Gucho hence?

THE KING.

No. He doth naught understand.

(To Gucho.)

Lie there.

(Gucho makes himself as small as possible in the shadow behind the king. The king draws near the marquis.)

Marquis, I love women beyond measure. The thing that pleases me in thee is that thy morals are unmentionable, or were. Later, old fellow, thou didst turn pious. That is well. That too doth please me. Man's worth depends upon his faith, for that alone can wash away our sins.

(He makes the sign of the cross.)

THE MARQUIS.

This convent, whereof the king doth purpose to keep watch upon the practices, is under the control of two superiors, one at Cahors, one at Ghent.

THE KING.

Thou art reputed to have been a monster of intrigue. So art thou still. 'T is said that

women, pretty women too, in former days did foolish things for thee, good man. That thou wert once a page, a charming boy ; that seems impossible, but, in good sooth, why so ? The morning smiles, and still the day is dark ; that 's often seen. Knowst thou that there 's a pretty anecdote concerning a young court attendant, said to have been thou ? Hast thou ever called thyself Gorriona ?

THE MARQUIS.

No. Wherefore ?

THE KING.

To hide thyself, 't is said, by craft and fraud, and for a love-affair with a fair princess.

THE MARQUIS.

Never !

THE KING.

I was told the whole long story of a dull-witted king to whom thou gav'st an heir. But the authorities are not agreed touching the country. In all likelihood 't is pure invention.

THE MARQUIS.

Nothing more. You have made me a marquis and they seek to do me evil in your sight.

## THE KING.

And they are right. But 't is my rule, whether they say what 's false or what is true, to hold myself above what man invents. Naught reaches me, for I am king. Thy origin, midst lackeys, aye, and clowns, thy low, base, slippery beginnings suit my whim. No one can say with certainty, not even thine own self, who was thy father. I do admire thee for that thou dost so cunningly hide thy identity while living in the public eye. The cormorant's nest, the hole where lurks the basilisk, are the fit starting-points of a life like thine, erratic, wandering, enslaved. I have made thee count and marquis, grandee of Castile; a mass of worthless dignities, well-earned but ill-gotten. To act by cunning, or at need by force, is easy for thee; thou wouldst hold thine own with a whole council, aye, or turn them out of doors e'en though the devil were among them. Thou canst be bold, and yet lose not thy subtlety. Though made to crawl, thou dost defy the tempest. If need be thou wouldst risk thy life for some rash stroke, and, old as thou art, wouldst draw thy sword therefor. Thou givest evil counsel,



but dost not follow it. It is thy faculty to be of nothing innocent, of nothing guilty, and I esteem thee capable of anything, even of loving. 'T is common rumor that thou didst rise from serving-man to bandit, from bandit to courtier. For my own part, I laugh as I look on at thy manœuvring. It pleases me to see thee twine thyself about the serpents. Thy schemes, which thou dost quietly, and with a pensive air, concoct, a sort of floating web that loses itself in the darkness, thy wit, thy talents, thy good fortune, and the mire wherein thou wallowest, all tend to make of thee a creature strange to contemplate, a shuddering, ungrateful thing, whose services I love to have at my command.

THE MARQUIS.

O king, the Tagus, the Ebro and the Guadalquivir are yours; your Majesty hath added Naples to Castile, and the French king is vanquished in the jousting; Africa doth fear my king, whose shadow oftentimes ere now hath met the sun rising o'er Algiers; Sos was your birth-place, so near to Navarre that you have a just claim upon her, and I avouch that you

were rightful master of that kingdom while you lay sleeping in your cradle, for never was king born for nothing ; though a Catholic king, you have set foot upon the church wherein republican ideas are taking root ; the pope, for fear of thee, doth quake before the king, and his church-bell is hushed before your loud alarum. Your flags wave from Etna to the shores of Hindostan, and with you is Gonzalvo de Cordova. Moreover, you win battles single-handed. Young as you are, you tower above other monarchs like a patriarch, and when a priest would take an oar in any of your galleys, with faltering speech Rome hastens to explain away its wrath. O conqueror of Toro, mighty king ! All words seem weak and paltry in your presence, and die upon my lips. My lord, I am devoted to your interests.

THE KING.

'T is false.

THE MARQUIS.

Your Highness . . .

THE KING.

Spare me your wearisome chatter of devotion, my dear friend. To thee I am a mystery,

to me thou art by no means clear as glass. I play the generous prince and thou the saint, but in our hearts we both are filled with gall against each other. I execrate the slave, thou dost detest the king ; thou wouldst assassinate me if thou couldst, and I mayhap will have thy head shorn off some day. We are good friends, save that.

(The marquis opens his mouth to protest.)

Waste not thy words, thou courtier. Thou hatest me, and I hate thee. In my case 't is my gloomy nature, in thine thy wicked aspirations. And each of us doth keep his spectre in his heart.

(The marquis again makes a motion, which is repressed by the king.)

We have a just appreciation each of the other. Each of us hath a dark window in his breast, through which we see each other's evil hearts. I laugh to scorn thy love and thy devotion, thou old traitor. Until the day when thou canst no more gold extract from me, so long as thine own interest, the surest of all bonds, unites us, marquis, I will employ thee to give counsel to me, knowing that thou wilt serve me better, the more depraved thou art. Off

with thy mask ! and off with mine ! I like it better so. In very truth, this insult which no man dares offer me, I, marquis, offer everyone. Surely I can no less than be outspoken, having knaves for witnesses. And if the prince, whom truth like a wild deer doth shun, hath it not in his ear, then shall he have it in his mouth, and thou with thy vile stammering tongue shalt witness bear that I, the king, am frank of speech, and thou, the lackey, liest. Now let us talk.

THE MARQUIS.

But . . .

THE KING.

What a weary burden to be king ! To be a young man, full of hasty impulses, of hatred and of turbulence, an active, ardent, effervescent, mocking creature, with a whole hurricane of passions in one's heart ; to be a strange, inexplicable mixture of blood and fire and powder and caprice, most like unto a sheaf of thunderbolts ; to long to try one's hand at everything, to seize upon and pervert everything ; to thirst for the possession of a woman ; to hunger for a pleasure ; never to

look upon a maid, a heart, a tempting prey, a scene of wild confusion, without shuddering with the fierce need of biting at it; to feel one's self from head to foot the man of flesh, and without respite, in the darkness of a gorgeous hell, to listen palefaced to a voice that says: "Be thou a phantom!" To be not e'en a king! God save the mark! to be a kingdom! To feel a ghastly medley of cities and of states replacing one's will, one's instincts and desires; and towers, walls and provinces involved in endless intricacies in one's bowels; to say as one looks at the map: lo! that is I! Girona is my heel and Alcala my head! To see ever increasing in one's mind, each day more base and despicable, an appetite that seems a thirst for empire; to feel cold rivers flowing over one; to see wide oceans with their dreary waste of waters isolating one from all mankind; to have the sense of being suffocated 'neath a wave of flame, and to look on, dull-eyed, while the whole world is poured as through a sieve into one's heart! And then, my wife, that monster of inflexibility! I am her slave by day, her galley-slave by night. Omnipotent and

melancholy, side by side we sit, alone and friendless in a ray of light—a light that shines but dimly, 't is so high above our heads. We shiver as we touch each other's hands. God places on a barren, tragic eminence, far above Aragon, Algarva, Jaën, Burgos, Leon, and Castile, two insects, masks, formidable nonentities, the king, the queen; she stands for dread and I for terror. Ah! certes it would be pleasant to be king; who can say otherwise? Had not the tyrant tyranny forever on his back! But to be always looking on, to lead a life of feigning, two effigies of pallor and of silence; never to laugh or weep. Urraca lives in her, in me Alonzo's born again. The marble man and the bronze woman! Prone in the dust the peoples worship us; while they do bless us here below, we feel that we're accursed; the incense floats up tremblingly toward us, and in the smoke the idol Ferdinand and the idol Isabella are hopelessly confused. Our twin thrones mingle their effulgence, we see each other indistinctly at each other's side, and when we speak, the tomb doth ope its door. In sooth, I am not sure that she's not dead. She is a corpse as much

as she 's a despot, and I am like to freeze her when our fingers meet upon the sceptre, as if God with a fillet bound her mummy's hand to the hand of a skeleton. And yet I am alive! This pompous phantom is not I, no! no! And so, whene'er I can, from all these grandeurs that do weigh so heavily upon us I escape, I sally forth from out my kingly shell, and, like the dragon that doth rear his head aloft in the bright sun, I feel the marvelous glow of the awakening! Mad as the cyclone, as the howling tempest, I, the gloomy prisoner of the throne, steal forth, distracted with excitement! Freed from my yoke I rush through misery and happiness, my only aim to be an animal; trampling upon my royal cloak, my heart attuned to vice and ribald songs and midnight revelry, and I, the king, the prisoner, the martyr, watching my lust wax greater, and my talons grow; woman and her chastity, the bishop with his cross arouse my anger; I am fierce, frantic, joyous; and the man whose blood is boiling in my veins, flame mixed with slime, takes his revenge for having been a ghost by turning demon!

(Pensively.)

Only to become a shade and phantom once again to-morrow.

(To the marquis.)

The mind of the colossus is impenetrable to the atom, wherefore thou dost not understand how I display myself thus shamelessly before these men ; but I do know that one and all, when I lay bare my thoughts, tremble the more, the more I play the cynic, and 't is my keenest joy, as I stand laughing here amongst them, to make them all the viler by confessing my own hideousness, and as I thus break through all equilibrium, all respect and all restraint, I, who was naught but king, feel a free man ! Thou dost not comprehend me, and thy fear grows more intense. 'T is well. To-morrow when thou meetest my cold glance once more, thou 'lt quake with fear, doubting thy senses, taking for a dream the drunken frenzy in which I now am plunged before thee—a glowing furnace wherein my past, my lofty rank, my sceptre burn and seethe beneath thine eyes, and whence I shall emerge a lump of ice !



(He again takes his rosary in his hand.)

Now let us conclude our prayers.

GUCHO (aside, looking askance at the king).

Go ! pray.

THE KING.

Then will I question yonder monk.

(He begins to tell his beads.)

GUCHO (aside, as he watches him).

What mummary ! To such an end will this king come. A merciless impostor, he believes in naught, but,—such is the chaos of his unenlightened soul ! when he repeats a pater he becomes an imbecile. He then bows down before the pope and looks with holy awe upon a council. Even while he runs amuck among the priests he fears them ; he feels that he 's but dust beneath the feet of yonder haughty saunterer.

(Crossing himself.)

So be it ! He 's a libertine, a liar and a cheat, deceitful, cruel, obscene, atheistic—and Catholic. And, more 's the pity, in the years to come, he 'll be known by that name.

(The king replaces his rosary at his belt and motions to the prior to approach.)

THE KING (to the prior).

Come hither.

(The prior comes forward with his hands folded across his breast, and his eyes cast down.)

If haply frankness should be lacking in thy answers, look to thyself !

(The prior bows.)

Beware. Now tell the truth.

(The prior bows again.)

(A few moments earlier the old monk in the Dominican's frock has reappeared at the back of the stage. He walks along, with eyes cast down, heedless of everything, and occupied solely in saluting all the crosses on the tombs he passes. He seems to be mumbling prayers. The king's attention is attracted by him and he points him out to the prior.)

And first of all, who is yon monk with haggard face, dressed not as thou art, who bends his knee before each cross he passes ?

THE PRIOR.

He is a madman.

THE KING.

But how pale he is !

THE PRIOR.

He fasts and watches. He wears his strength away. He speaks in a loud voice ! He walks

in the bright sunlight with bare head. He raves and rambles in his speech. He dreams of going to confront the popes, and telling them their duty on his knees. We should keep silence when he passes by. He is not of our order. In this cloister he is under surveillance. 'T is customary to immure thus in our convents all the restless priests, the learned men, the dreamers who might preach about the country doctrines displeasing to our church of Spain.

THE KING.

What form of madness hath he ?

THE PRIOR.

Visions of flame, hell, Satan. He hath been here but a short while.

THE KING.

He is quite old.

THE PRIOR.

Methinks he hath not long to live.

(The monk passes out of sight without noticing anyone.)

GUCHO (aside, contemplating his baubles).

I have two baubles. One of gold ; the other copper. One is named Evil and the

other Good. And I love both of them alike.  
I have no aim in life.

(He gazes at the turf upon the graves.)

Here flowers, there dried leaves.

THE KING (to the prior).

The morals of your convents, monk, are  
much relaxed.

THE PRIOR.

My lord . . .

THE KING.

Women are often seen within these walls.

THE PRIOR.

A convent of the Ursulines is close at hand ;  
they are the sheep of our pasture ; we are . . .

THE KING.

Goats tending sheep.

THE PRIOR (bowing).

My lord . . .

GUCHO (aside).

Every male convent acts as confessor to  
the nearest female convent, commits the sin,  
and then gives absolution with paternity, and  
holding sway in its omnipotence over those

yielding hearts, deprives them of their virtue, then restores their innocence. A pleasing miracle. Secret of the confessional.

THE PRIOR.

O king, the sons of Levi, Sion's daughters . . .

THE KING.

Mate well together. But I must needs be stern. Be sure that Rome shall know of it.

THE PRIOR (bowing).

My lord . . .

GUCHO (aside).

When at their cloister gate, where Jesus no more reigns, the little pagan god Dan Cupid comes a-knocking, Pope Sixtus, having two daughters by a strumpet, cannot scold if they do set the gate ajar.

THE KING (to the prior).

Rome is prepared to punish and the times seem ripe.

(Gazing fixedly at the prior.)

The Bishop of Seo de Urgel is within your walls; I have been so informed.

(The prior bows.)

And with full power to chastise.

THE PRIOR (with a reverence).

In matters of dogma only, good my lord,  
and to exterminate or conquer heresies. No  
more than that.

THE MARQUIS (in an undertone to the king).

Your eyes are famous scouts.

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

I love to see.

(The king's eye is attracted by the yawning opening in  
the ground a few feet away.)

What is this, monk ?

THE PRIOR.

A tomb. An open tomb.

THE KING.

Open !

THE PRIOR.

Yes, king.

THE KING.

For whom ?

THE PRIOR.

When a man is to fall, God only knows.

THE KING.

For whom is yonder tomb ?

(The prior says nothing. The king persists.)

Speak instantly, I bid thee ; answer me !

THE PRIOR.

I cannot say. It doth await an occupant.

(After a pause.)

Perchance it is for me. Or e'en for you.

THE MARQUIS (in the king's ear).

When there 's a feeling in a convent that a monk therein doth rise above the level of the order, whether in evil works or in well-doing, he is suppressed.

THE KING (in an undertone).

In sooth, 't is a wise course to kill him.

THE MARQUIS.

Nay. The church abhorreth blood. Sire, they simply bury him.

THE KING.

I understand.

THE MARQUIS.

This is a lonely spot. Cry out, no one will hear ; resist, there are no passers-by.

(Pointing to the hole wherein one can see the beginning of a staircase, and then to the flagstone near by.)

They force the man down step by step, and when he 's at the bottom, then they set yon stone in place above his head and darkness fills his eyes for evermore ; his fellow-men, the woods, the water and the wind and sky are all above that pall. And, living . . .

THE KING.

He is dead. Yes, 't is a simple plan.

THE MARQUIS.

He dies if he so choose. The church has shed no blood.

(The king nods approvingly.)

THE KING (aloud, looking toward the garden of the cloister).

Whate'er this monk may say in that connection, women . . .

THE PRIOR.

Do not come within our walls.

THE KING (to the marquis).

How he doth lie ! I see one now !

(He gazes into the garden, and continues.)

And by her side a charming beardless youth, almost a child, bright-eyed and slender . . .



THE PRIOR.

King, she is a princess.

THE KING.

And the youth ?

THE PRIOR.

A prince, O king.

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

I have done well to come.

THE PRIOR.

The statute *Magnates* . . .

(Saluting the king.)

We are the subjects of the Viscount  
d'Orthez . . .

THE KING.

And mine.

THE PRIOR (resuming).

Permits us to receive a royal highness.

THE KING.

Two it seems. A male and female.

THE PRIOR (bowing in the direction in which the  
king's finger is pointing).

A countess !

THE MARQUIS (in an undertone to the king).

Like the King of France, who is a bishop elsewhere, Viscount d'Orthez, Dax and Cahors is at the same time clerk and layman, being a prince ; and while he 's always fighting over yonder in his province, shouting : "Forward, my gallant veterans ! forward, my guards !" he is a cardinal-deacon and abbot of this convent.

THE KING (with a laugh).

A man of war in France and of the church in Spain.

THE MARQUIS (pointing off the stage to the two persons the king has spied).

And if yon gallant finds his idol here, 't is he who places these two hearts beside each other midst the flowers and shade to carry out some project of his own.

THE KING (seriously).

Some project ? Nay. I see his aim. A marriage.

(To the prior.)

How long since came they here ?

THE PRIOR.

When they were children.

THE KING (to the marquis).

Then have they grown to manhood and to womanhood here in this cloister's stifling atmosphere?

(To the prior.)

Their names?

THE PRIOR.

The girl is Rosa d'Orthez.

THE KING.

And the youth?

THE PRIOR.

Don Sancho de Salinas.

(The marquis starts. He gazes eagerly in the direction in which the king has espied the pair.)

THE KING (more seriously than ever).

She will inherit Orthez, and he, Burgos.

THE PRIOR (with a gesture of assent).

His rights extend even to the Tagus.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

Sancho de Salinas! Burgos! Can it be?

THE KING (to the prior).

Go on. Yes, this is all contrived in secret. This Sancho is my cousin. But I thought that branch extinct.

THE PRIOR.

Don Sancho is kept here in hiding. He was sent hither to be reared, and by his side was placed the viscount's niece.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

And I believed they were all dead. What a discovery ! What thought is this that comes into my mind ? This child in hiding here is he, beyond a doubt. I feel my bowels yearn for him. This is most unexpected.

THE KING (to the marquis).

This sequestered convent is well chosen.

THE PRIOR.

The children are betrothed and soon will be made man and wife. They both descend from the same ancestor, a saint whose name we here invoke ; his son, Loup Centulle, was Duke of Gascony ; then Luke, King of Bigorre, and John, King of Bareges, Viscount Peter, Gascon Fifth . . .

THE KING.

Be brief.

THE PRIOR.

The Viscount-cardinal, who resigns to-day, doth order that, so far as possible, we keep them out of sight in this secluded corner of the cloister.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Sancho !

THE KING (*pointing to the young man, who cannot be seen by the audience*).

He is a comely stripling. Look !

(*The marquis looks, with something like terror, in the direction indicated by the king.*)

THE PRIOR (*also looking in the same direction*).

He is entitled to a guard of fifty hidalgos commanded by an abbot. When he comes to church he sits in the king's gallery, and Peñacerrada's his capital. But, as he seems to have been born beneath a fatal shadow, no person save myself, the prior of this monastery, knows that he is a royal prince and heir to a great name. He knows it not himself, and, for the same cause, the viscount's niece, the Infanta Donna Rosa, doth not know

that she 's a princess. The viscount stands in dread of someone.

THE KING.

God! even so of me! the king! I well might be indignant at this game.

(To the prior, with his eyes still turned in the same direction.)

They wear gowns made of serge like yours?

THE PRIOR.

They both were consecrated to the Virgin; otherwise we could not keep them at the convent. Furthermore they both have ta'en their vows as novices before the chapter.

THE KING.

He is almost a monk and she almost a nun.

THE PRIOR.

E'en so; but they will have the dispensation ne'er refused to princes, and may marry.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I am the wolf, I find my way into the fold, and I can upset everything.

(Pensively, aside.)

But no. 'Faith, Cardinal Orthez, thou dost do my work for me, thou old gray-bearded

devil, who didst cause these angels to be reared together! Children, adore each other with the most tender love. This plot against myself I turn to mine own ends. Let Rosa marry Sancho! Aye, that plays my game. By marrying thy niece to my young cousin, viscount, it is thy purpose to steal Burgos from me with Salinas. Good! I'll give thee a free hand. Our claims are equal, too. I, who, like thyself, am grudging of my worldly goods, promise myself to take Navarre from thee with Orthez. I hold thee through her, and thou hold'st me through him. And so, this marriage may take place. 'T is well. To-day the marriage; to-morrow the attack.

(Looking into the garden.)

Th' Infanta is a lovely child.

(Pensively.)

The surest way to reign triumphantly is to employ in one's own interest, pretending to be half asleep the while, the surreptitious toils your enemy has laid. The plot thus turned aside enters your service; he would have slain you but his arm doth swerve and harmlessly slip by; the stupid dagger strikes the very

spot where you would have it, and your murderer becomes your slave.

(Turning toward the garden.)

What are they saying? Let us try to hear.

(He walks toward the back of the stage, and disappears among the trees.)

GUCHO (aside, looking after the king).

Spy!

(As soon as the king has left the stage, the marquis beckons imperiously to the prior to come to him.)



SCENE III

THE SAME, except the king: THE MARQUIS and THE PRIOR standing together, apart from the rest, near the front of the stage.

THE MARQUIS.

Priest!

THE PRIOR (approaching him submissively).

Your servant.

(He makes a profound reverence.)

THE MARQUIS.

Thou didst not tell the king all that there is to tell.

THE PRIOR.

God is the Lord. The priest may not disclose those things he learns in the confessional.

THE MARQUIS.

Pure fiction! Paul the Second has declared that everything may be disclosed in cases of great gravity. Woe, woe to thee if thou defiest me! The king is but my arm; tell everything to me!

## THE PRIOR.

But swear that, if I yield to you, you 'll not betray my confidence.

## THE MARQUIS.

I swear. Nay, look you, I 'll do more; I 'll give thee a gold hat for thy madonna, worth a hundred marks, and six great silver chandeliers of equal value.

## THE PRIOR.

You shall know everything.

(Lowering his voice.)

When you and I were young, monseñor, Donna Sancha of Portugal, that Donna Sancha for whom we pray in our fast days, wife of the King of Burgos, presented him with a male child whom she had had by a young page, Gorvona. The king, holding his wife in high esteem, believed himself the father, and the bastard enjoyed the rights and privileges of legitimacy. He inherited the throne and everything appurtenant thereto, then married and then died, leaving a son, who, as was universally supposed, died suddenly while very young. This supposititious death was an abduction by the cardinal-viscount,

who caused the little King Don Sancho to be seized and hid away in this fief of Navarre.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

I guessed as much.

(Looking off the stage while the prior is mumbling his prayers.)

He is my child! the son of my own son! I dare not even yet believe it. I feel something springing into life within me, which I knew not I possessed—a heart. O blessed lightning stroke! O unforeseen and overwhelming shock! I, who have done naught but hate, now love. My son! to be a father makes me delirious with joy. Now 't is worth while to live. O rapture! I have snapped my grinding chain asunder. I have lived for evil, henceforth I will live for good. My sinful conscience wandered like the she-wolf. I believed that everything was lost. And now, O Heaven! I find it all again! I am a father, and a grandfather! Henceforth I can look upward with a smile to the pure, radiant heights, can cast a furtive glance up at the pinnacle whereon that lily, born of this vile clay, will grow to manhood, and can say:

“He is my son!” and live again in him! I’ll make the trial. I feel this child with all his radiant youth shine through the mist that shrouds my life, and that his pure young heart hath taken firm possession of my villainous old heart, so that I now have to watch over me a store of innocence within me, which will be my guide and counselor; I am another man, I weep and I adore, and see the sun arise upon my darkness! Mine is that glorious light! mine that untutored youth! O God, mysterious and unknown, art thou in truth a clement God? I, who have guided this king’s footsteps as he trampled on his victims, brightening his gloom and playing the courtier to his crimes, now feel a soft hand lightening the burden of my evil deeds. Ah me! at last I breathe again, I, ghastly burden-bearer that I am, do raise my head, filled with remorse, alas! and look toward heaven and breathe its bracing air! I am no more alone. I live, I love, bewildered by my joy! Alas! as I have none but him, so he hath none but me. What frightful chasms yawn before him! pitfalls without number! Aye, but I watch over him.

(Pensively.)

For him the light, for me the shadow. Let me remain beneath this cloak, which veils my head. The father once surmised, the child is lost.

(He turns again to the prior.)

THE PRIOR.

I have monseñor's oath of secrecy.

THE MARQUIS.

Be not alarmed. When is Don Sancho to go hence?

THE PRIOR.

The child reputed to be dead is now a man. Monseñor the viscount-abbot doth make use of him for his own purposes, and will proclaim him count, prince, royal highness, king, when he hath made of him his niece's husband.

(He casts a glance behind. The king reappears at the back of the stage.)

The king!

THE MARQUIS.

The king!

(Aside, speaking to himself.)

Old man, look well to it that thou concealst from this king the heart that hath

so unexpectedly sprung into life within thy breast.

THE PRIOR.

Protect us. God forbid that aught should anger him !

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Come, thou comedian, resume thy dastard's mask, insensible to hatred, insult or affront, and summon back thy fawning smile to thy mendacious brow.

THE PRIOR.

Monseñor hath promised most entire secrecy.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Assuredly I have !

(*To the prior.*)

Fear naught.

SCENE IV

THE SAME: THE KING.

THE KING (*aside*).

To peer into half-opened hearts is most diverting to me.

(He looks back in the direction whence he came.)

Here they come. Let us be off.

THE MARQUIS.

On what have you, their lord and king, decided?

THE KING.

To make them happy. I propose that they shall marry.

THE MARQUIS.

Subtle policy.

THE KING.

Spain step by step and stone by stone is crumbling away. This marriage serves my purposes. 'T is my intent to lend a hand to Cardinal d'Orthez, to gratify his aspirations, and, marquis, I shall have Dax and Bayonne ere long.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

Dilate, O my old savage, gloomy heart !  
My child will be a king !

(At a sign from the king his escort and all his retinue  
go out through the gap in the wall. The prior  
approaches the king and bows, his arms crossed upon  
his breast.)

THE KING (to the prior).

I have not been in this place.

THE PRIOR (bowing).

O king . . .

THE KING.

And thou hast never seen me.

THE PRIOR.

Poor and naked I. The lowly monk . . .

THE KING.

Upon this convent I shall keep an eye.

THE PRIOR.

And you will find your Highness's com-  
mands obeyed.

(Aside.)

A curse upon thee, king !

THE KING.

Thy master is in France.

THE PRIOR.

Even so, your Highness.



THE KING.

But the Bishop of Seo de Urgel is your guest.

THE PRIOR.

We have the honor of a visit from a bishop.

THE KING.

He must know nothing of all this.

(Don Sancho and Donna Rosa appear at the back of the stage. They pay no heed to what is taking place. The king calls the marquis's attention to them and then walks toward the breach.)

(To the marquis.)

Come quickly !

(To the prior.)

If 't is thy wish to live, be silent.

(To the marquis.)

Come.

(Exit the king. Gucho follows him.)

THE MARQUIS (gazing at Don Sancho).

How beautiful he is ! My darling boy !

(Exit.)

## SCENE V

DON SANCHO, DONNA ROSA.

(Don Sancho and Donna Rosa, both in the garb of novices, he with the white frock, she with the white veil, run back and forth and play among the trees. She is sixteen and he seventeen. They chase each other and play at hide and seek, joyous and laughing. Rosa tries to catch butterflies. Sancho plucks flowers. He makes up a nosegay and holds it in his hand.)

DONNA ROSA.

Come this way. See, the air is filled with butterflies.

DON SANCHO.

I love the roses quite as well.

(He gathers some eglantine, adds it to his nosegay and looks about.)

Oh ! I am wild with joy to see so many lovely things !

DONNA ROSA (gazing admiringly at a butterfly).

See this one flying among the rushes !

DON SANCHO.

All is life and perfume !

DONNA ROSA.

Let us divide our treasures. For you the flowers, for me the butterflies.

DON SANCHO (looking upward).

Something immeasurably sweet and pleasant is taking place above us.

(He plucks flowers for his nosegay while Donna Rosa runs after the butterflies. He gazes at her.)

Rosa !

DONNA ROSA (turning and looking at the flowers Sancho holds in his hand).

Señor, for whom is your bouquet ?

DON SANCHO.

Guess.

DONNA ROSA.

'T is for me.

(She returns to the butterflies and tries to catch them. They elude her, and she grows angry. She speaks to them.)

I think you pretty, and you fly from me !  
Why do you so ?

DON SANCHO.

They lose their color, Rosa, if thou touchest them.

(Musing, as he watches the butterflies.)

One seems to see sweet kisses wandering about in search of lips.

DONNA ROSA.

They find them. They 're the flowers.

DON SANCHO.

Then, Rosa, since you are a flower !

(He takes her in his arms. She struggles, but he kisses her.)

DONNA ROSA.

Señor, that 's very naughty of you.

DON SANCHO.

But we 're to be married.

(Donna Rosa looks after a butterfly. She keeps her eye upon it. It lights upon a flower.)

DONNA ROSA.

It lights. Let 's catch it.

(She steals softly toward it.)

(To Don Sancho.)

Come.

DON SANCHO (following her very close).

Hush !

(Don Sancho's lips meet Donna Rosa's, and the butterfly flies away.)

DONNA ROSA.

Ah ! silly boy ! thou couldst not catch the butterfly !

DON SANCHO.

No, but I caught the kiss.

DONNA ROSA (gazing at the butterflies as they fly  
back to the flowers).

See how they come and lay their homage  
at their lady's feet! Ah! now they fly away,  
the faithless little fellows!

(She follows their flight.)

Why, I prithee, do they fly so far, so high!  
what lovely wings!

(Don Sancho creeps gently up behind and kisses her.  
She pushes him away.)

A kiss before we 're married! Never! I'll  
not have it.

DON SANCHO.

Then give it back to me.

DONNA ROSA (smiling).

No.

DON SANCHO.

Yes.

DONNA ROSA.

But—I do love thee!

(They embrace. They sit down side by side upon a  
tomb. She lays her head upon his shoulder. Both,  
as if in a trance, dreamily follow the butterflies with  
their eyes.)

DON SANCHO.

Oh ! how vast and sweet is Nature ! Let me explain to thee. In winter the dull sky lets fall upon the earth a cold, white shroud ; but, when comes April once again, the flowers are born, the days grow longer ; then the happy earth sends back to the bright sky which shelters it, its flakes of snow in guise of snow-white butterflies ; mourning is laid aside for festal garb, and all the broad expanse of space is azure blue, and joy flies upward tremblingly to God. Thence comes this whirl of wings from out the darkness. 'Neath the boundless sky, God opens hearts innumerable, and fills them all with ecstasy and radiance. And none says nay to him and none denies him. For all he does is good !

DONNA ROSA.

Ah well ! I love thee.

DON SANCHO (excitedly).

Rosa !

(He strains her to his breast. A butterfly passes. Donna Rosa extricates herself from his embrace, and runs after it.)

Oh ! how beautiful he is ! Come ! let us catch him ! Come !

DON SANCHO.

God sows the charms of spring to charm  
thine eyes.

(The butterfly lights upon a bush.)

DONNA ROSA (putting forth her hand to seize it).

Let 's make no noise.

(The butterfly flies away.)

How tiresome ! He 's flown away.

(She follows the butterfly. Don Sancho follows her.)

He 's in the lily now.

(The butterfly flies still farther away.)

Good, in the clematis.

DON SANCHO.

Our hearts have always lived, since we were  
little children, side by side. My wife !

(The butterfly flies farther on.)

DONNA ROSA.

He sees me !

(The butterfly lights upon the eglantine. She tries to  
catch it and puts out her hand, then quickly draws it  
back again.)

Ah ! the naughty rosebush pricked my  
fingers !

DON SANCHO.

Those roses ! they would drink the blood of angels !

(The monk dressed as a Dominican appears under the trees among the tombs. He does not see them, but Donna Rosa espies him.)

DONNA ROSA.

Oh ! there 's the old monk who acts so strangely. That man terrifies me. Let us go.

(They go out in the direction of the clumps of trees. The monk comes slowly forward as if oblivious of everything. Night is beginning to fall.)



## SCENE VI

THE MONK (alone).

On one side the earth, sin-laden home of man,—princes all reeking with abominable crimes, unlearned learned men and unwise wise men, lust and pride and frantic blasphemy, Sennacherib the murderer and lying Delilah, heretics, Waldenses, Jews, Mozarabians and Zoroastrians, and pale-faced delvers into algebraic ciphers,—all, great and small alike, defiling the baptismal symbol, groping here and there, denying Jesus, doing evil,—all, pope, bishop, minister and king: and, on the other side, the immeasurable, awful flame! Here man, forgetting, living, eating, sleeping,—there the awesome depths of the vast seething pit of hell! O thou abandoned human creature! O twofold basis of our dreary destiny! Life, death. To laugh for one brief hour and never weep! Vision of hell! Deep caves and lofty mountain-tops; live embers in the depths and burning sulphur on the summits. Crater with a thousand

mouths ! the yawning outlet of the fiery gulf ! Beneath the infinite avenger, the poor wretch doomed to infinite perdition ! Joy is one half, mourning the other half. The fire burns. I hear loud shrieks : “ My son ! my mother ! mercy ! ”—and I see a vain chimera, hope, reduced to ashes. Eyes and faces vanish, then return, haggard to look upon in the deep chafing-dish ; upon the living skulls the melted lead falls, drop by drop. A spectre world. It tortures and it suffers torture ; its vault is that which lies beneath the grewsome cemeteries, studded with fiery specks as are the heavens at night,—a hideous ceiling, pierced with graves without regard to order, whence a never-ending shower of souls pours into the abyss, and there they writhe in agony, beyond God’s pardon, amid the burning coals. Darkness, and sobbing. A mournful wind comes sighing through the openings and fans the flames that ceaselessly do intertwine their fiery tongues in fierce embrace ; the red-hot, gushing lava fills the hollow porticoes ; and heaven never speaks ! And hell speaks ever ! And everyone who, upon earth, through vice or sloth, hath used his time

unprofitably, hath taken a false step in the excitement of delirium, hath gone astray, faltered or sinned, whoever hath, though for an instant only, wavered in well-doing, is there! Nemesis! Fathomless abyss! To doubt it is impossible. What have we here before our eyes? Hell visible. Its pestilential breath assails our nostrils. Belial's hearthstone rears aloft its ghastly chimney, with its acrid, ruddy vapors of the vat, into our atmosphere. Vesuvius. Cheerless Stromboli. And Ætna. Hecla in the north. If not of this, of what is one to think? We have this mystery confronting us, yawning beneath our feet, and spitting flame and death and darkness. We may lean over if we will and look within. At night we can espy the damned, the burning, rolling about in vortices like showers of sparks, flying and falling back, their wings scorched by the flames. Alas! no means of exit, no escape. Return. Back to your dungeons walled with red-hot coals. Once more become the billows of the horrible chaotic sea of flame. Above you Satan laughs, monster of infamy! They writhe and squirm, fearful to look upon, gnawed at on every side, live

brands, a ghastly mass of flame and smoke, scattered throughout the cheerless vast expanse. The fiery serpents lick their shapeless hands; the oil doth eat them, the lead drinks their blood, the boiling pitch dissolves their flesh; their eyes are absolutely and forever blind; and in their endless raving, through all the gaping holes that make their bodies veritable sieves, are heard but these two awe-inspiring words: "Never! Forever!" My God! who will have pity? I! I come to save mankind. Aye, amnestied mankind; the idea fills my soul. Within me love sublime is crying to be heard, and I will set abyss against abyss. Dominic conceived the plan, and I will execute it. Hell! How to hurl down that lid of iron? How, O Rome, O Jesus, on that awful slope to stay the fall of man? I have found the way. Indeed Saint Paul did point it out. The eagle—therein lies his proud enjoyment of his lofty flight—sees everything; his eyes are dazzled by the things that he describes. What must we have that hell's gates may be closed, and heaven's open thrown? The stake. Hell must be cauterized; eternity be won by

telling means. One gleam of pain annuls innumerable torments. The burning earth will quench the sombre fires of hell. Hell for one hour on earth destroys the power of an everlasting conflagration. Sin is consumed with the vile carnal rag, and from the flame the soul emerges, pure and radiant, for water laves the body, fire the soul. The body is but dust, the soul is light; and fire, which follows the celestial chariot and twines its arms around the axle-tree, alone can purify the soul, being of the same essence as itself. To thee I 'll sacrifice the body, O immortal soul! What father would an instant hesitate? What mother seeing her poor child suspended 'twixt the consecrated pyre and the awful flames of hell, would not accept the exchange that doth exterminate a demon, recreate an angel? Yes, that is the true meaning of the word Redemption. Immortal Zion, deathless Gomorrha, no one can transfer one ray of joy from her who shines refulgent in the heavens to her who burns in hell; but God permits us to redeem the future! No more legions of the damned! the torch divine comes forth to bless. But time is short! Alas! the evil in

the world grows worse; a second time the bleeding Christ is dying; all is wickedness and crime, and everything is crumbling to ruin. From hour to hour the deadly tree of sin puts forth a branch, which God draws upward to himself, but Eve, alas! doth bend it till it reach the lips of man! Faith is no more! Backsliding Jews, monks faithless to their vows, Franciscan mendicants, nuns who allow their hair to grow—this one tears down a cross, that one defiles the host. Faith dies, by error strangled, as the lily by the nettle. The pope is on his knees. To whom? To God? Not so. To man. He bends the knee to Cæsar. Rome, ere long, subject to earthly kings, will be the handmaiden of Nineveh. One step more and the world is lost. But I have come and here am I. I bring with me a fervent faith. With thoughtful brow I come, to fan the saving fire of the stake. O earth, I come to redeem the human soul by human flesh. I bring salvation and the healing balm. Glory to God! to all men joy! The heart, the hard and stony heart will melt. I will encompass the whole world with funeral pyres, my lips will utter the deep

cry of Genesis: "Let there be light!" and straight the blazing furnace will shine forth! I will sow flames and fire-brands and burning coals, and gleams of light, and everywhere, above earth's greatest cities, I will kindle the supreme *auto-da-fé*, celestial, joyous, living! O mankind, I love thee!

(He raises his eyes heavenward, with clasped hands and lips parted, in an ecstasy of contemplation. Behind him, from the outskirts of a sort of thicket at the farther end of the cemetery, emerges a monk, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his hood pulled down over his face. Then from another part of the thicket, another monk, and then another. These monks, who wear the typical garb of Augustinians, take their places in silence some little distance behind the Dominican, who does not see them. Other monks come forth one after another in the same way, in silence, and take their places beside the first comers. All have their arms crossed upon their breasts, and their hoods lowered. No face can be seen. In a short time a semicircle is formed behind the Dominican. The semicircle parts in the middle, and a bishop between two archdeacons comes out from behind the trees, with his cope over his shoulders, crozier in hand and mitre on his head. It is the Bishop of Seo de Urgel. He walks slowly forward followed by the prior, who, alone of all the monks, has his hood raised. The bishop, without speaking, takes his stand in the centre of the semicircle of monks, which closes behind him. The Dominican has seen nothing of what has taken place. It grows darker and darker.)

## SCENE VII

THE DOMINICAN, THE BISHOP OF SEO DE  
URGEL, THE PRIOR, MONKS.

THE BISHOP.

Be ye my witnesses that I, John, Bishop of Seo de Urgel, am now about to sit in judgment on this man before us, good or bad be he, and first of all to question him; for the law gives us license to chastise, but orders that we first give warning to the culprit.

(The monk has turned about. He gravely looks from one to another of the assemblage. He does not seem to be disturbed. He looks at the bishop.)

Who art thou?

THE MONK.

A friar of the order of Dominic.

THE BISHOP.

Thy name?

THE MONK.

Torquemada.

THE BISHOP.

'T is said that in thy infancy the devil did possess thee, and that thou art beset by visions of disaster. Is it true?



THE MONK.

Before my eyes the real presence becomes  
a living truth.

THE BISHOP.

Moonshine !

THE MONK.

Content yourself with saying 't is a vision.  
I see God.

(Fixing his eyes upon the mystic golden triangle at  
the top of the tall cross.)

O Lord, what wouldst thou that we priests  
should do in face of thy eternal radiance?  
To see the law, simple and awe-inspiring, and  
to see naught beside, is terrible to think upon.  
But what am I to do?

THE BISHOP.

'T is said—do you make answer—that in  
thy view we learned doctors err in that we do  
abhor the impious man as we abhor wild  
beasts.

THE MONK.

In truth, lord bishop, you do err therein.

THE BISHOP.

Earthworm !

THE MONK.

The impious man we needs must love and  
save.

THE BISHOP.

'T is said that thou art lured by a false dogma that led the Lombard Didier astray, and that, according to thy dreams or thy false principles, hell's fire is scattered and extinguished by the stake ; so that the flame sends dead men's souls to heaven, and that to save the soul the body must be burned.

THE MONK.

Such is the truth.

THE BISHOP.

A grievous error doth possess thy mind. Sin, that pernicious tree, hath error for its root.

THE MONK.

The soul loathes contact with the body, wretched man. To burn, that is to purify.

THE BISHOP.

A frightful doctrine.

THE MONK.

Nay.

THE BISHOP.

And false.

THE MONK.

'T is true. And I propose to make my acts conform thereto.

THE BISHOP.

Viper !

THE MONK.

I so believe.

THE BISHOP.

If thou dost not retract, beware ! I do enjoin thee to repent, and to renounce thy false belief.

THE MONK.

Humble I am, nor can I lie, and I will not retract.

THE BISHOP.

Perversity !

THE MONK.

The Council of the Lateran is on my side, and Innocent the Third.

THE BISHOP.

If thou art docile, thou mayest claim what-e'er thou wilt, but, as a rebel, naught. Thine error may give forth a baleful light, my son, a schism may result therefrom. So beat thy breast and say : " I am at fault."

THE MONK.

Nay, I am right.

THE BISHOP.

Renounce thy doctrine. Bruno of Angers, seeking to be great, repented.

THE MONK.

I seek not to be great, but to remain the humble creature that I am.

THE BISHOP.

Proud man !

THE MONK.

Nay, but a true believer.

THE BISHOP.

What is thy purpose ?

THE MONK.

I shall go to Rome, barefooted, to give warning to the Holy Father.

THE BISHOP.

He it was who ordered me to try thee, dog !

THE MONK.

The barking of the dog awakes the shepherd. I will awake the pope. He can but listen to me.

THE BISHOP (to the monks, pointing to the Dominican).

This man, my sons, is fierce as any tiger.

THE MONK.

Aye, because his heart is tender. What says Saint Paul ? " Faith burns by charity."

THE BISHOP.

Thou dost pervert the meaning of a text inopportunately quoted. Pope Sixtus Fourth, a pope whom the whole world reveres, would have the altar less inexorable and the faith less stern. Indulgence is in him akin to sanctity. It is his purpose to arm truth with gentleness. The inquisition tends to milder methods. When the pope doth raise his hand, it is to bless far more than to chastise. One rarely sees to-day a smoking pyre.

THE MONK.

I am appalled by such misrule. The flames of hell wax fiercer and soar higher as the flames sink around the stake.

THE BISHOP.

Poor darkened soul! What is thy purpose, pray?

THE MONK.

To save the world.

THE BISHOP.

And how?

THE MONK.

By fire.

THE BISHOP.

Beware that ill-timed remedy.

THE MONK.

The doctor's not the master of the remedy.

THE BISHOP.

But tell me, pray, what thou hopest?

THE MONK.

To triumph with God's help.

THE BISHOP.

Ah! we shall see.

(He points to the opening in the ground.)

Go in.

THE MONK.

What is this cave?

THE BISHOP.

The tomb.

THE MONK.

'T is well.

(He walks toward the hole.)

THE BISHOP.

Stay. Still there is time.

THE MONK (walking toward the hole).

*Introïbo.*

THE BISHOP.

Reflect.

THE MONK (with his eyes fixed on the sky).

O God, smite thou thy priest and prophet,  
and may thy blessed will be done.

(He pauses on the brink of the opening.)

THE BISHOP.

Thou owest obedience to thy bishop. A head that holds itself erect within the cloister walls is an affront. The church is bound in duty to consign the man who doth disturb her peace to everlasting night.

THE MONK (standing on the brink of the opening).

*Amen.*

THE BISHOP.

Obey. I call upon thee to obey.

THE MONK.

I will not.

THE BISHOP.

Descend one step.

(The monk puts his foot into the opening and descends  
the first step.)

In the name of Christ, recant.

THE MONK.

I will not.

THE BISHOP.

Down.

(The monk descends the second step.)

Abjure.

THE MONK.

I will not.

THE BISHOP.

Down.

(The monk descends the third step.)

I am thy bishop and thy judge. Retract  
thy false and barbarous doctrine.

THE MONK.

'T is the true doctrine.

THE BISHOP.

Yield to me.

THE MONK.

I will not.

THE BISHOP.

Down.

(The monk descends. His body from his waist down  
is hidden. The bishop steps toward him and draws  
near the opening. He calls the monk's attention to  
the contents of the tomb.)

Thou seest yon jug of water and yon loaf  
of barley bread. The curtain between thee and  
the bright light of day is to be drawn forever.



Everything, the stars, the dawn, will vanish  
from thy sight.

THE MONK.

So be it.

THE BISHOP.

Down.

(The monk descends. Only his head is above the  
ground.)

Think once again. Herein thy life, without  
a breath of air, will go out like a torch.  
Hunger and thirst. 'T is horrible to die.

THE MONK.

'T is beautiful.

THE BISHOP.

Down.

(The monk disappears in the hole.)

THE MONK'S VOICE.

I am at the bottom.

THE BISHOP.

Put the stone in place above him.

THE MONK'S VOICE.

Do so.

(At a sign from the bishop two monks push the flag-  
stone over the opening. Just before it is entirely closed  
they pause, leaving a narrow aperture. The bishop  
leans over the aperture.)

THE BISHOP.

By Jesus Christ ! by Saint Peter's ring ! A moment hence 't will be too late. Darkness awaits thee. Dost thou not retract ?

THE MONK'S VOICE.

No.

THE BISHOP.

Thou hast but a moment more. Renounce thy mad and headstrong fallacies. Recant.

THE MONK'S VOICE.

I will not.

THE BISHOP.

Then go in peace !

(The two monks push the flagstone in place, and the sepulchre is closed.)

My brethren, let us pray.

(The monks all clasp their hands. They form in procession, two by two, and march slowly off the stage, the bishop bringing up the rear. They disappear among the trees. They can be heard chanting prayers for the dead. Their voices grow fainter and fainter.)

VOICES OF THE MONKS (in the distance).

*De profundis ad te clamavi Domine.*

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

Have pity, Lord, upon this wretched world !

VOICES OF THE MONKS.

*Libera nos.*

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

My God, deliver me !

(Enter Don Sancho and Donna Rosa.)

## SCENE VIII

THE MONK in the tomb, DON SANCHO,  
DONNA ROSA.

(Don Sancho and Donna Rosa come out from the thicket, and stop under the last trees. They look at each other and at the solitude about them. A momentary silence. It is almost dark.)

DON SANCHO.

Our hearts are one, for we have loved since we were children, and my hand seeks thine ; I cannot say if I do draw thee after me, or if I follow thee. Rosa, our lives are wrapped in mystery. Sometimes I dream about it. Here, in this convent, we have been brought up together. Knowest thou who we are? Why are we thus confined? But I care not, so long as I may love thee. I am the knight and thou the lady. Why I speak to thee about my heart, I cannot say ; my heart 's thy breath, the fiery breath of heaven ; it issues from thy mouth and glistens in thine eyes. I have no heart when thou 'rt not by my side. Thy veil is in the way. A kiss.

DONNA ROSA.

No.

(She lets him take it, then leans on his arm and points to the sky.)

See that star.

(They both gaze at the sky in rapture.)

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

O Lord ! have mercy on this earth !

VOICES OF THE MONKS (in the distance).

*Ite, pax sepulcris !*

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

Mercy !

DONNA ROSA.

Hearest thou singing ?

DON SANCHE.

No, but I hear cries.

VOICES OF THE MONKS.

(They grow fainter and fainter in the distance.)

*Onus grave super caput.*

DONNA ROSA.

Hark, they are singing. Night is more solemn with voices singing in the darkness. The chant is the joy-offering to Heaven above. All earthly creatures love. Let us love.

## VOICES OF THE MONKS.

*Miserere !*

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

*Miserere !*

DON SANCHO.

No. 'T is a cry. Some one is calling. I was right. Whence comes the cry ?

DONNA ROSA.

'T is from the chapel. 'T is the evening hymn.

DON SANCHO.

Not so.

DONNA ROSA.

The darkness and the evening mist deceive one.

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

Jesus !

DON SANCHO (spying the stone that covers the tomb).

'T is there !

DONNA ROSA.

I am afraid.

DON SANCHO.

Some one is underneath !

DONNA ROSA.

A dead man speaks !

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

O God ! O Father !

DON SANCHO.

'Neath that stone a living man is buried.

DONNA ROSA.

Go not near. A ghost, a ghastly face, a dead man will come up, I tell you !

DON SANCHO (almost roughly).

Help me !

(He kneels and tries to move the stone. She kneels beside him and also tries to raise it. He turns to her with a smile.)

If 't is some poor wretch condemned to die, let him receive his pardon at thy hands !

(He leans over the stone.)

Is 't here that some one speaks ?

THE VOICE (in the tomb).

Is some one passing ? Help !

DON SANCHO.

Patience.

(They unite in an effort to raise the flagstone.)

Nothing we do will swerve or move this stone. Oh ! for a crow-bar !

(He spies the iron cross on a tomb near the wall close by.)

Ah! that cross!

(He rises and walks toward the cross.)

DONNA ROSA (detaining him).

Beware!

DON SANCHO (gazing at the tomb).

Poor man!

DONNA ROSA.

I fear to see thee touch that cross, a holy thing.

DON SANCHO.

'T will be more holy having saved a life.  
I take it down and Jesus smiles approvingly upon me.

(He uproots the iron cross.)

DONNA ROSA (crossing herself).

*O crux, ave!*

DON SANCHO (examining the cross in his hands).

A solid iron bar. Now, for a stone.

(He rolls a block of stone close up to the tomb and uses it for a fulcrum for his crow-bar. He inserts the end of the shaft of the cross under the stone, and both together seek to pry it up.)

Ah! death is loth to have his eyes reopened.  
'T is a hard task.



(They pause to take breath.)

A convent 's a strange place. Dark deeds  
are sometimes done in convents.

DONNA ROSA.

God ! I tremble.

DON SANCHO (bearing his weight upon the  
crow-bar).

'T is a very heavy stone.

DONNA ROSA.

It yields. It moves aside.

(The stone begins to move.)

DON SANCHO.

Once more. Help me a little.

(Rosa presses down upon the crow-bar. Sancho pushes  
the stone. The tomb is opened.)

DONNA ROSA (clapping her hands).

Good !

DON SANCHO (peering into the dark hole).

Oh ! what a fearful cave, filled with dense  
vapor !

(The monk slowly emerges from the opening. He  
looks intently at Don Sancho and Donna Rosa.)

DONNA ROSA.

A living man! Why 't is that same old monk! How fortunate that we were by to hear!

THE MONK.

You saved my life. I swear, my children, to repay you.

## ACT SECOND

### THE THREE PRIESTS

Italy.

The summit of a mountain. A hermit's cave. In the background the entrance, looking out into space.

On the ground, in a corner, a straw pallet. In the opposite corner a low altar, whereon is a human skull. In a hollow in the rocky wall is a jug of water, some black bread and a wooden plate on which are apples and chestnuts. Stones for seats and a larger one for a table.

Horizon of forests, mountain-sides intersected by ravines, and precipices. In the distance a mountain torrent. In the mist the bell-tower of a monastery.

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### SCENE I

FRANCIS DE PAUL (alone).

(He is on his knees praying. He breaks off and rises.

He listens. Without, a medley of horns and trumpets and barking dogs is heard.)

What do I hear? I must mistake. It is the bell.

(He listens.)

No, 't is the horn. The horn resounding from rock to rock!

(He listens.)

Sometimes the torrent seems a multitude of voices, broken by the wind and mingled with the noises of the woods.

(He listens.)

No. 'T is the hunt.

(He looks without.)

Before the hunting pack, the blare of trumpets and the tally-ho, the mystery-haunted wood takes fright, and man becomes a demon to the hunted beast.

(He listens. The sound of the hunt becomes more and more distinct.)

'T is a burning shame! Since Simon and Dorothea, the hermit with the wolf hath shared his den in this blessed solitude, the Holy Father's consecrate demesne; beneath the brotherhood of the thick branches, love doth reign, and man and nature are at peace. No mortal, be he prince or king, hath right, this cloud-capped mountain being subject to the Roman tiara, to bring dogs, horns and loud outcries to this primeval forest.

(The barking recedes. The noise of the hunt goes and comes, ceases and begins anew.)

The pope alone might do it. Nor can he, for he hunts naught but souls. No, even the

most infamous of sacrilegists would not come to shed blood in this holy place, and terrify the birds of heaven, who are God's. And yet some one doth venture; who is this rash mortal?

(An aged monk, staff in hand, his feet covered with dust, appears at the entrance of the cave. He wears the cape of a pilgrim over his Dominican's frock. It is Torquemada. He stops in the entrance. His beard is gray, Francis de Paul's white.)

## SCENE II

FRANCIS DE PAUL, TORQUEMADA.

TORQUEMADA.

Hail to thee, old man and father!

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Brother, hail.

TORQUEMADA.

Dost thou permit me to abide a moment  
here for rest?

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Enter, my brother.

TORQUEMADA.

I am scorched and chilled; the fever and  
the burning sun devour me; I journey, and I  
come, an humble passer-by, beneath thy roof.  
O holy patriarch, I am o'erspent. I say:  
Lama Sabacthani! Hail! Blessed be thou,  
O priest.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

My blessing on you, friend.

TORQUEMADA.

I, also, am a priest.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

And may God guide your steps! 'T is well. It is your right to say or not to say whence you have come and whither you are going, for all steps come from the dawn, and all are going on to death. What you are, stranger, that we also are. My son, the infinite doth weigh alike on all mankind, and the same journey is by every mortal taken. Our feet are in the tomb, our knees are at the altar.

TORQUEMADA.

I come from the whole Universe, I go to the one City. I am on my way to Rome.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

To Rome?

TORQUEMADA.

Aye, base and lowly creature that I am, I have my task allotted and the time has come. At hazard I set out, barefooted; I have journeyed on through sand and snow. My supplication has already reached the Holy See, for I know Alexander Sixth.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

How now! the newly chosen pope?

TORQUEMADA.

He is a Spaniard like myself. We knew each other at Valentia. His name is Borgia. But who art thou, priest of this unhewn chapel, thou venerable man whom God hath led into this solitude? Thy name?

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Francis de Paul. And yours?

TORQUEMADA.

Torquemada.

(He steps back with respect.)

Francis de Paul! a saint.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Not so.

TORQUEMADA.

Thou utterest oracles!

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Not so.

TORQUEMADA.

But thou dost miracles perform, my father,  
so 't is said.



FRANCIS DE PAUL.

I see them. Every morn the dawn doth turn the running waters silver-white, the great sun rises for the little birds, the universal table for the hungry is set forth in field and forest, and life fills the darkness, and the flowers open, and the vast blue sky is glorious to behold ; but 't is not I who do these things, but God.

TORQUEMADA.

My father, Jesus brings us face to face, and I, the seer, would speak with thee, the apostle ; listen. Hast thou not sometimes thought upon the pope, him of the tiara, that whited sepulchre, and hast thou not said in thine own heart that mayhap some unknown and humble pilgrim is, in contrast to the false pontiff, the true priest, and that, though he remain, from sense of duty, prostrate at the feet of Christ's proud vicar raised to the throne by chance, this thoughtful stranger bears within his breast the true heart of the Church, of which the other wears the paltry diadem ? What wouldst thou say if this heaven-sent unknown, this leader of the faith, were I ?

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

The pope, God's man, doth reign. There  
are not two Romes.

TORQUEMADA.

No one is God's man if he be not man-  
kind's man first of all. That man am I. Hell  
and its everlasting gloom await the world. I  
am the bloody-handed healer. With calm  
face, he saves mankind, and seems a terrible  
oppressor. An awe-inspiring form I throw  
myself into the work that pity doth enjoin  
upon me,—pity in fearful guise, but true and  
efficacious ; love is the abyss wherein I plunge.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

I do not understand you. Let us pray.

(He kneels before the altar.)

TORQUEMADA.

One day, 't was long ago, when I was  
young, and had but for a brief space worn this  
frock, I saw,—'t was at Segovia in the Holy  
Cross,—a globe whereon was drawn the world  
with all the states ; rivers and forests ; the  
whole earth ; a mass of empires, provinces  
and cities ; snow-capped mountains, island-  
dotted oceans ; all the boundless depths

wherein the vast, swarming human race moves to and fro tumultuously in the darkness. Father, thou knowest that there is no emperor, idolater or Christian, who holds not in his hand a globe; and I have had that vision, the whole universe, beneath my eyes; each nation and each zone; Europe and Africa; the Indies, where the dawn is born; I said: "I must become the master." And I said: "I must acquire dominion over all that vast expanse for Jesus, who hath often called me in my dreams. Earth I must take and give it back to Heaven." Yes, father, the terrestrial sphere, with all its kingdoms, all its wars and conflicts, turbulence and terror and confusion, is my globe,—now dost thou understand?

FRANCIS DE PAUL (rising and placing a finger on the skull).

This is my sphere. This relic of a shipwrecked, foundered destiny; the contemplation of this riddle; the shadow that eternity projects upon this pensive thing of naught; this skull protruding from the human maëlstrom like a reef; these teeth, which still retain their smile, as in their infancy, after the eye has lost its light; this frightful mask which we

all have beneath our brows ; this insect that knows what we do not know ; this fragment with full knowledge touching the unknown end ; to feel my soul laid bare beneath that stony glance, to think, dream and grow old, live less and less, with those two black, unchanging holes for witnesses of my decay,—to pray, and contemplate this nothingness, this dust, this silence, listening in the shadow to my prayer—'t is all I have ; and 't is enough.

TORQUEMADA (*aside*).

A light breaks in upon my mind while listening to him. Many years ago did Constantine, who was well worthy of the throne, see the *labarum* in the air.

(Looking toward the skull.)

And I now see this sign ! And by it I will conquer, as did Constantine. This holy hermit points out to my dazzled eyes the other form of truth, the other light of Christianity. Yes, I will keep my sphere and take his from him ! so that the reef may indicate the harbor, and life have death for oriflamme !

(To Francis de Paul.)

Hark ye. Dominic did not well understand the sacred flame. It is sublime unless

it be inglorious. Dominic would punish, I would save. The flames about the stake are quenched, I will rekindle them. Now dost thou understand?

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

I do.

TORQUEMADA.

It is my aim to kindle upon earth the vast and salutary conflagration. Father, no better thing than this was ever dreamed of. In my darkness I hear Jesus say to me: "Go on! go on! the end thou aim'st at will absolve thee if thou dost attain it!" I go on!

(Francis de Paul places the bread, the wooden platter and the jug of water on the large stone which he uses for a table.)

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Here are cold water, bread and chestnuts. Drink till your thirst be quenched, and eat your fill. As for your schemes, whereof I see the end, before the flames arise from your first funeral pyre, I will pray God for you, that he may strike you down; for better far for you and the whole human race, would your death be, my son, than such a step on such a road!

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TORQUEMADA (*aside*).

O pitiful enfeebling of a mind in solitude !  
This poor saint hath not understood.

FRANCIS DE PAUL.

Man is on earth to love his fellow creatures.  
He is the brother and the friend. If he kill  
one poor ant he should know why. God of  
the human mind hath made a wing outspread  
over creation, and man may not proscribe  
one living thing, 'mongst the green branches,  
in the grass, or in the sea or air. To man  
freedom to work, the tree-top to the bird, and  
peace to all. No chains. No cage. If man's  
an executioner, God is but a tyrant. The  
Gospel hath the cross, the Alkoran the sword.  
Let us resolve all evil, all mourning, and all  
gloom into rich blessings for this wretched  
earth. Who smites may err. So let us never  
smite. My son, the scaffold is a formidable  
challenge. Let us leave death to God. Have  
recourse to the tomb? What insolent audac-  
ity! The child, the dove, the flower, the  
fruit, the woman—everything is sacred, every-  
thing is blessed; and when by day and night,  
musing, I pour forth from the mountain-top

my prayers into the vast expanse below, I feel the consciousness of this infinity of love stirring within my breast. The pope is pope, we must revere him. Ah! my son, always to hope and always to forgive, to smite not, to pronounce no sentence, to repent if one commits a sin, to pray, to worship and have faith—such is the law. 'T is my law. He is saved who keeps it.

## TORQUEMADA.

Thyself alone thou savest! But, old man, what of the others? Ah! father, the unending fall of souls, by night and day, at every instant, into hell, the fatal pit of hell, the black, immeasurable pit! and into endless flame and horror! Thou dost save thyself, ah, yes! But what, I prithee, dost thou with thy fellow men? Thou livest peacefully, eating thy walnuts and thy apples, like Anselm or Pacomo in the Libyan desert, and the world should be content with that! and all is well! and nothing is to be deplored! Hell, darkness, souls of the accursed, what are all these, provided thou art left to meditate in peace, alone, with thy straw pallet and thy jug of water! But 't is living like a child

and not like an old, gray-haired man ! Thou hast not in thine heart, as the Creator hath, a father's love, formidable and sacred ! And is the human family of no account ? Why, one bestows some care upon his ox ! one physics a sick dog ! And mankind is in danger ! Hast thou then no bowels of compassion ? Thou livest here beneath the sky as if thou wert between four walls. Dost thou not feel that thou art bound by ties innumerable to execrable, blasphemous, repulsive man, who drags behind him everywhere he goes, in cavern depths, on mountain tops, his misery, which sheds his crimes along the way ? No one of all these widespread evils touches thee ! What ! when thou seest living men pass by, thou dost not feel that by thy soul thou art akin to all these ghastly phantoms ? Ah ! thou dost fold thy hands ! thou chantest psalms ! thou goest and comest from the altar to the cross, from yonder block of stone to yonder bit of wood ! 'T is isolation ! Now, when everything is falling, crumbling, perishing, duty is manifold, old man ! Duty in numberless, implacable, unpleasant forms is like a black and shapeless swarm of insects in the conscience ! Duty



tears you from the cloister, from the solitude, and cries to you: "Help! think of the helpless multitudes! think of the human race! slumber no more! be up and doing! Heaven! those little children to be burned forever! All these men and women, young and old, to be hurled down among the howling Sodoms! Run! save these souls accursed, and drive them back by force to Paradise! Old man, for that are we upon the earth. Thy law is light; my law is mystery. Thou 'rt naught but hope, I am salvation. I lend a helping hand to God."

(Some moments earlier a man has appeared at the entrance of the cave. He also is old and gray-bearded. He has a boar spear in his hand and at his neck a cross with three branches. He is dressed in a hunting suit of gold brocade, and a tall cap of gold with three circles of pearls. He has a horn at his belt. He has heard Francis de Paul's last words and all of Torquemada's. He bursts out laughing. Francis de Paul and Torquemada turn.)

## SCENE III

THE SAME: THE HUNTER.

THE HUNTER.

By my faith, my sons, all my musicians would not afford me more diversion than you do. I listened to you with great pleasure. You are two idiots. I was below upon the hill-side, hunting, and I left my dogs and snares and springes there, and said: "I 'll go and see the good old man up yonder." Here I am. Ah! you have entertained me much! But, in good sooth, living would be a dreary business, if 't were as you say.

(He walks forward, folds his arms, and looks them in the face.)

God—if there be a God, he opens not his mouth—assuredly, in making man, produced a brainless masterpiece. But the progression from earth-worm to viper, viper to dragon, and dragon to the devil, is fine indeed.

(He takes a step toward Torquemada.)

I know thee, Torquemada. Begone. Return to thine own land. I have received thy

supplication. I do grant it. Go, my son. Thine idea is a noble one. I laugh at it. Return to Spain and do whate'er thou wilt. I give my nephews all the goods and chattels of the Jews. My sons, you wondered why man is upon the earth. I'll tell you in two words. Wherefore conceal the truth? To enjoy, that is to live. My friends, I see nothing beyond this world, and in this world myself. Where'er he looks each man sees some one word that shines through every obstacle.

(To Francis de Paul.)

With you, the word is, pray ; with me it is, enjoy.

TORQUEMADA (looking from one to the other of his companions).

Two forms of the same selfishness.

#### THE HUNTER.

Chance kneaded dust and opportunity together ; man is the resulting compound. Now, as I myself, like you, am naught but common clay, I should be mad indeed to falter and go slow when joy is swift of foot, and not to take a hasty bite at pleasure in the dark, and not to taste of everything, since

everything is fleeting ! Before all to be happy. I make use of that which men call crime and that which men call vice. Incest—mere prejudice. Murder—an expedient. I honor scruples by dismissing them. Think you that, if my daughter 's lovely, I will be slow to fall in love with her ? Go to ! I should be a poor fool. I must exist. Go ask the hawk, the eagle or gerfalcon, whether the flesh he digs his talons in is lawful prey, or if he knows from what nest it came forth. Because you wear a black frock or a white, you deem yourself in duty bound to be inept and trembling, and cast down your eyes before the offer of unbounded happiness the mad world puts before you. Let us then show our wisdom. Let us seize the opportunity. Death has no sequel, therefore let us live ! The ball-room crumbles and becomes the catacomb. The wise man's soul goes dancing to the tomb. Serve up my banquet. If it demands to-day a seasoning of poison for another, so be it. What care I for the death of others ? I have life. I am a greedy, huge, insatiable hunger, and the world to me is fruit to be devoured. Death, I would forget thee. God, I would

know naught of thee. Living, I am in haste  
and happy always ; dead, I escape !

FRANCIS DE PAUL (to Torquemada).

Who is this renegade ?

TORQUEMADA.

The pope, my father.



PART SECOND

TORQUEMADA







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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TORQUEMADA  
DON SANCHO  
DONNA ROSA  
MARQUIS DE FUENTEL  
KING FERDINAND  
QUEEN ISABELLA  
GUCHO  
BISHOP OF SEO DE URGEL  
THE KING'S CHAPLAIN  
MOSES-BEN-HABIB, Chief Rabbi  
DUKE D'ALAVA  
AN USHER

Soldiers, Pages, Monks,  
Jews, Black and White Penitents

## ACT FIRST

The royal *patio* (*Condes-reyes*) in the cloister-palace of the Llana at Burgos.

A square court-yard surrounded by a gallery with trefoil arches. The front of the stage forms one side of this gallery. The court-yard has two great public gates (one gate at each end of the court-yard) opposite each other, opening into the city streets. The gallery in the foreground ends on the left in a closed folding-door at the top of a flight of three steps. On the left it communicates with a portico, which forms a sort of secluded nook. Near the portico, upon a platform, is a tall iron chair, covered with heraldic emblems and crowned with a representation of the pinnacle of the Temple, which is surmounted by a sword, point upward.

Under the portico can be seen two priests, standing like statues, who seem to have been stationed there to guard a casket that lies on the floor.

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### SCENE I

DON SANCHO, MARQUIS DE FUENTEL;  
afterward, GUCHO.

(Don Sancho is dressed in cloth of gold. He has a sword at his side.)

DON SANCHO.

Why, 't is a dream !

THE MARQUIS.

Nay, 't is reality.

DON SANCHE.

I am a prince !

THE MARQUIS.

Aye, King of Burgos.

DON SANCHE.

I !

THE MARQUIS.

In this fair province you are the first after the king, Don Ferdinand.

(He kisses Don Sancho's hand.)

Yes, everything is yours, fortune and grandeur.

DON SANCHE.

And Donna Rosa is to be my wife.

THE MARQUIS.

An hour hence. They are now putting on her crown, making the chapel ready, and beginning to say prayers for you. The Bishop of Seo de Urgel is to marry you. And I am to put everything in order for the ceremony. The king imposed that duty on me.

DON SANCHE.

You, our good genius !

## THE MARQUIS.

Donna Rosa, while the lights are being placed upon the altar, awaits you in the cloister, and I, Gil de Fuentel, am to throw the door open for your Highness, so that, in accordance with the ancient custom, you may go seek your bride and bring her hither to do homage to the master and to give thanks to him. The king would speak with you before your wedding. Such is his command. He will be in this gallery.

DON SANCHE.

I would prefer to go straight to the church.

THE MARQUIS.

You must obey, monseñor. He will say: "I do consent." Moreover, 't is the ancient custom, your crown being feudatory to his own.

DON SANCHE.

So be it.

THE MARQUIS.

You must resign yourself to bow to lawful customs.

DON SANCHE.

And my father . . . ?

THE MARQUIS.

Was Jorge, Infant of Burgos.

DON SANCHO.

And my grandfather is . . .

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Myself!

DON SANCHO.

The king, who was the Infant's father.

THE MARQUIS.

You will have a long reign and a prosperous . . . Allow me to be your guide.

DON SANCHO.

With my eyes closed. I know not why, but I believe that you do love me. 'T is not long that I have known you. One day you came hither with an order—oh! I was afraid at first—to take myself and Rosa from our old convent to the master. When we arrived I was afraid, it seemed as if we were his prey. At last we are to marry, and my heart o'erflows with joy, and by your side I feel that I am safe.

THE MARQUIS.

Rely on me. I wish to bring about your happiness, and I commend your sacred head

to God. If you were ill, upon a bed of suffering, and if, as formerly for Jean, the Comte de Retz, 't were necessary for you to drink blood, my veins I 'd open for sheer delight to see you born again with my heart's blood, while I was dying! O my prince, my king, my lord!

(Aside.)

My child!

(Enters Gucho. He hears the marquis's last words.)

GUCHO (aside, watching the marquis).

Ah! what a kindly air! What a triumphant air! But what 's the odds! I have no wish to know aught of their mystery. I stand apart from all mankind; and were I able to prevent all evil or to cause unmeasured good on earth by moving but one finger, I would not do it. I crawl upon the ground, I watch what others do, and I am useless. Such is my function.

(Enters a company of the African guard of the King of Castile, with their captain, the Duke d'Alava, at their head.)

THE MARQUIS (to Don Sancho).

Beneath this peristyle the king will presently await monseñor.

(He ascends the flight of steps and throws open the folding doors leading into the interior of the palace cloister. He motions to Don Sancho to follow him.)

Enter, my prince.

(He espies the soldiers and calls Don Sancho's attention to them.)

This guard is here to do you honor.

(He continues to talk as Don Sancho mounts the steps.)

When you hear the clarions, your Highness will return, leading the countess hither to the king, and you will both kneel at his feet.

(He glances outside the gallery.)

Aha! here comes the king!

(Don Sancho passes through the door and the marquis follows him. The door closes behind them.)

(Enters the king, followed by his chaplain.)



## SCENE II

THE KING, GUCHO, DUKE D'ALAVA, THE  
KING'S CHAPLAIN.

THE KING (to the Duke d'Alava).

Come hither, duke.

(The duke draws near the king.)

When I do take this collar from my neck  
to place it upon his . . .

THE DUKE.

I listen, sire.

THE KING (glancing at the guards).

They are at hand. 'T is well.

(To the duke.)

When you do hear me say: "I dub thee  
knight. From this day forth, reign and may  
God be with thee!" then, duke, you will all  
draw your swords behind his back, and kill  
him.

THE DUKE.

Sire, it is enough.

GUCHO (aside, pressing his baubles against his heart).

My dolls are in less jeopardy than men.

(The chaplain puts his mouth to the king's ear, and points to the casket guarded by the two priests who stand under the portico.)

THE CHAPLAIN (in an undertone to the king).

There are the sackcloth garments. They are all ready, as your Highness ordered.

THE KING.

I doubt if they will serve. No matter.

(Pointing to the portico.)

Wait beneath the arch.

(The chaplain joins the two priests under the portico. The king turns to the captain of the guards.)

Thou, duke, be ready.

(Aside.)

I propose, be the event whate'er it may, to have at hand a choice of means to put an end to it.

(The door at the top of the steps re-opens, and closes after the Marquis de Fuentel has passed through. He descends the steps slowly. The king has noticed the iron chair and is examining it.)

## SCENE III

THE SAME: THE MARQUIS.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

An hour hence he will be married, count and prince! Each passing moment is a step for him from darkness upward to the light. But one more step, and he becomes an august, happy potentate! Oh! how the guileless child doth beam upon the despicable grandfather! I weep, bewildered by the joy of which my wicked, humble, desolate old heart is capable, O gracious God!

THE KING (*turning*).

Ah! marquis, is it thou?

THE MARQUIS (*bowing*).

My lord king . . .

THE KING.

I am very glad to speak with thee.

(He points to the old iron chair.)

What is that chair? and why that sword above it?

## THE MARQUIS.

That is the throne, O king, whereon your ancestor Don Garcia once sat; the sword is placed upon the pinnacle as representative of royalty.

## THE KING.

In good sooth, in this realm of mine I am the source of life and death.

GUCHO (to the king).

King, you are both.

(Some moments before a procession has marched into the square court-yard from the gate at the right, heading for the gate at the left. There are two files of penitents, one white, one black. They march slowly across the stage with their hoods pulled down. The white penitents wear black hoods and *vice versa*. The hoods have holes for the eyes. At the head of the two files a black penitent with a black hood carries a black banner upon which is a skull and crossbones, all white. The procession passes across the stage slowly and silently. Gucho calls the king's attention to the banner.)

THE KING (to Gucho).

Ah yes! that crawling monk!

GUCHO.

Agreed. Crawling, but great. Everyone doth tremble before Torquemada; even yourself.

## THE MARQUIS.

One seems, when looking on that banner, to smell the smoking flesh and burning branches.

## THE KING.

Whither go yonder fellows, marquis?

## GUCHO.

They go to fetch those who are to be burned upon the public square. Suppose you are an humble citizen ; without your knowledge you are implicated in some ghastly intrigue ; or mayhap some day, in your own house, you thoughtlessly have said some foolish thing ; almost before the fatal words have left your lips, they have flown away in haste to the Holy Office, there to fall noiselessly into the cruel ear ever open in the darkness. Thereupon yon banner with its two files of phantoms issues from the gloomy cloister, and the procession starts. It passes slowly through the throngs of people, overturning everything that lies before it. Nothing stays its course. The people fly as soon as it appears. These men are the *familiars* of the Inquisition, and other men prostrate themselves before them ; for they know this

vision is a hand stretched out to seize some man in his own home. It goes throughout the city,

(Pointing to the banner and the two files of men who are passing across the stage.)

as at this moment, the banner always marching at the head. By day or night, without a word, without a chant, it goes straight onward to its destination, mute and awe-inspiring. You are sitting tranquilly at home, mayhap at table, laughing and chattering, plucking flowers in the garden, kissing your children, suddenly you see that death's head coming toward you in the gathering dusk. How many people burned! no one to-day can say the number. Whoever sees that banner drawing near to him is lost.

(The procession and the banner disappear through the great gate opposite to that by which they entered.)

THE MARQUIS (in an undertone to the king).

The king doth give the clergy over much support. Torquemada, God save the mark! hath his cabal at Rome, speaks to the pope, prepares a bull, and that 's enough; the king is overshadowed! and his benignant, daz-zling, radiant power ceases to give light!

This monk is a usurper. In a few years he hath placed his base-born head upon a level with the head that wears a crown.

(The king is so absorbed in thought that he apparently pays no heed to the marquis's words.)

(In an undertone to Gucho.)

He doth not listen.

GUCHO (in an undertone to the marquis).

'T is because he hath his mind on other matters.

(The king raises his head, dismisses all the bystanders to the back of the stage with a glance, and motions to the marquis to come to him. He leads him to the front of the stage so that no one can hear what he has to say to him. Gucho watches them.)

THE KING (to the marquis).

I have always followed thy advice with profit; I esteem it far above all other men's and listen to it. Marquis, I would consult thee touching an affair which must be carried through in haste, here on this very spot.

(The king notices Gucho, who has remained behind the platform on which the iron chair stands. He waves him back. Gucho walks away.)

GUCHO (aside, glancing at the king and the marquis).

What's going to happen now? young tiger and old cat!

## SCENE IV

THE KING, THE MARQUIS, alone at the front of the stage. The guards are in the background out of hearing.

THE KING.

I will abide by thy advice. I know its wisdom.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

I know what that means. Your Highness will do just precisely what I tell you not to do.

THE KING.

In politics does everything go on as thou wouldst have it? What seest thou, who art so versed in intrigue—what seest thou in Europe that seems durable?

THE MARQUIS.

A dike. You are that dike. You alone do stand erect. All other powers grovel at the feet of France, who waxes greater day by day; my lord, at one point only are you vulnerable, —Navarre; there your frontier is undefended. 'T is most fortunate that, long before ourselves, you saw the danger, found the remedy,



and snatched the Infant Sancho from the cardinal and that old petty princeling Orthez, until at last the scales incline toward you. You have the power, Sancho has the right. You are the colossus, he the fulcrum of your lever. As the eagle holds the eaglet in its claws, so you hold him. The only man on earth whose life is necessary to your fortune is Don Sancho. While he lives, France is in check.

THE KING.

He necessary ! he alone is necessary to me ?

THE MARQUIS.

He with the Infanta Donna Rosa.

THE KING.

And thou sayest 't is to my interest that Sancho lives ?

THE MARQUIS.

Aye, most assuredly.

THE KING.

Well, when that door is presently thrown open, he will be killed upon this spot.

(The marquis seems paralyzed with terror.)

This Rosa pleases me. Never did haughtier features wear a modest smile, never did maiden

show a happier conjunction of gleaming eye and fascinating voice; she looks at one with an expression that 's inhuman in its sweetness; she has tiny feet that I could easily hold in my hand; she trembles at the slightest provocation, and is the lovelier thereby. Since I, the king, esteem her charming, Sancho 's in the way.

THE MARQUIS.

'T is true.

THE KING.

I know that interests of state would have the master not yield to his inclinations. What is the fitting course for me to take? This caprice hath not come upon me suddenly. One wavers long the while a fire kindles. Think'st thou I have not struggled? I said in my own mind,—for, mark you, I have not failed to make this wearisome comparison: “Deuce take me! she 's a pretty creature! true, but this marriage is a thing to be desired, for I must have Navarre, without which I have no frontier at all. So, love, be coy! But oh! what eyes! and what a velvet skin! what grace! Ah! king, stop there! Wouldst thou for the first petticoat that passes

lose in one day the fruit of ten years' fighting? Look across yonder mountains. The King of France is laughing at the King of Spain. Go to, Sancho and Rosa must be wed. The Durance and the Adour ours, our frontier is complete. We will display the genius of an astute and crafty politician,—let them wed! 't is said." But no! what yoke so hard to bear as ours when we see her given over to another's arms; I will not brook it. Down with my rival! I will take her from him. Am I a slave, and are my sceptres masters of my acts? Am I to tear my heart to tatters just because a parcel of crowned spies upon the Seine or Rhine or Tiber have their eyes upon me, watching for the hour when my ambition may be caught a-napping? To be a great king is a heavy burden. The heart takes its revenge. It grieves me to be forced to slay this Sancho, and to slay him here, by his own fireside; but we are not born to be bored to death. Pray, is it my fault that this girl is beautiful?

THE MARQUIS.

In truth 't is not your fault.

## THE KING.

Queen Isabella wearies me, beyond description. I must have another wife. Zounds, man, I have a right to love !

## THE MARQUIS.

The lion 's hungry.

## THE KING.

Hark. I love, therefore I hate. I think upon their childhood side by side in that secluded cloister, she and her charms, and he with his audacity—the grass, the green fields and the darkness, and the kisses that the saucy rascal stole ! Don Sancho ! Ah ! I am jealous of him ! and I give my jealousy free rein ! It pleases me to count the fierce pulsations of keen hatred in my heart, drunken with rage ; I love to feel the shuddering sensation creep up to my hair ! To hate is good. To hold one's enemy and crush him and trample him beneath one's feet,—I foam with joy at the mere thought. I am the yawning chasm, overjoyed to swallow up the soaring fish-hawk. I feel my pulses tremble with the longing to exterminate. A foolish man is he who seeks to throw me off the scent ! I brook no

obstacle. I have Don Sancho here and I will be revenged ! Revenged for what ? Because he is beloved. Because he is well-favored. I, the man who live alone, whose mouth is closed, have a fierce tempest in my heart, and numberless opposing currents. Murder is my friend ; Cain is my brother ; and while my bearing is grave, cold and indolent, I feel my will bursting all bounds, as the volcano, lying cold beneath its snowy blanket, feels the lava rising to its mouth in glowing waves. He who should seek to soften me would make me roar the louder ; the attempt to soothe my wrath would drive me mad. Marquis, I would crush God himself ! There are two ways to put the Infant out of sight.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Two ways !

THE KING.

One sad to think upon, the cloister ; the other, swift and certain death. The cloister ? Yes. The tomb however is the surest. It hears naught. It's depths are trustworthy. It's door is heavy. The cloister's dumb, the tomb is deaf. The tomb has this advantage

that no one comes forth from it. The cloister is a changeless circle, drawn by a ghastly compass. No one ever turns therein. Don Sancho there would see his fair locks turned to gray, and he would grow to be an old, old man, a prisoner in those gloomy precincts. I can choose between them. I prefer that he should die. What thinkest thou?

THE MARQUIS.

That you are right.

THE KING.

What say you?

THE MARQUIS.

Sire, let him die.

THE KING (*aside*).

What was that fable some one whispered to me, that Sancho was his son? It is not true!

THE MARQUIS.

I argue as you do.

THE KING (*aside*).

What lies are breathed in a king's ears!

THE MARQUIS (*watching him narrowly*).

I go with you.

THE KING.

So thy advice is that he die?

THE MARQUIS.

It is.

THE KING (*aside*).

Ha! this is dubious. Just now he swore that this Don Sancho was most necessary to me, and that he must live for the advantage of my realm. With Sancho's death my claim upon Navarre expires. I have on one side France, the empire on the other.

(*Looking askance at the marquis.*)

Whither does he seek to lead me? He has some scheme, the traitor.

(*Aloud.*)

'T would be pleasant to devour Sancho all at once, but what if I should nibble at him? To have him in a cloister is to have him always 'twixt my teeth. Suppose I keep him there, that I may watch him languish, droop, and suffer all the torments of the damned, a dull-eyed, stupid cur? A slow revenge delights the soul. What thinkest thou?

THE MARQUIS.

Why choose the crooked path? Sire, go straightway to your end. Smite, kill.

THE KING (aside).

The villain ! Hitherto, in all our interviews, he was for Don Sancho. He forgets, but I remember.

(Glancing at the marquis, who is watching him.)

Double face, whereon I catch a sudden gleam ! What reason hath he thus to spur my hatred on ? The deuce ! how quickly he became of my opinion !

(Aloud.)

Blood . . .

THE MARQUIS.

The bloody kings are they who are best served. Kill.

THE KING (aside).

He is sold to France ! the beggar !

(Aloud.)

But thou saidst to me : " Sancho is your hope. He is essential to you ; while he lives peace is assured on the frontier."

THE MARQUIS.

I was mistaken. You are great. No one is necessary to you. Nay, not even God. Kill.

THE KING.

Thy advice I feel is most sincerely given. But reflect. The people, a vile horde of



mendicants, are ill-disposed to politics and its expedients; the rabble, quickly moved to pity, grieve when a breast is pierced by a sword-thrust or two. They mourn for the departed, more especially if he were a well-favored youth. They weep for me when I am in my coffin, forget me when I am in prison. Ah! my friend, we must beware of too bold strokes. Sancho is young. The taste for tragedy is dying out. Many good people would be greatly pleased to have him undergoing a mild species of confinement in a convent. Mildness is so delectable! When he is once in durance in the cloister, can he escape? Not so.

THE MARQUIS.

The tomb 's the surer guardian.

THE KING.

But murder . . .

THE MARQUIS (pointing to the palace).

These walls are well accustomed to it.

THE KING (aside).

Traitor!

(Aloud.)

Marquis, what is thy last word?

## THE MARQUIS.

Kill.

(Fanfare of trumpets.)

Ah! the clarions! here they come!

(The door of the palace is thrown wide open. Don Sancho and Donna Rosa, hand in hand, appear at the top of the steps. Donna Rosa in a dress of silver lace with the crown of pearls on her head. Don Sancho with an earl's hat, surmounted by the *alumbrado* plume, a combination of feathers and jewels. At their right is the Bishop of Seo de Urgel, with the mitre on his head. Behind them lords and ladies, and priests in embroidered copes.)

## SCENE V

THE SAME: DON SANCHE, DONNA ROSA,  
BISHOP OF SEO DE URGEL.

THE BISHOP.

Ferdinand, King of Castile, this man, Don Sancho, weds this maiden, Donna Rosa, both descended from the Gothic kings, she lady of Orthez, he Count of Burgos; if 't is your pleasure, O my master, I propose to join their hands in matrimony. And Sancho, led by the priest, comes to your feet, bringing his wife to you and offering you his faithful homage, for he is count and you are king.

(Don Sancho and Donna Rosa descend the steps and kneel before the king. The Duke d'Alava takes a step forward. The Marquis de Fuentel watches with bated breath.)

DON SANCHE.

I lay all my possessions, sire, at your feet.

THE KING (gazing sternly at the bishop).

What madness is this, bishop! thou, a priest, dost join a nun in holy wedlock with a monk.

THE BISHOP.

My lord and king! . . .

THE KING.

Knowest thou not that they have ta'en the vows? And dar'st thou consummate this ghastly sacrilege, unfearing?

THE BISHOP.

Sire! . . .

THE KING.

A frock for this man! a veil for this woman!

(The chaplain and the priests come out from under the portico. One of the priests has a black veil in his hands, the other a frock of coarse sackcloth. One priest throws the veil over Donna Rosa, the other puts the frock upon Don Sancho. His face disappears behind the hood and Donna Rosa's behind the veil. The soldiers surround them. They tear Don Sancho's sword from his belt. The king makes a violent gesture.)

Away with both of them. Each to a convent!

DON SANCHO (struggling under the hood).

Your Majesty!

THE KING (to the priests).

You 'll answer to me for this man.

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THE MARQUIS (breathing freely).

Alive !

(The priests and soldiers lead Don Sancho away in one direction and Donna Rosa in the other.)

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

I'll find a way to lay my hand on her again.  
Sometimes, thou knowest, a woman comes  
forth from a cloister.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

Aye, and sometimes a man !



## ACT SECOND

An apartment in the old Moorish palace at Seville. This palace looked out upon the Tablada where the Quemadero was located.

The apartment is the council hall. The back of the apartment is on a level with a gallery with small Arabian columns, which looks out of doors, and is closed by an immense curtain. At the left a long table, at the ends of which are two high chairs surmounted by royal crowns; the chairs are just alike. On the same side, a low, narrow door, concealed by the hangings, leading to divers secret stairways and passages. On the opposite side, the right, in a jog-piece which extends to the gallery at the back, large folding-doors at the top of a flight of three steps.

The table is covered with a cloth on which are embroidered the arms of Aragon and Castile.

In the middle of the table, on a great silver salver, are thirty piles of gold pieces,—high, thick piles—forming a massive, square block of gold in the middle of the salver.

Upon the table a silver-gilt writing case, parchment, vellum, wax and seals. Gilded and painted pen-holders in the holes of the inkstand.

Near the table a credence with drawers.

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### SCENE I

MARQUIS DE FUENTEL, MOSES-BEN-HABIB,  
*Chief Rabbi.* They enter together through the secret door.

THE MARQUIS.

Money, money, more money !

(The rabbi points to the salver filled with crowns in the middle of the table. The marquis examines the pile of gold.)

Very good.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

Thirty piles, each of a thousand golden crowns.

THE MARQUIS.

A trusty agent.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

Isabella is a miser.

THE MARQUIS.

And Ferdinand a spendthrift. Truth dwells at the bottom of a well, and intrigue in a gold mine. One may obtain by gifts permission from the mighty ones of earth to live. In order to escape the king, the judge who cozens you, the prince, the priest, a poor man must be rich. All kings are beggars. We must supply their needs with lavish hand.

(To the rabbi.)

Go, Jew. Return by the same secret staircase. For the king is close upon my heels.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

Monseñor, since there still is time, I do beseech you, save the Jewish people.



THE MARQUIS.

The danger is most urgent.

(Dismissing him.)

Go.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

I count upon you.

THE MARQUIS.

Count upon thy cash.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

Will not the poor, despairing multitude who weep without be presently permitted to come hither and to kneel before the king and queen?

THE MARQUIS.

So be it. But, for the moment, go.

THE CHIEF RABBI.

O day of woe! if the king come not to our aid, one hundred aged Jews are to be burned in this good city, even here, in Seville; and the remainder of the chosen people will be driven forth, alas!

THE MARQUIS (pensively).

Yes, everything 's in readiness for the *auto-da-fé*, announced so long ago.

## THE CHIEF RABBI.

And is it true that the king leaves Seville to-night?

## THE MARQUIS.

Yes. For a day. He will return to-morrow. The charter of King Tulgas, our oldest code of laws, provides that the king pass the morrow of an execution, praying with the queen at the convent in the town of Triana.

## THE CHIEF RABBI.

They would not have the task of praying for the dead, did they not kill. Monseñor, try to save us.

## THE MARQUIS.

Speak lower, and be gone.

(The rabbi bows to the ground and goes out through the door in the hangings, which closes behind him.)

THE MARQUIS (looking at the door through which the Jew passed).

'T is not thy Jew's hide, nor the hides of all thy chosen people, that cause my anguish and my zeal, and drive me on to venture everything. Alas! I shudder when I hear the ghastly knell of the *auto-da-fé*. Don Sancho's in a monastery, refusing to become

a monk, refractory and obstinate. They may at any moment toss him in the flames. I tremble. Ah! that awful cloister! I must tear him from it! How?

(The great door at the back is thrown open. Enters the king, followed by Gucho. Both wings of the door close as soon as the king has passed through.)

(The king is in the full dress costume of the Order of Alcantara, with the sinople cross embroidered in emeralds on the cloak. He wears a green velvet hat without a plume, surmounted by the royal crown.)

(Gucho crouches behind one of the arm-chairs.)

## SCENE II

THE MARQUIS, THE KING, GUCHO.

(The king seems to be deeply absorbed in thought, and to pay no heed to his surroundings.)

THE KING (aside).

'T were better to do nothing roughly. I prefer that way.

THE MARQUIS (to the king with a reverence).

A great catastrophe is imminent to-day.  
If 't is permitted by the king.

(The king raises his head. The marquis points toward the square which is hidden by the curtain of the gallery at the back of the stage.)

A grand *auto-da-fé*. A swarm of people burned alive. At the same time an edict of expulsion of the Jews. A whole race stolen by a monk from Castile's king.

THE KING.

A worthless horde expelled, a hissing stake,  
is that thy great catastrophe?

(He spies the salver laden with gold on the table.)

Aha! more money?

(To the marquis.)

And from whom?

THE MARQUIS.

The Jews.

THE KING.

How much?

THE MARQUIS.

Thirty thousand golden crowns, which in the name of thirty cities they do offer you.

THE KING.

'T is well. What do they ask?

THE MARQUIS.

That they may be left undisturbed.

THE KING.

'T is overmuch. I cannot leave men undisturbed for being Jews.

THE MARQUIS.

I pray that your kind heart will deign to accept this gold which a whole loyal people lays at the feet of Ferdinand and Isabella. They implore the king their master to prevent the burning of a hundred of their number at the stake to-day.

THE KING.

'T is overmuch.

THE MARQUIS.

To burn a hundred ?

THE KING.

No. To pray me to prevent an *auto-da-fé*. My wife is preaching to me, and the pope. Both are forever by my side, most urgent for harsh measures. I must let them burn a few poor devils. Otherwise I shall know no peace. What news? What do folk say?

THE MARQUIS.

Oh ! naught of consequence. At Cordova, Tudela, Saragossa, men are being burned.

THE KING.

And then ?

THE MARQUIS.

Count Requesens, one day when he was drunk, swore by the saints. Sire, the Inquisition, heedless of his rank, condemned him to be burned to death in his own city, in Gerone ; and, as no servant had denounced him, the whole household of the count accused of blasphemy were tortured with the burning brand, and every mortal perished at the stake, even to the fool.

(Gucho jumps as if suddenly awakened.)

GUCHO (aside).

I will become instanter a familiar of the Inquisition! Fever and pestilence! And I will enter on the functions of the post! Damnation! to be burned alive is not my business.

THE KING (looking at the pile of gold).

Fruit of one bleeding of the Jews. They're an auriferous tribe.

GUCHO (aside).

'T is quite enough for me to see the others roast.

THE MARQUIS (to the king).

The Hebrews . . .

THE KING.

Say the Jews!

THE MARQUIS.

The Jews, sire, an industrious and numerous race, most humbly pray the king to tolerate them here in Spain, and to revoke the edict that doth exile them, and not be moved to wrath to see them at his feet.

THE KING.

What more do they desire?

## THE MARQUIS.

To die where their forefathers died. To abide in their own land, and I do offer you their ransom, sire. Take it.

## THE KING.

If the queen consents, I will consent. Let her be summoned.

(At a sign from the king, Gucho goes to the door at the back of the stage and opens it. An official of the palace appears in the opening. Gucho speaks to him in a low tone. The officer bows and retires. The door closes and Gucho returns to his post beside the chair.)

## THE MARQUIS.

King, the Jews will pass their lives in blessing you.

## THE KING.

I want their money, not their prayers. Their blessings are an insult to me.

## THE MARQUIS.

King, your fathers were well pleased to have the Jews for subjects. When they are driven out, 't is one less people in the realm.

## THE KING (imperiously).

Enough! As if a people were of any consequence! A maiden is the subject of my



thoughts! Ah! since I placed those bars betwixt her and myself, I cannot sleep, I think of her incessantly, she must be mine. Go to! I am more passionately in love with Rosa than I ever was, and you must come and talk to me of politics! I 'm all for love. What of Don Sancho? Is he yet a monk?

THE MARQUIS.

Not yet.

THE KING.

The scaffold waits for him if he doth still refuse. He shall not live. I placēd them both in convents in the city where I dwell, that I might have them always 'neath my hand. The little one at the Assumption, he behind the gratings of the convent of Saint Anthony, wherein Don Jayme the Red, my ancestor, did once immure his wayward son. Don Sancho shall turn priest, and I will have the maiden. I shall soon deliver Rosa.

THE MARQUIS.

What of the late decree concerning convents?

THE KING (in surprise).

The late decree?

## THE MARQUIS.

Whoever, were it your royal self, dares go into a cloister to lay hand on any person whomsoever therein being, is declared an outlaw, traitor, faithless to his God, anathema, and parricide.

## THE KING.

Is 't so?

(Gazing fixedly at the marquis.)

I enter where I choose, and I am king where'er I go. The moment is at hand when I propose to set free the Infanta. Rosa shall be mine!

## THE MARQUIS.

Ah! you will have to do with . . .

## THE KING.

Have to do with whom?

## THE MARQUIS.

Why . . .

## THE KING.

Tell me. Speak.

## THE MARQUIS.

With Torquemada.

## THE KING.

I, the king!

THE MARQUIS.

And he, the Grand Inquisitor !

THE KING.

God save the mark !

THE MARQUIS.

Your Majesty, the church in him is incarnate. If he is angry . . .

THE KING.

Well ?

THE MARQUIS.

The church doth easily lay hold, but most unwillingly lets go. He is Inquisitor. It is his duty to look to it that each convent has its complement of inmates. Not a nun nor monk is there whom fraud or force can tear away from him ! He prowls about the cloister, sire, showing his teeth, snapping at everyone like a wild beast, and all these lambs are guarded by a wolf. The king, if he be wise, will not attack the priest. Sire, Torquemada stands across your path. He holds the king in check, whatever you may do.

THE KING.

'T is naught to me. He is a man to bribe.

THE MARQUIS.

Try.

THE KING.

If it pleases me to crush this monk . . .

THE MARQUIS.

Try, sire.

THE KING.

I can lavish on him everything that man desires, and the haughtiest have always bowed before me. First of all, to bring a priest to reason, we have—women.

THE MARQUIS.

He is old.

THE KING.

Then there are dignities, the mitre, a diocese, a grandeeship, a title, honors and the purple.

THE MARQUIS.

It is his purpose to remain a monk.

THE KING.

Money.

THE MARQUIS.

Sire, it is his purpose to remain a poor man.

THE KING (thoughtfully).

True it is that, humble, old and indigent, this man is powerful.

(He folds his arms and reflects.)

To have this threatening, omnipotent poverty equal to myself, casting a shadow on my throne, nay, seated by my side ! This fellow always on a level with the king !

THE MARQUIS.

And even higher !

THE KING.

No ! no !

THE MARQUIS.

Women, honors, money have no power. None of those methods is available to rid yourself of this gray-bearded monk.

THE KING.

I will find others then. Dost understand ?  
eh ?

THE MARQUIS.

No. What may they be ?

THE KING.

The true means. Dost thou understand me ?

THE MARQUIS.

No.

## THE KING.

The old priest Arbuez—why not revive this method?—was stabbed upon the very altar steps.

## THE MARQUIS.

That had but ill success. They made of him Saint Arbuez. And that was all. You reign and you distribute at your pleasure titles, wealth and blows of the headsman's axe. But with its tongues of fire the church doth seize the hand that threatens it. By persecuting it you build it up. The priests have this strange quality, that, if you kill them, they are the more alive. Nothing can wipe them out. From a heap of dead priests a ghost is born, it is the priest. Their blood 's immortal and their bones prolific. We crush them while they live, invoke them when they 're dead. Ah! king, you persecute the church. It extricates itself with palm-leaves, chanting, tears and martyrdom. Strike down these cloistered serpents, drunk with gall, and massacre them. Good. Now raise your eyes to heaven; see, 't is full of saints—saints of your making, sire. Clasp your hands, fall on your knees. For my part I admire the church,

for be she slave or queen, she always has the latest word. Her minions swarm on earth and swarm in heaven. You crush her as a worm and she is born again a brilliant star.

THE KING (in a depressed tone).

She is the disease and I the patient. Thou sayest true. Set Rome at naught! Men have repented having done it. I must be resigned.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

How he doth change his mind! With him the danger lies in this, that one must needs advise the contrary in order to persuade him to do aught, and urge him toward the south that he may go toward the north. And this time he has faith in me. The devil! how my stratagem hath gone astray! The tortuous path which I thought best to use is good for naught. Now I will go straight to my purpose. I will change my tactics.

(Aloud.)

Ah! you have allowed the tonsured knave, the monk, to grow in stature, and he now has reached a towering height.

THE KING (musing).

This Torquemada . . .

## THE MARQUIS.

Holds Spain in his grasp. He is the real pope. Wherever you so much as touch your nail, he lays his paw. He takes your place. Your Majesty, the time has passed when you, whenever it seemed good to you, selecting your own time, could enter any convent with a threat, and force the greedy church to loose its hold. In those days you could hang an abbot. Now, meddle not with him. Ah! this monk is most embarrassing. Your gallows! lay a hand upon the priest! let him come on! Your power to punish has everything to fear from his; and certes he would laugh to see you place your wooden gallows near the flames about his stake. 'T is an unequal duel. The whole earth, sire, is this monk's. As one sets fire to quick-burning hay, so doth his torch go running everywhere, and change to ashes living men. The awe-struck palaces have a conventual air. The clergy puts forth sprouts on every side and grows as swiftly as the nettle. Everyone bows down to the base eyebrows of a frowning monk. Let him escape who can. The proud men grovel, and the bold men tremble. What



is being done from Cadiz to Tortosa, and from one end of the kingdom to the other? Denunciation. Marquis Alfonzo and the Prince of Viano, your cousins, are in chains, and sire, that bloodthirsty knave has taken by the throat the Infant of Tudela. Years ago, under the reign of Don Ramiro, or of Donna Leonora, every Spanish city was a scene of gayety and animation; the bells rang out over a dancing, joyous people. But to-day there is no sound. No merry laughter. No more luxury. A bouquet is an object of suspicion. Terror, dread and lamentation everywhere, and the vast Spanish realm is like the dreary aftermath of a great festival. O king, your forests are made into scaffolds, and the supply of wood ere long will fail. True crimes and false crimes are confused, and anything 's enough to send one to the stake. For having seen a certain person passing, you are his confederate. The son betrays his father, and the father his son. Whoever accidentally knocks down a crucifix, is burned alive. A word, a gesture are rank heresy. This hateful monk has taken Jesus in a frenzy. Everything 's a crime. To muse, to swear by Solomon, to

have the air of talking with the devil 'neath one's breath, to bite one's nails, to go barefooted on a day of fast, to wed a wife too youthful or too old, to turn a dead man's face toward the wall, to fail to shun all those who wear a leathern thong about their waists, to use a tablecloth upon a Sabbath day, to drive his ox or ass forth from the barn on Christmas day, to use the name of God more frequently than that of Jesus, or to lie in hiding, each of these is cause for sending men and women to the stake. To follow a dead body to the grave, repeating verses as you go, to sit and weep in darkness or behind a door, to watch, from a secluded, quiet spot, the rising of the first star of the night, are just so many crimes. O king, the fire gleams, ascends, consumes, and the broad sky above your head grows ruddier and more ruddy, sire, with the light of that empurpled dawn. Your subjects' blood is drained from you. Soon you will have no soldiers left for war. Ere long—surely it cannot be the king doth realize it, for the king could with a word prevent it all, but no! ere long, the Holy Office will have consigned all Spain to prison, and even

now the people have well-nigh forgotten you.

(He points to the gallery at the back of the stage, and the curtain drawn across it. Gucho listens attentively.)

This very day, O king, beneath your window here, the stake, a fiery mass above a heap of red-hot embers, will pursue its purifying work, and there, beneath the hungry eyes of the confessor, women clad in flames will writhe in agony. At the four corners stand four statues, four black prophetesses facing the four winds of heaven, built of hollow stone, and filled with living men. You 'll hear the roaring of those hideous colossi, and see the flickering flames come pouring from their mouths; and nothing save those giants will remain; your people, haggard-eyed and all agape with fear, will see all Spain, your kingdoms and yourself go up in smoke around those four appalling phantoms. For all light proceeds from the vile Quemadero. And you disappear, O king, in the shadow of the executioner.

(The king sinks upon a folding-chair, as if overwhelmed.)

## THE KING.

All this is to the profit of the church.

## THE MARQUIS.

And to the ruin of the throne. Castile is covered o'er with charnel-houses, and in the distance terror utters piercing shrieks.

(Approaching the king.)

In vain you struggle. You are taken. Over Spain is spread a sombre web, through which God can be seen, a dimly shining star; a frowning net-work, woven upon earth by Satan who drew the fibres one by one from great Jehovah's side; a snare wherein the wretched human mind is torn to shreds; a sort of vast rose-window of an immeasurable church, where hell-fire gleams on the great altar; there are horror, deathly fright and darkness; and the world stares aghast at the grim monster gnawing at its vitals; it thinks of Baal of old who strangled it; to grow is an abuse, to think a crime; a man is bold to live, and merely to exist is perilous. And in the centre of the web we see the priest, the spider with the fly, the king.

(The king hangs his head. The marquis watches him and continues.)

Certes, it is a subject of surprise and terror that this wretched skein of cloisters, regulations, dogmas, vows, could make a web to catch an eagle in. But it is done. The eagle 's taken. At this moment his wing is barely fluttering in the mesh. In front of you the missal and the gospel and the Bible rear their heads, and 't is no longer possible for you to carry out your will; you dare not love; nor do you dare to reign. The kings of old, as hard and stubborn as their mountains, long bearded as their forests, were of sterner stuff. The present, far more than the past, is vile as dust. A king allows a woman to enslave him, and in the kindness of his heart crawls in the dust, nor even tries to roar. There is no longer aught upon the earth except one monk. This monk—Oh! how doth the child dare be born?—this monk is king, he has you 'neath his sandals. You, the king! He turns his key upon the human heart; he is above the bishop and above the abbeſs, in the deacon's eyes and in the nun's. He comes, the law slinks out of sight, the

sceptre bends even as a slender reed, the sword is terrified. A stupefying glare shoots from his piercing eyes; his arm is universal empire, and man his target, and as he stoops, the frowning spy of God, to watch the world, his shadow covers everything.

(Looking the king in the face.)

Hereafter history will say: "That was the age of fire. That was a time of darkness and of slavery. What was its product? ashes. To the sword of Pelagus, the fork to stir the embers of the stake succeeded. What was the king's name? 'T was Torquemada."

THE KING (rising).

Marquis, thou liest in thy throat! His name is Ferdinand, and neither monk nor pope of Rome can make it other than it is, or say that I, the tiger and the lion, am not king! And I will prove with headless bodies what I say. Go thou, collect a party of armed men, march straightway to the convent of th' Assumption, seize the Infanta, trample out all opposition; such is my pleasure! I propose that everyone shall bow and cringe and slink away as if my face

appeared before them unexpectedly ! Here is the written order.

(He goes to the table, takes a pen and a sheet of parchment, and writes rapidly.)

“In the law’s name, submit. That which the marquis does is done by the king’s command.”

(He signs and hands the parchment to the marquis.)

If anyone resists, then smite, strike down, burn, crush, exterminate, and then pass on, and look to it that, on the spot where once that cursed convent stood, there be not presently one living being, or one stone upon another !

(Gucho listens with renewed attention.)

THE MARQUIS.

If some monk . . . ?

THE KING.

To death with him !

THE MARQUIS.

Or soldier . . . ?

THE KING.

Cast him into prison. Take a hundred cut-throats of my Moorish guard. ’T will be enough to force a cloister.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Aye, or even two.

(*Aloud.*)

Although proceeding from the king, this is  
a bold venture.

THE KING.

Go.

THE MARQUIS.

When the Infanta's in my hands, I must  
conceal her.

THE KING.

Surely.

THE MARQUIS.

Where?

THE KING.

In my private park, a lonely and secluded  
spot. Thou knowest it? I leave Seville  
to-night.

THE MARQUIS.

I know it. For one day.

THE KING.

I go to Triana. On my return I wish to  
find the Infanta . . .

THE MARQUIS.

In the private park.



THE KING.

There I am master.

THE MARQUIS.

But the key?

(The king goes to the credence and opens a drawer.)

THE KING.

I have two keys, for I alone go thither.

(He takes two keys from the drawer, and hands one of them to the marquis.)

One of them I give to thee.

(He replaces the other key in the drawer, which he closes. Gucho, the king's back being turned, crawls under the credence, opens the drawer and takes out the key.)

GUCHO (aside).

I take the other.

(He closes the drawer and puts the key in his pocket.)

THE KING.

Ah, yes! these monks are powerful! Ah, yes! these priests are mighty, too! And Torquemada reigns! We'll see.

THE VOICE OF AN USHER (outside, announcing the queen).

Her Majesty, the queen.

(Enters the queen, in black jet, the royal tiara on her head. She makes a profound reverence to the king, who replies with a low bow, without removing his hat.)

(The queen goes to one of the arm-chairs at the end of the table and seats herself therein; after which she remains motionless as if she neither saw nor heard anything.)

(The king and queen both have rosaries hanging at their waists.)

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

Be prompt. Speed is the first essential of success. Go, marquis. Do what I bid thee.

(Enters the Duke d'Alava. He walks toward the king.)

What is thy errand, Duke d'Alava?

DUKE D'ALAVA.

The deputies of the Jews who have been banished from your realm crave leave, sire and madame, to throw themselves at your Majesties' feet.

THE KING.

Admit them.

(Exit the duke.)

(In an undertone to the marquis.)

Hasten now, and seize the Infanta. Go at once to the Assumption convent.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*).

Then to Saint Anthony's.

THE KING.

Begone!

THE MARQUIS.

But . . .

THE KING.

What?

THE MARQUIS.

Suppose the Grand Inquisitor . . . ?

THE KING.

That monk! He is the earthworm, I the dragon.

(He waves his hand imperiously to the marquis. The marquis bows and goes out by the secret door in the hangings. The king takes his seat in the unoccupied chair, opposite the queen.)

(Enter the Jews.)

## SCENE III

## THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE JEWS.

(Through the door at the back, which is thrown wide open, pours in a frightened, half-clad multitude between two rows of halberdiers and pikemen. They are the Jew deputies, men, women and children, all covered with dirt and dressed in rags, barefooted, with the rope around their necks; some are mutilated and crippled by torture and drag themselves along on their stumps or on crutches; others, whose eyes have been put out, are led by children. At their head is the Chief Rabbi, Moses-Ben-Habib. All have the yellow shield over their tattered garments.)

(At some little distance from the table the rabbi halts and kneels. All those behind him follow his example. The older men beat their heads upon the floor.)

(Neither the king nor queen looks at them. Their eyes seem to be gazing abstractedly over all their heads.)

MOSES-BEN-HABIB (kneeling).

Your Majesties of Aragon, and of Castile,—king, queen! our master and our mistress, we, your trembling subjects, are in sore distress; barefooted, ropes about our necks, we pray to God and you; and, living in death's shadow, some of us being doomed to die by fire, and all the poor remainder, women and old men,

being hunted from the realm, we bring our plaint to you, O king and queen, beneath the all-seeing eye of Him who sits in heaven. Your Majesties, your edicts pour upon us in hot haste, we weep, our fathers' bones do quiver, and the peaceful sepulchre doth tremble at your deeds. Have pity. Ours are faithful and submissive hearts ; we live retired in our modest houses, humble and alone ; our laws are strict and simple, so that a child might write them down. The Jew doth never sing and never laugh. Tribute we pay, however great the sum. Men kick us as we lie upon the ground ; we're like the clothing of a murdered man. Glory to God ! But must it be that, with the new-born babe, the nursing infant and the child but newly weaned, naked, driving his ox and dog and goat before him, Israel must fly, and scatter to all quarters of the earth ? That we shall cease to be a nation to become mere wanderers ? Nay, king, drive us not forth with pikes, and God will throw the golden gates of heaven open to you. Have compassion on us. We are crushed. We shall no more behold our trees and fields of grain ! The mother's breasts will cease to

give forth milk ! The wild beasts in the woods live with their mates in peace, the birds sleep tranquilly beneath the waving branches, and the roe is left to nurse her little ones untroubled : pray permit us to live likewise, in our caverns, 'neath our wretched roofs, almost like prisons, and we almost slaves, but near our fathers' ashes ; deign to suffer us beneath your feet which we bathe with our tears ! Ah me ! what misery to be dispersed in far off lands ! Permit us still to drink at our own springs and live among our fields, and you will prosper ! Woe is me ! we wring our hands in our despair ! O king, spare us the agony of banishment, of bitter, endless, everlasting solitude ! Leave us our native land, our native sky ! The bread whereon one weeps while eating it is changed to gall. If we are ashes, be not you the wind.

(Pointing to the gold upon the table.)

Behold our ransom. Vouchsafe to accept it. O protect us, king and queen. See our despair. Stretch out your wings above us, not as evil angels, but as kind and tender-hearted angels, for the black wing and the white wing cast not the same shadow. Oh, revoke your

edict. We implore you by your consecrated ancestors, as grand as lions, by the tombs of all the kings and queens, deep minds, and filled with radiant light ; we place our hearts, O rulers of your fellow-men, our prayers, our lamentation in the hands of your Infanta, of the child Joanna, as fresh and innocent as the wild strawberry whereon the bee doth light. King, queen, have pity !

(A moment of silence. Ferdinand and Isabella remain absolutely motionless, they do not even turn their eyes. The Duke d'Alava, who stands with drawn sword in front of the table, touches the chief rabbi on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. The rabbi rises to his feet and he and all the Jews retire with bent heads, walking backward. The guards form in line and hustle them off the stage. The door remains open after they have gone.)

(The king motions to the Duke d'Alava, who goes to him.)

THE KING (to the duke).

The queen and I desire to consult in private touching the decree. If anyone comes hither, though it were a prince, arrest him, duke ! I will cut off the head of any man who dares to enter. Close the door and guard the corridor.

(The duke lowers his sword, bows, puts up his sword and retires. The door closes. The king and queen remain alone.)

(During this scene Gucho has disappeared under the table where he is hiding.)

## SCENE IV

THE KING, THE QUEEN; GUCHO, under the table.

(The king and queen gaze earnestly at each other without speaking. Absolute silence. At last the queen lowers her eyes and looks at the money on the table.)

THE QUEEN.

Thirty thousand golden marks.

THE KING.

Thirty thousand golden marks.

THE QUEEN.

But they 're a race accursed, who watch the planets.

THE KING.

Thirty thousand golden marks make six hundred thousand piasters, which make twenty million sequins.

THE QUEEN.

Sequins ?

THE KING.

Sequins, which, when changed to African bezants, would make the wherewithal to freight a galley !



THE QUEEN.

True, but the Jew doth make himself invisible, and light himself by setting fire to a dead child's fingers.

THE KING.

Doubtless.

THE QUEEN.

It would fill a galley?

THE KING.

To the brim.

THE QUEEN.

With bezants?

THE KING.

Aye, with bezants. And we should have twice the weight in silver douros.

THE QUEEN.

My mind is ill at ease. My lord, let us repeat a pater.

(She takes her rosary. A pause. The king touches the piles of gold and moves them about.)

THE KING (under his breath).

With this gold I could prosecute the war at Boabdil with ease.

THE QUEEN (still telling her beads).

My lord, should I die first, give me your oath that you will not remarry.

THE KING (under his breath).

With this gold the war at Boabdil . . .

THE QUEEN.

Say, will you swear?

THE KING.

Swear what? Of course.

(Pensively.)

This gold would all the cost defray, yes, all.  
And I should have Grenada,—a bright pearl  
for our diadem.

(The queen, having finished her prayer, lays her rosary  
on the table.)

THE QUEEN.

My lord, let us e'en take the gold, and none  
the less expel the Jews, whom I cannot accept  
as subjects.

(The king raises his head. The queen repeats.)

Let us expel the Jews and keep their money.

THE KING.

I had thought upon it. But that course  
might well discourage others.

THE QUEEN (looking at the gold).

Thirty thousand golden crowns! in your hands . . .

THE KING.

Nay, in yours.

THE QUEEN.

Could we ask more?

THE KING.

Anon.

(He handles the piles of gold.)

I could retake Grenada from the base-born bastard Moor. We might allow the Jews to stay but drive away the Moors.

THE QUEEN (hesitating).

True.

THE KING.

'T is the law of compensation.

THE QUEEN.

A choice between two Sodoms.

THE KING.

Do we accept the money?

THE QUEEN.

Yes.

## THE KING.

(He takes a pen, and writes upon a piece of vellum, consulting the queen with a glance.)

'T is well. First, the edict is revoked, that banishes that flock of miscreants, the Jews, and separates them from the Spanish people; next the *auto-da-fé* appointed for to-day forbidden to take place; lastly, an order to release all the Jew prisoners.

(The king signs, pushes the vellum toward the queen and passes the pen to her.)

## THE QUEEN (taking the pen).

'T is said.

(As the queen is about to sign the great door opens noisily.)

(The king and queen turn about in amazement.)

(Gucho puts out his head.)

(Torquemada appears in the doorway at the top of the steps, in his Dominican's frock, an iron crucifix in his hand.)

## SCENE V

THE KING, THE QUEEN, TORQUEMADA.

(Torquemada looks neither at the king nor the queen.  
He has his eyes fixed upon the crucifix.)

TORQUEMADA.

For thirty silver pieces Judas sold thee.  
This king and queen are on the point of  
selling thee for thirty thousand golden crowns.

THE QUEEN.

Great Heaven !

TORQUEMADA (throwing the crucifix upon the piles  
of crowns).

Come, Jews, and take him !

THE QUEEN.

Father !

TORQUEMADA.

Triumph, Jews ! as it is written ! for this  
king and queen deliver Jesus Christ to you.

THE QUEEN.

My father !

TORQUEMADA (looking them both in the face).

Be accursed, O king ! Be thou accursed,  
O queen !

THE QUEEN.

Mercy !

TORQUEMADA (stretching his arm over their heads).

To your knees !

(The queen falls on her knees. The king hesitates,  
shuddering.)

Both !

(The king falls on his knees.)

(Pointing to Isabella.)

Here the queen,

(Pointing to Ferdinand.)

And there the king. A heap of gold between.

Ah ! you are king and queen !

(He seizes the crucifix and raises it above his head.)

Behold your God. I take you in the act.

Bow down and kiss the ground.

(The queen prostrates herself.)

THE QUEEN.

Mercy !

TORQUEMADA.

O horror !

THE QUEEN.

Father, give us absolution !

## TORQUEMADA.

Monstrous insolence ! And so—'t is thy reign, Antichrist !—the Jews are to be reconciled, the *auto-da-fé* proscribed. The saving stake will not be set alight. These sovereigns, forsooth, say no. And so this wretched toy, the sceptre, dares to touch the cross ! This knave, an earthly prince, dares to be deaf to what the Christ hath said ! 'T is time that I should speak to you and warn you. The Holy Office hath full power over you. From its decrees the pope alone's exempt, but kings are not. While you are sleeping, while you sit at meat, at any hour our banner hath the right to enter your abode, bringing its stern and melancholy message. The kings, false gods, have ever much employed the thunder, and Heaven loves them not. Your laws, O princes, are the vain and empty ones, and ours the true. We are the wheat and you the tares. Some day the scythe will come to mow the mighty harvest ! Kings, we undergo your yoke, but we denounce you. Day after day we cast your names into the dark abode of mystery, where secret, solitary punishment awaits you ! With dead kings' skulls are the

dark places paved. Aha ! you think that you are strong because your camps are filled with soldiers and your ports with sails. God meditates, keen-eyed, among the stars. So tremble !

THE QUEEN.

Mercy !

THE KING (rising).

Sir Inquisitor, the king and queen, with contrite hearts and making full profession of their faith, do purpose to repair the ill they were about to do. The Jews shall be expelled, and, father, we permit you and the Holy Office, and your consecrated priests to light the fires instantly.

TORQUEMADA.

Dost think that I have waited ?

(He descends the three steps, goes to the gallery at the back of the stage and violently pulls the curtain aside.)

Look.

(Night is beginning to fall. Beyond the gallery at the back of the stage, a large space entirely open, can be seen the square of the Trablada filled with people. In the centre of the square is the Quemadero, a huge structure bristling with flames and filled with piles of fagots and upright posts, and with victims in *san benitos*, who can be indistinctly seen through



the smoke. Large vessels filled with pitch and tar are attached to the tops of the posts, and empty themselves in fiery streams upon the heads of the sufferers. Women stripped naked by the flame are burning, tied to iron stakes. Loud shrieks are heard. At the four corners of the Quemadero are seen the four gigantic statues, called the Four Evangelists, reddened by the glare. They have holes and cracks through which heads are frantically thrust and waving arms which seem like living fire-brands. Torture and fire everywhere.)

(The king and queen look on aghast. Gucho, under the table, stretches his neck and tries to see. Torquemada feasts his eyes contemplatively upon the Quemadero.)

#### TORQUEMADA.

O happy day, O joy, O glory! Now the awe-inspiring and majestic clemency soars heavenward in flame! Deliverance forever! Be absolved, ye damned! The stake on earth extinguishes the flames of hell beneath. Be blessed, O thou by whom the soul ascends to happiness, thou stake, the glory of the fire whereof hell is the shame, the path that leads to the resplendent road, the gate of Paradise reopened to the human race, sweet, ardent pity ceaselessly caressing, mysterious redemption of the slaves of darkness, *auto-da-fé*! Forgiveness, grace, light, fire, life, bedazzling

glory of the face of God ! Oh ! the deathless parting and the souls redeemed ! Jews, unbelievers, sinners, O my cherished flock, with a brief period of torture here you purchase happiness unending ; men are accursed no more, and exile is unknown. Salvation is secured to all in heaven. Love awakes, and this its triumph, this its miracle ! What ecstasy ! to go by the straight path to heaven ! to fall not by the wayside !

(Shrieks from the flames.)

Hear you Satan roar to see them fly ? May the eternal monster weep forever in the eternal slough ! With mine own hands I closed the huge red door. Oh ! how he gnashed his teeth when I made fast the two grim wings thereof. Forever, never ! Frowning darkly, he remained behind the gloomy wall.

(He looks at the sky.)

Oh ! I have poured a healing balm upon the ghastly wound of darkness. Paradise was suffering, and heaven had that ulcer in its side, a blazing, bloody hell ; I poured the kindlier, healing flame upon this blazing hell, and in the boundless azure I can see the scar. It

was the wound in thy dear side, O Christ!  
Hosanna! the wound that seemed incurable is  
cured. No more hell-fire. 'T is quenched.  
The springs of sorrow have run dry.

(He looks at the Quemadero.)

O rubies of the furnace! living embers!  
precious stones. Blaze, fire-brands! burn,  
coals! hiss on, O sovereign fire! shine forth,  
O pyre, gorgeous casket filled with sparks  
soon to become bright stars! Souls issue  
from their bodies as from behind a veil, and  
happiness emerges from the bath of torture!  
Splendor! fiery magnificence! cascades of  
flame! Satan, my foe, what sayest thou?

(In an ecstasy of excitement.)

O fire, that dost purge away all evil stains  
with thy fierce flame! A supreme transfigura-  
tion! act of faith! We both are 'neath God's  
eyes, Satan and I. Fork-bearers both. Both  
rulers of the flames. He luring mortals to  
destruction, I redeeming souls; both execu-  
tioners, using like means, whereby he peoples  
hell, I heaven, whereby he doth evil, I do  
good; he 's in the sewer, I am in the temple.  
And the flickering shadows gaze upon us from  
the tomb.

(He turns toward the victims.)

Ah ! but for me you had been lost, my well-beloved ! The pool of fire purifies you while it burns. You curse me for the moment, children ! but, ere long, when you are conscious what you have escaped, then you will thank me ; for I have smitten even as Michael the Archangel ; the white seraphim, leaning to look into the sulphurous pit, revile the hideous abortion in its depths ; your roars of hatred, when they reach the light, will change to stammering amazement, ending in hymns of love ! Ah me ! how have I suffered to see you in the torture-chamber, shrieking, weeping, writhing in the brazen vise's jaws, seared by the red-hot iron ! Freed at last ! depart ! fly upward ! enter into Paradise !

(He stoops as if looking beneath the ground.)

No, thou shalt have no more immortal souls !

(He stands erect.)

God grants us the support we asked, and man is rescued from the pit of hell. Begone, begone ! off through the scorching darkness and the great winged flames, the smoke departing wafts on high the living spirit saved from the dead flesh ! All human crime of the

old days is purged away ; one had his venial fault, another had his sin, but, fault or sin, each soul had its own monster in itself, dimming its light and gnawing at its wing ; the angel fell a victim to the devil. Now, the flames are everywhere, and the divine and glorious heritage is parceled out in Jesus' presence in the bright light of the tomb. Ye dragons, fall as ashes to the grounds ; fly heavenward, ye doves ! You, who were in the grasp of hell, are free, free, free ! Ascend from darkness to the light of day. Put on thine immortality !



## ACT THIRD

It is night.

A terrace of the private park, *Huerto del Rey*, at Seville.

The terrace is of great width ; at the right and left are avenues of trees. At the back of the stage the terrace ends at a staircase, of which the steps cannot be seen ; it gives access to the terrace from the garden below. The staircase runs the whole length of the terrace. Those persons who ascend it show their heads first, then their bodies, etc., until they reach the level of the terrace.

On the terrace there is a marble bench.

The garden beyond the terrace is in darkness. Mountains in the background. Solitude.

The moon rises during the act.

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### SCENE I

TORQUEMADA, GUCHO.

(They enter from the avenue of trees at the right, Gucho acting as guide to Torquemada. Gucho holds his two baubles against his breast with one hand, and with the other hands a key to Torquemada.)

GUCHO.

Vouchsafe, monseñor, to remember that 't is I who hand to you the key of the king's

private park, I, Gucho, fool to the said king, our lord. What crime 's to be committed here? I cannot say. I do not know myself. Methinks 't is better that you should be here to see with your own eyes all that takes place. The sacred privileges of the convent are involved, likewise a maiden, whom the king would take by force, although she has been, by her family, betrothed to her young cousin ; thus much and no more do I know of this wicked plot. I am the king's fool. My duty is to make him laugh.

(Torquemada takes the key.)

(Aside.)

Denunciation is a shameful thing ; but to be roasted is far worse. My choice is made. Good-night. I am not blessed with the good luck to shine in an *auto-da-fé*. I 'll shine as a keen blade, not as a candle. Question. At this hour with whom do I keep faith? Myself. And that 's enough. You idiot, who fancied me a hero, a bold, slashing, wayward spark, a martyr craving death, were much mistaken. What will happen here? I wash my paws of it. If I should burn, the king



would remain cold. This worthy graybeard here has but to raise his finger and you 'll see his Majesty fall flat upon his belly. Therefore I denounce. What matter! I must think of me and no one else, deuce take it! I withdraw my finger from the pie. And I am off.

TORQUEMADA (gazing at the key, aside).

This king hath hardly been absolved ere he begins again. A bad man and a coward.

(Gucho has gone to the further side of the terrace. He glances down into the dark garden.)

GUCHO (aside).

Yonder I see a group beneath a tree. Methinks they mean to come up hither by the marble staircase. There are three! Why three? But never mind that *why*, let me escape scot-free, and everything may go to pieces after me!

TORQUEMADA (aside, looking toward the garden).

This is the private park. The hiding place of vice.

(He walks slowly into the avenue of trees at the left.)

GUCHO (*aside, looking toward the stairs*).

They come. Let us be off.

(He goes out as he came on. The Marquis de Fuentel comes first up the stairs, followed by Don Sancho and Donna Rosa in novices' costumes as in the first act. The marquis leads the way, with his finger on his lips, looking cautiously about.)

## SCENE II

MARQUIS DE FUENTEL, DON SANCHE,  
DONNA ROSA.

## THE MARQUIS.

Your novice costumes would be dangerous, if it were light. But this is a deserted spot, 't is dark and no one sees us. Ah ! my God ! you 're free at last. No one suspects that you are here ; I took a less direct road than the usual one and no one followed me ; I sent away the people who went with me to the convent, but as yet nothing is done, and I am fearful. We must at once procure horses and clothing, then take flight. We have until to-morrow only to consider.

(Looking into the solitary avenues.)

I have made the gate secure. There is no risk. The king alone can enter here, and he is absent.

(To Don Sancho.)

Prince, madame, rely on me. The difficulties to be overcome ere I can hope to liberate you from this place are most appalling,

but I am determined, and I feel my strength wax greater in the face of danger. My whole life is dedicated to you. The convent left behind, that is the first step; the second to leave Spain behind. I lack not an inventive mind, but how, alas! are we to pass the French frontier? This Torquemada is on guard, he has all Spain within his grasp, and rises higher as the king sinks lower. I have forced two convents. Soon the Grand Inquisitor will be upon my track. As yet no one disturbs us here. But we must find another hiding-place ere dawn. The king may come. Ah! what to do? Where find some one who will consent to shelter you and save you? We must have recourse to some monk. They are omnipotent. I go to seek the man we need. But they are traitors. Now and then a priest sells those who 've purchased him. How ardently I wish that you were safe in France. I have another reason for anxiety, concerning which I cannot hold my peace; 't is this: this private park, secluded as it is, is near the palace of the Holy Office—so near, in truth, that its wall is adjacent to the prison wall. I leave you for a moment. To fly or die

together? Even so! I go to seek a place of shelter. Ah! I am afraid. However, now you are alive. My blessing on you.

DON SANCHO.

We owe all to you!

THE MARQUIS.

Ah! my poor outcasts, we must find some method to elude pursuit. Await me here.

DON SANCHO.

How shall we thank you? Tell us that.

THE MARQUIS.

By being happy.

(Exit by the same road that Gucho followed.)

## SCENE III

DON SANCHO, DONNA ROSA.

DON SANCHO.

Ah me ! I fear I know not what. To see thee once again is heaven. But to tremble for thee—O what misery !

DONNA ROSA.

God reunites us, God will rescue us.

(She gazes at him ecstatically.)

I love thee !

(They throw themselves madly into each other's arms.)

DON SANCHO (gazing into the darkness overhead).

Oh ! will not some blest angel come from yon distant, starry sky and shield thee in the shadow of his wings ? Are there no angels left in heaven, or have the angels lost their wings, alas ?

DONNA ROSA.

We have a friend, dear, faithful man !

DON SANCHO.

Alas ! he is himself in deadly fear. Danger 's on every side.

(Torquemada appears, standing in the shadow of the trees. He hears these last words. He looks and listens. He gazes at Don Sancho and Donna Rosa in the half-light with increasing surprise. Neither of them sees him. Don Sancho takes Donna Rosa's hand and raises his eyes to heaven.)

Oh ! who will come and offer thee protection?

TORQUEMADA.

I.

(Both turn in utter amazement.)

## SCENE IV

DON SANCHE, DONNA ROSA, TORQUEMADA.

TORQUEMADA.

I recognize you.

DONNA ROSA.

'T is the old monk !

TORQUEMADA.

I am the man, condemned to death by Sodom, smitten by Gomorrha, to whom you, two stranger children, did bear aid. I was entombed alive, and you did come to me. You set me free. You are the dove and eagle who released me from the sepulchre. To you I owe it that I now look upon the light of day. Ah yes ! you saved me, now 't is my turn !

DONNA ROSA.

'T is the old monk !


TORQUEMADA.

I see by your serge frocks that you are consecrated to the Virgin, both. I find you as



you were when I first saw you. I was not alive, nor was I dead ; you came to me, as it were two angels, from on high ; you saved my life. God, by strange roads, once more leads me across your path to-day. You call for help and I stretch out my hand. God stations Dominic above Peter the Second, myself above that wicked monarch, Ferdinand, to watch them. I pass by and hear your call. You seem in peril. Are you prisoners ? What succor do you need ? God places in my hand the means of entering this palace, this unhallowed den, to serve some purpose of his own ; I find you here in trouble and am not surprised thereat, for step by step God leads us both. You came to me when I was in the tomb. Now, captives both, you tremble in this baleful spot. I come. Without my succor you would die. Without yours I was lost. Your coming I did not foresee, and mine is unforeseen. How came you there ? How come I here ? Your coming was a miracle, mine is a prodigy. God knoweth what he doeth.

DON SANCHO (to Donna Rosa).

Yes, 't is he ! 

TORQUEMADA.

Fear not, for I am here beside you. I suspect some trap. Recluse and monk I am, but I know men. I love you, and I will defend you e'en against the king himself.

DON SANCHO.

Pray, do you stand beside the king?

TORQUEMADA.

Above.

DON SANCHO.

Who are you, in God's name?

TORQUEMADA.

Naught in myself. Everything through Christ.

DON SANCHO.

Your name?

TORQUEMADA.

My name 's Deliverance. I am he who looks through the transparent earth and sees the yawning hell beyond ; my gaze pursues the frightened, haggard demons, and I see, below, the pit we must avoid, the sullen flames, and in my hand I hold the urn with which to put them out. But tell me, pray, the names you bear.

DON SANCHO.

Mine, Sancho, Infant of Burgos.

DONNA ROSA.

Mine, Rosa, Infanta of Orthez.

DON SANCHO.

We are betrothed.

TORQUEMADA.

Methinks you have as yet taken no vows save those from which a dispensation sets you free. But tell me how it comes about that you are here?

DON SANCHO.

The king by force consigned me to the convent. So it was with her. We both have fled.

TORQUEMADA.

You must needs pay a fine. The king will pay more dearly, his sin being greater far. It is a crime to make a royal prison of God's cloister, and no person may be forced to enter there against his will. You both are free. Hope, Rosa, Sancho, hope! What other wish have you?

DON SANCHO.

To wed, my father.

TORQUEMADA.

So be it. I myself will join your hands in matrimony.

DONNA ROSA.

O, monseñor !

(She attempts to throw herself at his feet, but he, with a gesture, forbids it.)

TORQUEMADA.

Heaven to the dead, and to the living happiness ; such are the gifts I bring, and, calm and humble, in one hand I hold a torch, a palm branch in the other. Be ye happy !

DON SANCHE.

Day of joy ! I know not why, but, standing by your side, I cease to fear the king. If I feared anyone 't would be yourself. You come to us like a strange providence. I feel that you are powerful and to be feared.

TORQUEMADA.

Even as Rachel who saw Jacob and espoused him, Rosa, you shall wed with Sancho, and the grace divine will foil the projects of the king, which I suspect. Yes, I will save you both. Rely upon it.

DONNA ROSA.

Oh! whoe'er you be, priest, bishop, thanks!  
My father, be thou blessed. It was a joyful  
hour, O upright and holy man, when God  
permitted us to hear your cries coming from  
the tomb!

DON SANCHO.

How well I do remember it, as if I still  
were there; it was a lovely April evening;  
I was plucking roses, and she chasing butter-  
flies; the words we whispered to each other  
mingled with the last rays of the sun; night  
fell, and suddenly I heard a cry, 't was like a  
dying man's appeal for help; I saw a stone, I  
listened . . .

DONNA ROSA.

And thou saidst: "A man is buried here!  
Come, let us save him!" But the stone, alas!  
was much too heavy.

DON SANCHO.

But there was an iron cross near by, my  
Rosa . . .

DONNA ROSA.

Thou didst tear it from the ground.

(Torquemada makes a horrified gesture.)

DON SANCHO.

Even so, I took the cross, and certes 't was a serviceable crow-bar ; thanks to it the tomb was opened, and you came forth alive.

TORQUEMADA (*aside*).

O Heaven, they are damned !

DON SANCHO.

The while I raised the stone she bore upon the lever, and with our united strength we threw your prison open.

TORQUEMADA (*aside*).

Ah ! a cross torn from the ground ! O monstrous sacrilege ! Beneath their feet the fire, the everlasting fire burns ! they are without the pale. Great God ! Behold they have emerged from Calvary's protecting shadow ! Wretched creatures ! 'T is not with the king that they have now to deal, but God !

(To Don Sancho and Donna Rosa.)

This iron lever, are you sure that 't was a cross ?

DON SANCHO.

Most sure ; it stood amidst the dry grass at the foot of the old wall ; I took it in my hands.

TORQUEMADA (*aside*).

A cross torn from its place ! A cross ! No matter. I will save them.—In another way !

(He waves his hand to them in farewell.)

I will return anon.

DON SANCHO.

We have no friends, we have no place of refuge in this hour of gloom. Our only hope, monseñor, is in you.

TORQUEMADA.

Fear not. Yes, I will save you,——

(Exit by the staircase at the back of the stage. He passes slowly out of sight as he descends.)

## SCENE V

DON SANCHO, DONNA ROSA.

DONNA ROSA.

Let us return thanks on our knees. Help from on high ! The Lord performs a miracle for us. How swiftly hope returns ! is it not true, Don Sancho ? And how eagerly we grasp at any branch, however frail. The man whose life we saved is in this place and saves us in his turn ! Yes, I have faith, I hope. Am I not right ? What thinkest thou ?

DON SANCHO.

Aye, surely ! hope, my angel ! He owes us his life and gives us ours. Ah ! my heart is overflowing ; I am like a drunken man.

(He draws her to his side.)

Come ! come ! at last let us breathe freely ! Oh ! I feel the shadow of the seraph's wing upon our brows after so many cruel blows. An open hand is 'twixt us and the stars.

DONNA ROSA.

Yes, 't is the hand of God, who shelters us.



DON SANCHO.

Oh! tell me, hearest thou not the singing of the heavenly choir draw near?

(Pointing to the park and the clumps of trees.)

All nature thrills with sweetest music.

DONNA ROSA.

When we thus do meet again, all that we long to say comes rushing to our lips at once,—the past, the present, all that we have suffered, wished or thought, the many sleepless nights we've passed, God and his boundless pity, and the wickedness of man. At last the heart o'erflows. We say: "I love thee;" and we realize that all is said. My dear, I have wept bitter tears! When hope had vanished, when I found myself immured in that dark cloister, when I saw the thread that linked our destinies together broken, our hearts torn asunder, and the king's projects vaguely outlined,—horror! I felt that I was strong, invincible, affectionate and proud, and many times I wished that I were dead.

(The light of the moon begins to soften the dark lines of the horizon.)

## DON SANCHE.

And I,—didst thou but know ! But, Rosa, let us put it all away. The heart alone is living, love alone is on its feet. All else is falling to decay and dying. But we are to be wed, yes, wed and saved ! I place my trust in yonder priest. He but restores what he received from us. Come, let us live and love ! See the moon rising o'er the mountain-tops, the streams, the forests filled with one great throbbing heart ; and all this loveliness is of God's clemency, my Rosa. All the sweetness nature lavishes upon this lovely spot commands us to have faith, and proves that God exists. So fear no more, my dearest, innocent, half-trembling heart ! Grief is the lily, hope the dew. Grief opens its white flower, God weeps in sympathy on high, and hope is in his tears. Our sorrows and our cries of woe moved him to pity. Unknown guardians watch over us. I see about us shadows who assist us. What can I say to thee ? I love thee ! We are victors and the perfect peace of the deep azure vault of heaven steals into our hearts. So let us hope !

DONNA ROSA.

Ah! yes, I feel that some one soon will set us free. I hope. To hope is to be born again.

DON SANCHO.

To love's to live.

DONNA ROSA.

What had I in my mind? Ah, yes! I wished to tell thee that I love thee!

DON SANCHO.

Then come near to me.

(She approaches him.)

Come closer.

(She obeys. They both sink upon the bench, Donna Rosa in Don Sancho's arms.)

DONNA ROSA (gazing into his face).

O Don Sancho! O my king! how lovely is thy face!

DON SANCHO.

My Rosa, soon we shall belong, forever, each to the other. Rosa mine, how true it is that God comes when you pray to him! Oh! dost thou realize the meaning of that word celestial, *married*? Beauty, chastity, thy

sacred body and thy blessed flesh,—O God ! the dreams I dreamed within the cloister walls ! O God ! the ardent longings of my sleepless nights ! To be thy spouse ! to seize the angel as she flees in shy confusion ! Every instant to be by thy side, to see thee, and to say to thee by day and night the words that tell of bliss ineffable ; to hear thee, trembling shyly, say them o'er to me, and kiss them on thy smiling lips ! to have no other burden and no duty save to live in Paradise ! And soon, who knows ?—nay, Rosa, do not blush !—to see a tiny creature pressing his dear little hands against thy lovely breast,—I, still the lover, he the master ! And to hear him lisping with his lips so honey-sweet the dear word : “ Mother ! ”

DONNA ROSA (with an adoring glance).

O my best beloved, he will call thee :  
“ Father ! ” too.

(During their ecstasy, the top of a black banner appears at the back of the stage, behind and below the top of the staircase. The banner slowly ascends. At last the whole of it can be seen. In the centre is a skull, with two cross-bones, white upon a black ground. It comes nearer. Don Sancho and Donna

---

Rosa turn about and stand as if petrified. The banner continues to ascend. The hood of the banner bearer comes in sight, and at his right and left the hoods of two lines of penitents, black and white.)

DON SANCHO.

O Heaven !



## NOTE TO TORQUEMADA

On the first page of the author's manuscript are these words :

" Begun May 1, 1869, while *L'Homme Qui Rit* was going through the press."

At the head of the second act of the first part, *The Three Priests* :

"As this act, which is necessary to the development of the idea, is likely to be suppressed if the play is performed, I number it separately."

This act must have been written after the others, as it bears on the first page the date, July 1st.

Act I. of the second part is said to have been begun May 20th and finished May 28th. Act II. begun June 1st, finished June 16th. Act III. begun June 16th.

At the foot of the last page we read :

" June 21, 1869. Forty years ago, in this same month of June (1829), I was writing *Marion de Lorme*."

The author began to write a preface to *Torquemada*, but seems never to have completed it. The following fragment is all that has ever been discovered :

" When a man who left his mark upon institutions and events disappeared without disclosing the secret of his conscience, and has continued to be an enigma to historians,—have the philosopher and the poet the right to search for that secret? have they the right to proffer an explanation? have they the right to interpret it for themselves?

" The author thinks that he has. Hence *Torque-*  
*mada*.

"The opinions of historians on the subject of Torquemada are not in accord. In the eyes of some he is a blood-thirsty creature, by nature an executioner; in the eyes of others a visionary, an executioner by compassion.

"Of these two opinions the author has chosen that one which seemed to him the more philosophical from the human standpoint, and the most dramatic from the literary standpoint.

"Moreover, in the Torquemada of this drama, the visionary become executioner, there is nothing which is irreconcilable with possible reality."

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